

# KAYE'S AND MALLESON'S HISTORY

OF THE

# INDIAN MUTINY

OF

# 1857-8

EDITED BY

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*NEW EDITION*

IN SIX VOLUMES

VOL. I.

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I SHOULD HAVE DEDICATED

THESE VOLUMES

TO

# LORD CANNING,

HAD HE LIVED;

I NOW INSCRIBE THEM REVERENTIALLY

TO HIS MEMORY.

# GLOSSARY

[Words explained in the text are not given here. Nor are those which occur once only in the text, as they are explained in footnotes. The words given below have also been explained in footnotes, but are brought together for the convenience of readers.]

| | |
|---|---|
| BHEESTY . . . . | Water-carrier. |
| BANIYA . . . | Grain-dealer or money-lender. |
| DACOITY . . . | Gang-robbery. |
| JAMADAR . . . . | Native lieutenant. |
| LINES . . . | Long rows of huts in which sepoys lived. |
| NULLAH . . . . | A small stream or ditch. |
| RAJ . . . . | Government. |
| RYOT . . . | Peasant-cultivator. |
| SUBAHDAR . . | Native captain. |
| TAHSILDAR . . . | Native revenue-collector. |
| TULWAR . . . | Native sword. |
| VAKIL . . . . | Agent, or man of business. |

# LIST OF MAPS AND PLANS



*NOTE.*—As it was necessary to print separate maps of North-Western and North-Eastern India, in order to avoid having a map too large for easy reference, I have given a small map of the whole of India as well, which illustrates especially chapters xiii.-xv.

# NOTE ON THE SPELLING OF INDIAN NAMES

UNIFORMITY in the spelling of Indian names has not yet been attained. Sir William Hunter, in preparing his system, so far admitted compromise as to spell a few very familiar names, for example, Lucknow and Cawnpore, in the old-fashioned way. But Colonel Malleson, who professed himself an adherent of the Hunterian system, insisted on writing Lakhnáo and Kánhpúr. A few years ago the Government of India issued authorised lists of proper names, which differed from Sir William Hunter's original list (*Guide to the Orthography of Indian Proper Names*, 1871) by making a considerable addition to the number of names which were to be regarded as familiar, and therefore to be spelled, without accents, in the old-fashioned way. Finally, Sir William Hunter, who had insisted that all the contributors to his *Rulers of India Series* should follow his original system with its multiplicity of accents, published in 1896 a biography of Brian Hodgson, in which he dispensed with accents altogether.

Still, uniformity has been attained to this extent, that in India the authorised lists are generally followed: and even in England, though there is still a great deal of confusion and inconsistency, the new orthography is gaining ground. It seemed to me therefore, when I was revising this book, that I had better conform in principle to the system of the authorised lists. I have, however, left the spelling in quotations, which I have given in footnotes or appendices, unaltered.

One word as to accents. Anglo-Indian newspapers omit them, because for Anglo-Indian readers they are unnecessary. But without them most English readers will pronounce every other word wrong. However, following the rule laid down in Sir William Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, I have put them in as sparingly as possible. Sometimes indeed accents, as printed in the *Gazetteer*, are, in regard to Anglo-Indian usage, misleading. Natives say Morádabád; but Anglo-Indians, while laying stress on the first and the third *a*, pronounce them as in *bad*, not as in *father*. It is impossible to draw up rules for pronunciation which shall be absolutely comprehensive: but the chief points to note are that *a* unaccented (which causes more perplexity than any other vowel) is generally pronounced like *o* in *button* or *u* in *purr*, sometimes like *a* in *rural*; *-áwah* and *-awar* (as in Beáwar) like *our*; *ai* like *y* in *lyre*; *au* like *ow* in *now*; *ú* like *oo* in *poor*; and *Bagh* with the *g* hard, as if it were written *Baa-g*. The termination *pur*, though not accented, is pronounced like *poor*. To give a few examples, the old-fashioned Futtehgurh = Fatehgarh, Beebeegunge = Bíbíganj, Poontch = Púnch, Segowlie = Segauli, Mynpoorie = Mainpúri. Nowshera (properly Naushahra) is pronounced as if it were written *Nowshara*, Bareilly like *Barelly*, "moulvi" like *molevi*. But the few readers who care about pronunciation will learn more from conversation with Anglo-Indians than from rules.

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# CHAPTER I[1]

## GENERAL SKETCH OF ANGLO-INDIAN HISTORY TO THE END OF LORD DALHOUSIE'S ADMINISTRATION

The Mogul Empire. 1525.

THREE centuries ago, when the East India Company was still unformed, a great part of India submitted to the sway of a Mahomedan prince. This ruler, whose name was Akbar, was the most renowned of the descendants of Baber, who, early in the sixteenth century, had swept down from the north-west upon Hindustan, and founded the Mogul Empire. Unlike Mahomedan conquerors in the rest of the world, the Moguls respected the religion of their subjects, and established a government which, with all its faults, was contentedly accepted by the mass of

[1] As I only profess to give in this chapter such an introductory sketch as may help readers to understand the phenomena of the Indian Mutiny, I have not thought it necessary to give specific references to authorities except in a few cases, where it seemed possible that my statements might be questioned, and for the much-controverted administration of Dalhousie. The chapter, with the exception of the part which deals with Dalhousie's administration, is the result of a study, extending over several years, of the ordinary and some of the less known works on Anglo-Indian history, and nearly completed before I had conceived the idea of writing this book. Those who wish to know more about India and Indian history than this sketch can tell them, will do well to build up the skeleton of their knowledge by studying Hunter's *India, its History, People, and Products;* and afterwards to clothe the skeleton with flesh and blood by reading a few good biographies. Many articles in the *Calcutta Review*, the *Cornwallis Correspondence*, Wellesley's *Dispatches*, Malcolm's *Political History*, Sir John Strachey's *India*, and Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*, might also be read with profit by those who have time to spare. What prevents so many people from reading Anglo-Indian history with interest is that they start in complete ignorance of the way in which the Government was carried on, and of the characteristics of Indian life. Such books as I have recommended would help to supply the requisite knowledge.

the governed, and won for the person of the emperor, or perhaps more truly for the imperial idea, a superstitious veneration which had not perished when the Indian Mutiny broke out. The emperors governed their dominions through the agency of viceroys, whose provinces were larger than many European kingdoms, and who, in their turn, gave the law to inferior rulers. Gradually the boundaries of the empire were extended until, under Aurangzeb, it attained its farthest limits. Yet it was from his accession that its decline dated; for, by a religious bigotry which he had not learned from his somewhat lax predecessors, he did his best to alienate his Hindu subjects. The Rájputs rebelled against the rule to which they had never wholly submitted, even when it had humoured their religious prejudices. The Maráthas, a race of Hindu freebooters, poured down under their great leader, Sivaji, from their fastnesses in the western mountains, and, by the swift and sudden inroads of guerilla warriors, sapped the strength of the central power. The viceroys saw the growing weakness of the successors of Aurangzeb, and hastened to secure their independence. The degenerate inhabitants of Delhi bowed beneath the tyranny of the Persian invader, Nadír Shah. The decline and fall of an earlier and greater empire was re-enacted in India; and there too, after the long agony of the night, a brighter day was to dawn upon the afflicted nations. If the story of an empire's decay is full of pathos, even when it has deserved its fate, the fall of the Mogul, who had ruled more unselfishly than any other Eastern power, may well claim our sympathy. Yet he too had sinned; and his sins had found him out. Mogul civilisation had been only a splendid mockery; and, while the viceroys were emancipating themselves from control, their own want of union was paving the way for the rise of a people who were to conquer the often-conquered nations of India once more, but to conquer them for their own good.

1658-1707.

1739.

For a century and a half the agents of the East India Company, which had arisen under Elizabeth, had been mere traders; and, now that they were about to become conquerors, they had no thoughts of the destiny which lay before them. All unconsciously they began to work out the magnificent idea of founding a European empire in Asia.

1599.

It was the genius of a Frenchman that had originated this idea. Dupleix, the Governor of the French settlement of Pondicherry, saw that the disturbed condition of the native powers held out a chance of aggrandisement to a European statesman who would have the tact to interfere as an ally, and not as a principal; while he knew the strength of the instrument which the superior courage and discipline of European troops placed in his hands. In 1748 Nizam-ul-Mulk,[1] Viceroy of the Deccan, one of the under kings who had profited most by the decay of the imperial power, died; and rival claimants appeared for the vacant throne. About the same time a competitor stood forward to dispute the title of the Nawab of the Carnatic, who had looked up to the late Nizam as his over-lord. Dupleix saw his opportunity. While he seemed to be supporting the cause of one pair of pretenders, about whose rights he did not trouble himself, he easily defeated the feeble efforts which the English made in self-defence to uphold their rivals, and made himself master of the Deccan. Some years before, when the hostilities between France and England in the war of the Austrian succession had spread to their settlements in India, Labourdonnais, an unrecognised hero, had captured the English settlement of Madras, and impressed the natives of India with a firm belief in the military superiority of the French over ourselves. The successes of Dupleix were strengthening this opinion, when a young Englishman accomplished a feat of arms which established his own fame as a commander, and the character of his countrymen as warriors. Trichinopoly, the only fortress in the Carnatic that remained in the possession of the Nawab whom the English supported, was closely invested by the enemy, when Robert Clive conceived the plan of diverting their attention by the seizure of Arcot, which he held for fifty days with a handful of men against all the forces that they could bring against him. Thenceforth the power of the English in Southern India increased, while that of the French diminished, though Bussy, the most capable of Dupleix's lieutenants, exercised a commanding influence in the Deccan, and though, ten years later, the unfortunate Lally strove

Dupleix attempts to found a European empire in India.

1748-1751.

1746.

1751.

Clive thwarts him.

[1] His real name was Chin Kilich Khan. Nizam-ul-Mulk was a title, meaning "regulator of the state." Chin Kilich Khan's successors were always known as the Nizams.

to restore his country's fortunes in the Carnatic. A succession of victories added to Clive's fame; and Dupleix returned, with ruined fortune and shattered hopes, to France, where an ungrateful people withheld the honours which might have solaced him, and treated his services with contempt.

It was not in the south, however, that the decisive battle for the mastery of India was fought. In 1756 Clive, who had but lately returned to Madras from a visit to England, was summoned northwards by the news that Suraj-ud-dowlah, the effeminate Viceroy of Bengal, had captured the English settlement of Fort William, and suffered nearly all his captives to perish in the Black Hole of Calcutta. The instant recovery of Calcutta and the capture of the French settlement at Chandernagore, to which the Viceroy had looked for help, failed to teach him the wisdom of submitting to the English; but the hatred and contempt with which he was regarded by his subjects facilitated the development of a plot by which his General, Mír Jafar, aided by Clive, was to seize his throne. The victory of Plassey, which gave the conspirators success, has been rightly seized upon by popular instinct as the date of the foundation of the British Empire in India; for it gave the throne of Bengal to a man who owed everything to the English, and whom their support could alone sustain in power. The designs of Dupleix had been realised,—but by Clive.

The Black Hole of Calcutta.

1757.

June 23, 1757. Plassey.

Clive, however, had more victories to win, before he could seek rest again at home. At Patna he shattered the hopes of the Mogul's eldest son, who had set out to conquer the upstart Viceroy: he humbled the pride of the Dutch, who, trusting to the friendship of the fickle Mír Jafar, had sailed from Java, to share in the spoils of India, and to balance the overgrown power of the English; and he struck the French power in its most vital part by sending an army southwards under Colonel Forde, who won back some factories in the Northern Circars which Bussy had seized, and expelled the French from that part of India. Meanwhile Lally was maintaining in the south a struggle for the restoration of the French power: but it was a hysterical effort, and doomed to failure. Eyre Coote's victory at Wandewash sounded the knell of the French power in India.

Further successes of Clive.

1760.

When the pressure of Clive's firm and just rule had been removed, the servants of the Company seized the opportunity of amassing wealth by illicit means. They set up and pulled down viceroys, and extorted large presents from each new puppet. They claimed for themselves unfair advantages in commerce, by which the Viceroy's subjects suffered. But, corrupt and grasping as they were, they were not wholly inexcusable; for their salaries were miserably insufficient. Their rapacity was emulated by the officers of the army, who were beginning to show a spirit of insubordination which could only be checked by the hand of the man who had led them to victory. Such an unnatural state of things could not be suffered to continue. At last Clive was sent out again to deal with the mass of evil which had accumulated; and, if he could not destroy it, he at least held it in check while he remained in the country. But, besides waging war against corruption, he had to solve a difficult political problem. He saw that the English power, having advanced so far, could not, in the nature of things, remain stationary. Nevertheless, he desired to put a drag upon its onward course, to abstain, as far as he safely could, from all interference with native politics, and, while erecting a substantial fabric of government, and placing it upon a solid foundation, to give it a modest outward form, lest it should provoke the envy of his rivals. His idea was that the Company should take the government of Bengal into their own hands, but should do so not as a sovereign power, but as the nominal deputy of the puppet Mogul Emperor. He accordingly proceeded to Allahabad, and there, in an interview with the Emperor and the Vizier of Oudh, fixed the destinies of India. In the preceding year the Vizier, taking the unwilling Emperor with him, had invaded Behar, but had been signally defeated by Hector Munro at Buxar. This battle had given to the English the rich province of Oudh, the power of disposing of the Mogul, and the prestige of being the first power in India. Clive now turned these advantages to account. He restored Oudh to the Vizier, exacting from him as an equivalent an indemnity of five hundred thousand pounds, and induced the Mogul to invest the Company, in return for an annual tribute of three hundred thousand, with the office of Díwán[1] of

Corruption of the British during Clive's absence in England.

1765. Clive's return.

His policy.

1764.

[1] Minister of Finance. Till 1772 the Company were only nominally Díwán.

Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. The practical result of this arrangement was that the English received the revenues, and made themselves responsible for the defence of the territory, while the civil administration remained for a time in the hands of a native minister.[1]

His place in Anglo-Indian history.

Clive was not a great statesman like Hastings; for, though he knew how to find expedients for overcoming difficulties when there was no time for hesitation, he founded no lasting political system. But he will live in history as the Founder of our Indian Empire. Not only was he the first of the builders of three generations who laboured at the imperial fabric, like the families of workmen who, from father to son, reared the cathedrals of the Middle Age; but he was in some sort its architect also. Here too the analogy holds good. There were more architects than one; and all did not follow the same style. But Clive, though he would only lay the foundation himself, forecast in his mind the nature of the pile. He foresaw that, with or against their will, his successors would have to extend its dimensions.[2]

Failure of Clive's system of government.

The years that followed Clive's departure were years of misery for the people of Bengal, and of shame for the English. The system of divided government established by Clive had no vitality. The native administrators oppressed the peasants, and embezzled the revenues: the servants of the Company found it profitable to connive at these abuses, and neglected the interests of their masters. At last the Directors appointed Warren Hastings Governor of Bengal, and appealed to him to rescue their affairs from destruction.

1772. Warren Hastings.

Hastings soon justified the confidence which had been reposed in him. He snapped the rotten chain that bound his masters in mock allegiance to the Mogul Emperor, and proclaimed them to be, what they really were, independent lords of Bengal. He transferred the internal administration from a native minister to the servants of the Company. He created a system of police, justice, and revenue, which it is easy for doctrinaires to revile, but which was the best that could have been devised under the circumstances of

His early measures.

[1] Sir G. Aitchison's *Treaties, Engagements, and Sunnuds*, vol. i. pp. 60-69.
[2] Sir J. Malcolm's *Political History of India*, vol. ii. pp. 16-20.

the time. By hiring out the Company's battalions to the Vizier of Oudh for the suppression of the turbulent Afghans who tyrannised over Rohilkhand, he crippled a dangerous neighbour, and placed four hundred thousand pounds to the credit of his employers. Suddenly, however, the work in which he took such pride was rudely interrupted. The abuses which he had begun to remedy had roused the attention of English statesmen to Indian affairs; and the Regulating Act of 1773, which placed the Government of British India in the hands of a Governor-General and a Council of four, with power over the other Presidencies of Bombay and Madras, and established a supreme court of judicature at Calcutta, independent of the Council, was the fruit of their labours. Hastings was the first Governor-General. The new constitution, while it left the entire load of responsibility upon his shoulders, gave him no more power than any of his colleagues.[1] This radical defect became apparent when Clavering, Monson, and Francis, the three Councillors who had been sent out from home, arrived; for they at once began a career of factious opposition to their chief. This notorious triumvirate threw the affairs of the other Presidencies into confusion by their rash interference, postponed all important business to a malicious investigation into the past acts of the Governor-General, and encouraged the natives to bring accusations against him, and despise his authority. The people of Bengal had come to regard his cause as lost, when, by the bold stroke of bringing a counter-charge against the infamous Brahmin, Nuncomar, the foremost of these unscrupulous accusers, he recovered his position, and discomfited his colleagues. Nuncomar was executed by the sentence of the Chief Justice, Impey. At the sight of his ignominious death, every Hindu trembled, and began to regard Hastings as a man to whom all must bow. So long, indeed, as Hastings was outvoted at the council-table, he could carry into effect none of those great measures for the benefit of India and the establishment of British power which he had long contemplated: but, strong in the love and trust of the English community, he could and did do something to check the rash folly

1773-4.

The Regulating Act.

Hastings thwarted by Clavering, Monson, and Francis.

[1] Hastings, as he himself explains in his *Memoirs relative to the state of India*, pp. 154-7, in some measure remedied this defect by disobeying his instructions when he thought it requisite, whatever his personal risk might be.

The resignation of Hastings marks the close of the third act in the drama of Anglo-Indian history. Clive had been forced by the quarrel thrust upon him to realise Dupleix's imperial visions. He had founded an empire. It was left to Hastings to create a government, and to organise and set on foot its numerous branches. He had conceived, moreover, and had begun to carry out the idea of grouping the native states in alliance round the power of England, which had practically taken the place of the effete Mogul empire, and was therefore bound to take upon itself the duties, and yield the protection expected by all natives from the Paramount Power.

1785.

But this great idea was destined to be forgotten for a time. The malignant influence of Francis had borne its fruit. At home men cried out against the policy of Hastings; and Lord Cornwallis[1] was sent out to inaugurate a reign of peace and non-intervention, and armed with that power of acting on his own responsibility, even against the judgement of his Council, which Hastings had sought for in vain. He tried to carry out the wishes of his masters: but, though he was a man of peace, he was not a man to look on tamely while a new enemy arose to threaten our power. The great Hyder had left a son Tippoo, who inherited some of his father's ability, and all his love of aggrandisement and hatred of the English. Provoked by an attack which he had made on an ally of the British Government, Cornwallis resolved to punish him, and, after an unlucky campaign conducted by his generals, went in person to the seat of war, fought his way to the gates of Seringapatam, and there dictated terms of peace.

Lord Cornwallis.

War with Tippoo.

1790.
1791-2.

Influenced by public opinion and by that strong disinclination to all extension of territory which the Directors had already begun to show,[2] he only crippled the Sultan when he should have destroyed him. Such a half-hearted policy bore its natural

[1] After the resignation of Hastings, Macpherson served as *locum tenens* until the arrival of Cornwallis. There were several other instances in which, owing to an interval between the departure of one Governor-General and the arrival of his successor, a Company's servant was obliged to hold the reins of government temporarily; but I have not thought it necessary to allude to them in the text.

[2] *The Cornwallis Correspondence*, vol. ii. pp. 144, 158; M. Wilks's *Hist. of Mysoor*, vol. iii. pp. 251-2.

fruit. The evil day was only put off; for a few years later Wellesley was forced to annihilate Tippoo's power at a cost of blood and treasure which would have been saved if he had been disarmed in time. But the Directors shrank from becoming emperors; for they feared that, by so doing, they would suffer as merchants.

Balance of power.

The aim of Cornwallis's policy was to maintain the peace of India by the old-fashioned European plan of preserving a balance of power among the chief states. The theory of the balance of power, however, takes for granted in individual states, if not unselfishness, at least some sort of fellow-feeling suitable to the members of a family of nations, some serious desire to keep the bonds of peace intact. But among the powers of India these conditions were wholly wanting. Their political education was not sufficiently advanced for them to understand that, even for nations, pure selfishness cannot be expedient. Cornwallis saw clearly enough that the English Government ought to stand in the place of the father of this family of nations: but it was reserved for a greater ruler to see that the family must, for some time and for their own good, be treated not as intelligent adults, but as disorderly and deceitful children.

The Permanent Settlement.

The war with Tippoo was the central event of Cornwallis's foreign policy. His reign is equally remembered for the judicial and fiscal reforms which he carried out. The English had hitherto been content to follow the old Mogul system for the collection of the land-revenue of Bengal. Under that system, the privilege of collecting the revenue had been from time to time put up to auction to native collectors, who were known as Zamíndárs: but no attempt had been made to ascertain and definitely fix the amount which the cultivators might fairly be called upon to pay. As, however, under this system, the revenue was collected in a very irregular and unsatisfactory manner, the Directors instructed Cornwallis to introduce some reform. The result was the famous Permanent Settlement, by which the Zamíndárs were raised to the position of landlords, and engaged in return to pay a fixed annual rent-charge to the Government. 1793.

The Permanent Settlement was a sad blunder. Cornwallis had indeed tried to learn something about the landed interests

with which he had to deal: but he did not realise the vast extent and intricacy of the subject. Preoccupied by English ideas of land tenure, his mind was too narrow and too destitute of sympathetic force to seize the notion that a different set of ideas might prevail in India; and he therefore naturally leaped to the conclusion that, as the Zamíndárs were the highest class connected with land, they either were, or ought to be constituted landed proprietors.[1] The result of his action may be told in a few words. The inferior tenants derived from it no benefit whatever. The Zamíndárs again and again failed to pay their rent-charges; and their estates were sold for the benefit of the Government.

Character of Cornwallis.

Though Cornwallis was not a ruler of the first rank, in one respect at least he left his mark upon the Indian service. He would not countenance jobbery, even when Royal petitioners asked favours of him; and he tried to remove the temptations to corruption to which the Company's servants were exposed, and to raise their standard of efficiency, by endeavouring to procure for them adequate salaries.

Sir John Shore. Non-intervention.

Cornwallis was succeeded by Sir John Shore, a conscientious painstaking official, who had worked his way, step by step, to the head of the Government, but whose dread of responsibility made him unfit to rule. The great political event of his administration was a war between the Maráthas and the Nizam. The Maráthas were the aggressors: the Nizam was an ally of the British, and importunately pressed them for the assistance to which he was morally entitled; but Shore was afraid to depart a hair's-breadth from the policy of neutrality which his masters had prescribed. The result was that the Nizam was completely beaten, and lost all confidence in the English, whose alliance had proved to be a sham; while the power of the Maráthas was unduly exalted,

[1] "According to English ideas someone must be proprietor, and with him a settlement should most properly be made; but we did not for a long time see that different parties may have different degrees of interest without altogether excluding others, and hence the long discussions on the question who were the actual proprietors, when in fact the contending parties had different but consistent interests in the same land—Government as rent receivers, Zemindars as delegates of Government, and the communities as having possession and entire management of the soil."—Sir George Campbell's *Modern India and its Government*, pp. 301-2. See also C. Raikes's *Notes on the North-Western Provinces of India*, pp. 41-64.

and for years their turbulence and greed caused anxiety to the Paramount Power.

In 1798 Shore was succeeded by Lord Mornington, better known by his later title of Marquess Wellesley, a young Irish peer who had already distinguished himself by an elaborate speech in which he had thundered against the French Revolution, and pleaded for the continued prosecution of the anti-Gallican crusade. The appointment was made not a moment too soon; for another great crisis in Anglo-Indian history was at hand, and, if Shore had remained in office much longer, the empire might have been lost.

Marquess Wellesley.

The European war was at its height. Napoleon was in the full tide of success, and had extended his views of conquest to Asia. If he had triumphed in Egypt, and pushed on into India, the leading native states would probably have welcomed his arrival. Our allies, the Nizam and the Nawab of the Carnatic, were not to be depended upon. The one, as has been shown, had become estranged from us, and now put his trust in a strong force, officered by Frenchmen, which he kept in his pay. The other was unable to govern his own country, and, so far from helping us, was continually asking for our aid. Tippoo was intriguing against us with every prince who would listen to him. Hating us with all the force of Mahomedan bigotry, inherited enmity, and the thirst of vengeance, he was only waiting an opportunity to attack us. The Maráthas would have been not less dangerous if they had not been disunited: but, as it was, their foremost chief, Daulat Ráo Sindhia, was gaining power every day, and, like the Nizam, had an army, officered by Frenchmen, in his service. These very French adventurers were a separate source of danger. They had the disgrace of old defeats to wipe out, and visions of conquest to gratify. Dupleix, Bussy, and Lally had been frustrated in their open endeavours to create a Franco-Indian empire: but there was a lurking danger not less formidable in the presence of General Perron at the head of Sindhia's battalions.

Critical state of the empire.

Wellesley saw the danger, and faced it. The conduct of Tippoo, who rashly allowed it to be known that he had sent an embassy to Mauritius to ask for French aid, gave him the opportunity of striking the first

Overthrow of Tippoo.

blow. He instantly demanded guarantees for the preservation of peace. Eager to gain time, Tippoo evaded the demand until Wellesley's patience was worn out. Converting the nominal alliance of the Nizam into an effective reality by disarming his French contingent and substituting for it a British force, Wellesley directed the armies of Bombay and Madras, strengthened by a native contingent furnished by the Nizam, to converge upon Seringapatam. After a short and uniformly successful campaign, the Sultan's capital was won; and he himself fell in the assault. His sons were pensioned off, and kept in honourable confinement, while the representative of the old Hindu dynasty, which Hyder had displaced, was proclaimed as Raja of a portion of the conquered country. The remainder was divided between the British Government and the Nizam, whose share was afterwards appropriated to the payment of an additional subsidiary force which was to be kept in his service. Finally, the government of the restored dynasty of Mysore was placed under the friendly supervision of an English Resident.

1798.

1799.

The overthrow of Tippoo, which re-established British prestige, gave a blow to the hopes of the French, and struck terror into the minds of aggressive native princes, was the key-stone of Wellesley's policy. The aim of that policy may be described as the establishment of the supremacy of the British power for the joint benefit of the British and of the people of India. The native powers were to be grouped in alliance round the central power of the British Government, which was to defend them at their own cost, and, in some cases, to administer their civil affairs or those of a part of their territories as well, in others merely to reserve the right of interference. In other words, Wellesley, strengthened by the authority and resources which had been denied to Hastings, set himself to develop the far-reaching conception which the latter had originated. The grand idea of pressing this consolidated Anglo-Indian Empire into the service of the British Empire itself, and forcing it to take its part in the overthrow of Napoleon, was Wellesley's own.

Policy of Wellesley.

Let us see how he worked it out. A treaty which he had concluded with the Nizam had bound him to defend that prince against the attacks of the Maráthas. With the view of taming this restless people,

October, 1800.

Wellesley tried to draw their nominal head, the Peshwa, Bájí Ráo, within the circle of subsidiary alliance.[1] The reluctance of this prince to surrender his independence was at last overcome by his fear of Jeswant Ráo Holkar, a rising Marátha chieftain, whose family name is so often mentioned in connexion with that of Sindhia. The treaty of Bassein marked the change in the Peshwa's condition. But Sindhia and the Marátha Raja of Berar, who feared that they too would have subsidiary alliances forced upon them, and no longer be allowed to prey upon their weaker neighbours, resented the treatment of their nominal head, and compelled the Governor-General to conquer them. It was in the war by which this conquest was achieved that the name of his brother, Arthur Wellesley, first became famous.

1802.

Treaty of Bassein.

Marátha war

1803-4.

Holkar, who held aloof from his brother chiefs, might have escaped, if his invincible love of plunder had not brought upon him the wrath of Wellesley: but the campaign for his reduction was chequered by more than one disaster; and he was not finally subdued till after Wellesley had left India.

1804-5.

Thus one power after another was drawn into the number of dependent states. Unhappily, however, Wellesley had neglected one rare opportunity which the fortune of war had thrown in his way. In the campaign against Sindhia, Delhi had fallen into our hands; and Wellesley had been called upon to decide the Emperor's fate. Though the power of the Great Mogul had long faded away, his title still attracted the superstitious veneration of the natives; and fifty years later it was the spell that drew successive armies of mutineers to the focus of Delhi. If, instead of perpetuating this phantom dynasty, Wellesley had boldly proclaimed that his Government had succeeded to its rights, an element which was to give strength and a show of dignity to the Indian Mutiny might have been destroyed. The native states were ready enough to claim the protection of our Paramount Power. They would have repaid it for this protection by their attach-

Treatment of the Mogul Emperor.

[1] For some remarks on the subsidiary alliance system see my article on "Wellesley," in the *Westminster Review* of April, 1880.

ment, if it had not shrunk from avowing itself to be what it was.[1]

Dealings with Oudh.

Three years before, Wellesley had applied the same principle that inspired his Marátha policy to his dealings with Oudh. That country lay directly in the path of any invader who might meditate an attack on the British possessions from the north-west; and a conqueror might have easily overrun it on his march, for its Government was powerless, and its army was a rabble. Wellesley converted it from a source of weakness into a bulwark of the British provinces by his favourite method. The Vizier was obliged to accept an English subsidiary force, and to cede a large portion of his territory for its support. But one great evil sprang from this arrangement. The government of Oudh was even then the worst in India. The Vizier wasted part of his revenues in shameful self-indulgence, and hoarded the rest. The farmers of the revenue extorted from the peasantry all that they could; and the latter toiled on, barely supporting life on the remnant of their earnings which the policy, not the humanity of their masters allowed them. Wellesley, however, shrank from interfering in the internal administration. The Vizier's officers were therefore supported in their exactions by British bayonets. Wellesley's excuse is that, distrusted as he was by the Directors, he did not feel himself strong enough to assume the government of the country, which was the only way of remedying its unhappy condition. He doubtless expected that his successors would soon be forced to take this final step. For more than fifty years, however, it was not taken.

1801.

1799, 1800, 1801. Tanjore, Surat, and the Carnatic.

The Nawabs of Tanjore, of Surat, and of the Carnatic were obliged to transfer the administration of their territories to the British Government, and to content themselves with liberal pensions and high-sounding titles.

1801. Red Sea expedition.

While the consolidation of the English power in India went on apace, Wellesley carried out his idea of making it a living element of the British Empire by sending an expeditionary force up the Red Sea to co-operate in the expulsion of the French from Egypt. If the force did nothing else, it at least showed how a

[1] See an interesting lecture by Mr. S. J. Owen, entitled "Anglo-Indian Rule historically considered." [But see also App. W.]

strong ruler had been able to develop the resources of India, and how he could turn them to account.

Such was Wellesley's external policy. The same imperial spirit which had animated it breathed through every part of his administration. For the benevolence with which he regarded the natives of India did not lead him to contemplate the possibility of granting them self-government. His ideal was that they should be ruled for their own good by an all-powerful despot, and that the despot should take him for his model. Nor were they to be governed solely for their own good. They were to repay the care of their rulers by communicating to them the benefit of their commercial resources. Fondly hoping that he could infuse something of his own enthusiasm into his employers, Wellesley urged them to develop these resources by the encouragement of private trade, and to recede, if only a few steps, from the selfish position of monopolists. But it was in vain for this enthusiastic Governor to expect a trading company to sympathise with his far-reaching views. The anomaly which suffered India to be ruled from Leadenhall Street was already evident.

Views and character of Wellesley.

It was the sagacity which enabled Wellesley to foresee the direction which imperial progress must take, and the energy with which he hastened that progress, that gave a special character to his reign. He saw that endless disturbances must be looked for until the English should become supreme: it is his merit that he did not adopt the half-measures which would have pleased his masters, but boldly and uncompromisingly carried out his views to their logical conclusion. No ruler was ever better served; but few rulers have had in the same degree the enthusiasm which inspires others, and the charm which wins their personal devotion. Generals like Arthur Wellesley, and Lake, and Harris, diplomatists like Malcolm and Barry Close worked out his designs; and all worked for the love of him whom they served.

When he had gone, however, the great work which he had taken up was again interrupted; for his successor could only see its momentary disadvantages, and lacked the foresight which could wait for its final triumph. The Directors were tired of costly victories, and looked about for a ruler who would spare their army, and replenish their treasury. In an evil hour for his reputation, the aged Cornwallis, broken as he was by toil

and disease, was persuaded to go out once more. As far as he could, he reversed Wellesley's policy, and meditated the withdrawal of the British protection from those states to which Wellesley had extended it. He did all this in the purest spirit of humanity; for he believed that Wellesley's interference had been unjust. But, happily for India and for himself, he died little more than two months after his arrival.

1805. Second administration of Cornwallis.

His successor, Sir George Barlow, carried out his views. He aimed at extricating his employers, at any cost, from the temporary financial embarrassment into which the policy of Wellesley had plunged them, and complacently declared his conviction that he would best promote the security of the British Government by leaving the rajas free to quarrel among themselves. This ignoble policy bore its inevitable fruit when the strong began to prey upon the weak, and when the natives of India cried out that the Paramount Power, which was bound to keep the peace, was shirking its responsibilities. Still more appalling examples, however, were needed to convince the home authorities of the weakness of this policy. In 1807 they sent out Lord Minto to succeed Barlow, and to walk in his footsteps. When, however, the new Governor-General came to survey the political prospect from Calcutta, he began gradually to unlearn the opinions which he had held so confidently at home. Without being a ruler of the first order, he was a sensible and firm, though moderate statesman, who had not indeed the high courage and the rare fearlessness of responsibility which can initiate a great policy, and execute it in spite of the remonstrances of a timid or ignorant directory, but who might be trusted to fall into no weakness which would compromise the dignity of his government; and, though his reign was undistinguished by any event that serves as a land-mark in Anglo-Indian history, it witnessed some useful measures for the maintenance of internal peace and for the repression of French ambition, and is interesting as the transition period which preceded the final realisation of Wellesley's views by the Marquess of Hastings.

Sir George Barlow.

Lord Minto.

Immediately after his arrival, he was struck by the anarchy which Barlow's inaction had encouraged among the freebooting chiefs of Bundelkhand, a part of which country the Peshwa had ceded to Wellesley for the sup-

Bundelkhand.

port of his subsidiary force. He instantly sent an army to punish their insolence; and, having thus done something to restore internal order to India, he prepared to meet a danger which threatened it from without. The famous Ranjít Singh, who had already crushed down the Sikhs of the Punjab, was eager to extend his power by subjugating their brethren on our side of the Sutlej. The Governor-General saw the danger: but his task in meeting it was a complicated one; for, while repressing Ranjít's thirst for aggrandisement, he had also to persuade him to refuse a passage through his territories to the French, who were believed to be still meditating an invasion of India. His choice of an ambassador revealed the same knowledge of character that had shown itself in Wellesley's advancement of Malcolm. For it was Charles Metcalfe who curbed the ambition of Ranjít Singh.

Ranjít Singh.

Minto's dealings with the Afghan freebooter, Amír Khan, showed how his awaking zeal for imperialism was moderated by his fear of the Directors' displeasure. This man, who had been a companion of Holkar in his plundering raids, had attacked the Raja of Nágpur;[1] and, when Minto interfered for the protection of his ally, he apologised to his masters for this display of energy by representing it as a necessary step for the prevention of a dangerous alliance between two Mahomedan rulers like the Amír and the Nizam. When, however, the baffled Amír invaded Rájputána to give his predatory followers the plunder without which they could not live, Minto dared not interfere; and more victims were sacrificed to the idol of non-intervention.

1808.
Amír Khan.

Outside India, however, the Governor-General found a field for his energy in which he might move secure of the Directors' approval; for here the object was, not to spend money on the protection of distressed dependents, but to protect the Company's commerce from the French privateers which infested the Indian Ocean. By the capture of Mauritius, which had served as a depôt for the plunder they had thus acquired, and by the conquest of Java, which they had wrested from the Dutch, Minto completed his scheme of defence against Napoleon.

Conquest of Mauritius and Java.

1810.
1811.

[1] By this title the former Raja of Berar had been known since his subjection by Wellesley.

He was succeeded by a statesman who, like him, came to India strongly prejudiced against the policy of Wellesley, but, when he found out his mistake, threw himself, in a more daring spirit, into the task of developing that policy. It was the discovery of the evil wrought by the Pindáris that caused this sudden change in Lord Hastings's views. These notorious marauders had, in former days, often followed in the train of the Maráthas; and now, roving about the country in armed bands, plundered, destroyed, and massacred on their own account. The Directors, who could not, like Lord Hastings, see for themselves what the state of India was, refused to listen to him when he insisted that the evil must be rooted out. But Lord Hastings found another way of serving the impracticable court. Some twelve years before, Wellesley had made a commercial treaty with the Gurkhas of Nepál, but, finding it impossible to keep at peace with them, had broken off all relations in 1804. Since then the Gurkhas had been steadily encroaching upon British territory along the line of frontier north of Hindustan, in defiance, or rather in contempt of the mild remonstrances of Barlow and his successor. At last, however, even Minto had been provoked to send an ultimatum; and Hastings promptly followed it up by another. If it had been sent in time, the war which followed might have been averted; for, even after the long experience which they had had of our meek forbearance, there was not unanimity in the Gurkha council which decided to fight. Lord Hastings had to wait long for his triumph; for of four generals whom he sent at the head of separate columns to invade Nepál all but one failed, and the Gurkhas were enemies to be respected. But the veteran Ochterlony, who had studied war under Eyre Coote, atoned for the failures of his colleagues. Fortress after fortress fell before him as he climbed the Himalayas; and at last the capture of the crowning stronghold of Malaun decided the war. The Gurkhas sued for peace, and were obliged to surrender the districts of which they had robbed us, and to cede some valuable mountain territory.

1813. Lord Hastings.

Nepálese war.

1815.

Meanwhile the unchecked insolence of the Pindáris had reached its height. Fresh from his triumph in the north, Lord Hastings resolved to chastise them. In the firmness of his righteous resolve he would

Subjection of the Pindáris and the Maráthas.

have risked any official displeasure: but in fact he was not forced to disobey his instructions; for the stories of pillage and murder which had reached home caused a reaction of feeling which called for the destruction of the predatory hordes. An unexpected difficulty, however, presented itself. The Maráthas sympathised with the Pindáris; and they had still some power for evil. The treaty of Bassein had not crushed the Peshwa's restless ambition, or destroyed the irregular but mischievous attachment of his feudatories. He was discovered to be conspiring with the Pindáris, with Sindhia, and with Holkar for the restoration of his supremacy, and the subversion of our power.

There is no more intricate page in Indian history than that which describes his intrigues and the measures by which they were baffled. Fortunately Elphinstone, the Resident at his Court, was a man who could thread the most confused mazes of Marátha treachery. Aware of what was passing in the Peshwa's mind, he sought to checkmate him by a treaty which bound him to cede territory and forbear from all communication with any Power but our own. Sindhia and Amír Khan, to each of whom the Pindáris looked for help, were likewise bound over to keep the peace; and the robbers themselves were hunted down by our soldiers, while those who escaped the British bayonets were massacred by the exasperated villagers whom they had persecuted. Meanwhile, Sindhia and Amír Khan had adhered to their engagements: but the Peshwa and Holkar had turned traitors; and the Raja of Nágpur had joined them. One after another the treacherous princes were punished. Defeated at Sitabaldi, the Raja of Nágpur fled; and his territories passed under the nominal rule of a boy Raja, in whose name an English Resident established a wise administration. The army of Holkar, for he himself was only its tool, was beaten by Malcolm on the field of Mehidpur; and Holkar was obliged to receive a subsidiary force, while his administration was left to his ministers, who were to act under the advice of a British Resident. But it would have been madness to treat the Peshwa with such leniency. While he retained a vestige of authority, there would have been a constant temptation to the Marátha chieftains to rally round him. His lands were therefore annexed, and his suzerainty was annihilated; but he himself received from the British Govern-

1817.

1817-18.

1817.

1818.

ment that generous liberality which has done so much to reconcile their fallen foes to the inevitable loss of power.

Thus, by the final overthrow of that Hydra-headed Empire, which, for more than a century and a half, had disturbed the peace of India, Lord Hastings had completed the development of Wellesley's policy, and had proclaimed by his deeds to the people of India that the Paramount Power, from which they expected protection, was able to afford it. He had done more than this. Despising the vulgar cry that the ignorance of the natives was the best security of our rule, for he knew that no justification could be pleaded for a rule supported by such means, he had promoted the establishment of native schools and native journals, and thus encouraged the people to take advantage of the peace which he had given them.

Lord Hastings' work.

This able man was succeeded by a Governor of another stamp. Lord Amherst's reign is remembered as the epoch of the first Burmese war: but he himself is almost forgotten. This war, like that with the Gurkhas, was caused by the aggression of a barbarous people, which, encouraged by years of tame endurance, culminated in an invasion of British territory: but here the resemblance ended. The Gurkhas had been the most formidable warriors that we had ever encountered: the Burmese were the most contemptible. Nothing but the unhealthiness of their climate and the military strength of their territory made their reduction difficult. But these obstacles were overcome by the force which was sent to Rangoon, and which, after a two years' campaign, fought its way to Ava, the Burmese capital, and dictated a peace which secured the cession of Assam, Arakan, and Tenasserim.

1823. Lord Amherst. First Burmese war.

1824. 1826.

The one other important event of this administration revealed the weakness of Amherst, and gave a fresh illustration of the impracticability of non-intervention. The Raja of Bhurtpore, a state which Wellesley had brought under British protection, died, and left his throne to an infant son. But it was rare indeed in those days for a helpless heir to be allowed to enter peaceably upon his rights. A cousin of the young Raja seized the Government. Ochterlony, who was then Resident at Delhi, saw in this act of violence the seeds of a war which might con-

Amherst and Ochterlony.

1825.

vulse Central India, and took upon himself the responsibility of ordering a force to proceed towards Bhurtpore. Amherst countermanded its advance, and reprimanded the old general for his undue assumption of authority. It was not to be expected that a soldier-statesman of fifty years' standing should submit to such an affront as this. Ochterlony resigned his post. But Amherst presently repented of his error; and the capture of Bhurtpore put an end to a general uneasiness amongst the native princes, who were not yet habituated to our supremacy, and had been excited by the strange news that a British army was waging war upon the opposite side of the Bay of Bengal.

Capture of Bhurtpore.

After this there was a hollow peace in the land for twelve years; for the principle of non-intervention was in the ascendant, and the English Residents at native courts were forbidden to interfere with the princes at the very stage in their political progress when they most needed wise counsel and restraining discipline. Lord William Bentinck, who succeeded Amherst in 1828, was the very man to carry out the theories of Indian government that prevailed in England, and give a last convincing proof of their falseness. A pattern Liberal statesman of the nineteenth century, overflowing with benevolence towards the natives, he was taught by the bitter lessons of seven years that, in dealing with Asiatics, humanitarianism is not humanity. A series of disputed successions, the curse of that era of Indian history, called for British interference: but Bentinck invariably refused to interfere until his inaction had produced its inevitable results, anarchy and massacre. We might wonder that he was so slow to learn from experience, if we did not know how hard it is to wrench oneself free from the influence of a cherished theory. Two instances in which his reluctant interference wrought a political change call for special mention.

Non-intervention.

Lord William Bentinck.

In Mysore, the boy Raja whom Wellesley had set up after the overthrow of Tippoo, had been allowed to take the government into his own hands after twelve years of tolerably successful rule by his native minister under the friendly supervision of an English Resident. The Raja's government was intolerable; and, after the Resident had warned him again and again without effect, his subjects took

Mysore and Coorg.

the remedy into their own hands, and revolted. But these miserable rebels were repressed by our arms, because, forsooth, the Raja was a protected prince.

1830.

Bentinck talked of perpetuating the Hindu Government with more effectual restrictions on the Raja's power, but ended by doing nothing; and the people suffered without redress until in 1833 the English Resident became a Commissioner, and the country became virtually a British province. The Raja of Coorg, the nephew of a prince who had been a cordial ally of the English in their wars with Tippoo, made himself notorious by the savage cruelty with which he treated his subjects. Even Bentinck's theories were not proof against this test: but, while he desired to relieve the people, he was still anxious that they should remain under the rule of a native Raja, and was only persuaded to annex their country by their unanimous and loudly-expressed desire to be transferred to the Company's Government.

1834.

Settlement of the North-Western Provinces. 1833-42.

Even the briefest account of Bentinck's administration could not afford to leave unnoticed that great measure, known as the Settlement of the North-Western Provinces, which was begun in his time, and completed a few years after his departure. When that portion of the country came under British rule, the settlement officers did their work in a very lax and haphazard fashion. They tried to do justice to all parties: but they knew little of the usages which had governed the tenure of land and the payment of the land revenue under native government: their ignorance was freely traded upon by interested natives, who, in many cases, contrived to get themselves registered as the proprietors of villages which did not belong to them; and therefore many of their decisions caused dissatisfaction. It was understood, however, that the settlements which they made might be superseded when the time for a more detailed investigation should arrive. The first step towards such an investigation was taken in 1822, when a Regulation was published, setting forth the principles in accordance with which a lasting settlement was to be made: but circumstances prevented further serious action from being taken till 1833. The officers to whom the work of the settlement was entrusted, laboured with the utmost zeal and perseverance to acquire such a full and accurate store of knowledge for a foundation as would enable them to avoid the false conclusions of their

predecessors: but the interests which they had to examine were so numerous and complicated that they often went astray. Moreover, they started with the theory that the settlement ought to be made, village by village, with the actual proprietors of the soil, and not with middle-men. They saw that the proprietary right generally belonged to single families, or to the village communities, which had survived here in far greater perfection than in Bengal. But there was another important class whose rights had also to be considered, and whose generic name of Tálukdárs is perhaps familiar to all who take an interest in Indian affairs. It was through the medium of these men that the native Government had collected the revenue; and, though they were technically only hereditary revenue-contractors, they were to all intents and purposes the territorial aristocracy. The settlement officers, however, inspired by the famous Robert Mertins Bird, were full of the idea of promoting the greatest happiness of the greatest number: they branded the tálukdárs as a set of worthless drones; and they determined accordingly to deprive them of the privilege of settling for every foot of land to which they could not show a proprietary title precise enough to satisfy an English lawyer. A few thoughtful men did indeed urge that these sweeping measures would destroy the attachment of the aristocracy to our rule, and that, if they ever turned against us, we should find the villagers, whom we had thought to conciliate, impelled by the force of old ties and old associations to side with their natural leaders. These warnings, however, were unheeded, and their authors ridiculed as alarmists. The mere fact that the settlement aroused discontent does not indeed prove that the principles upon which it was based were false. But perhaps its authors would have succeeded better if they had reflected that the proprietary right was not the only right connected with the soil, and, while taking care to provide valid guarantees for the immunity of the village proprietors from extortion, had recognised the existing rights of the tálukdárs to contract for the collection of the revenue.[1]

[1] See remarks of H. St. G. Tucker, quoted on pp. 76-7 (note), of P. Carnegy's *Notes on the Land Tenures and Revenue Assessments of Upper India*; and *The Land-Systems of British India*, by B. H. Baden-Powell. Mr. C. Raikes (*Notes on the North-West Provinces of India*, pp. 67-75), while admitting that the settlement caused discontent among the tálukdárs, maintains that they were treated with perfect fairness. "We might well wonder," he says, "that the enfranchisement of the village communities was unpopular unless we happened to know what Indian

Resumption.

Another class, known as the holders of rent-free tenures, escaped the grasp of the settlement officers only to fall under an investigation as searching as theirs. These tenures, relics of the days of native administration, were of various origins, and many of them had been fraudulently acquired, while others, having been granted for services which had long ceased to be performed, had become mere sinecures. If the English Government had had the inclination or the leisure to examine them when it had first established its rule, many of them would of course have been abolished: but unfortunately action had been so long delayed that the holders had learned to regard their lands as secured to their families for ever. The new school of officials, however, was indignant at the thought that so much land-revenue was lost to the state, and squandered by an unprofitable class. The holders were accordingly called upon to prove the original validity of their titles. Many of them asserted with truth that they had acquired their estates honestly, but could produce no documents in support of their word.[1] Whatever opinions may be held as to the justice or the policy of this wholesale Resumption, it is certain that it awoke serious discontent and even disaffection.

The Sale Law.

Much bitter feeling was also aroused by the operation of the Sale Law, under which the estates of numerous landed proprietors were yearly put up to sale in satisfaction of debts, and bought generally by rich speculators or native Government officials. This particular grievance was one of long standing. The new-comers could never succeed in gaining the slightest hold upon the feelings of their tenants, who persisted in regarding their former landlords with unabated affection, and would at any moment have been ready, if called upon, to take down their spears and matchlocks, and help them to win back what they had lost.

The strong side of Bentinck's administration.

It would be unjust, however, to hold Bentinck specially responsible for the evil results of measures which he did not originate; and, as his dealings with native states have been severely criticised in these

popularity means. The *vox populi* . . . has little or nothing to do with it, for that voice is not yet heard. Spurious popularity in the east may be cheaply obtained by following Sir Robert Walpole's maxim, *Quieta non movere*."

[1] See Extract from Board's Report to Government, dated 19th Sept. 1856, on the "Revenue Administration of the Rohilcund Division for 1856." *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Feb. 1858, pp. 194-6.

pages, it is a duty to do honour to the strong side of his administration. No Governor-General of India, no ruler known to history, ever laboured for the good of his people with a more single-minded devotion than he. Among his reforms the best known is the abolition of the atrocious rite of suttee,[1] which only a man of the highest moral courage would have dared to carry out against the mass of religious prejudice which it stirred up. But he made his good influence felt in every department of civil government. It was he who gave the first great impetus to the material progress of the country. Thus it was that he won the unique place which he holds in the history of British India; for the evil which he had unwittingly done has perished, but the good will remain and fructify for all time.

1836. Lord Auckland's policy towards Persia and Afghánistán.

With the accession of Lord Auckland, Bentinck's successor, began a new era in Anglo-Indian history, in which the long-sown seeds of fresh political complications, which even now seem as far from solution as ever, began to put forth fruit. All danger from French ambition had passed away: but Russian intrigue was busy against us. We had brought the danger on ourselves. False to an alliance with Persia, which dated from the beginning of the century, we had turned a deaf ear to her entreaties for help against Russian aggression, and had allowed her to fall under the power of her tyrant, who thenceforth used her as an instrument of his ambition. The result of our selfish indifference appeared in 1837, when Persia, acting under Russian influence, laid siege to Herat, which was then under Afghán rule. After a long series of revolutions, Dost Mahomed, the representative of the famous tribe of Bárakzáis, had established himself upon the throne, with the warm approval of the majority of the people; while Shah Shujá, the leader of the rival Saddozáis, was an exile. The ruling prince did not wait for Auckland to seek his friendship. The Tsar sent an agent to Kábul, and offered him money and protection against Persia. He treated the Russian advances with contempt, and desired nothing better than to be an ally of the English. All he asked was that they should protect him against Persian aggression, and induce Ranjít Singh to allow him and his brother Sultan Mahomed to hold Peshawar as

[1] The custom of burning widows on the funeral piles of their husbands.

vassals and tributaries. Auckland was urged by Alexander Burnes, the agent whom he had sent to Kábul, to seize the opportunity. It was in his power to deal Russia a crushing blow, and to avert those troubles which are even now harassing British statesmen. If it was impolitic for him to attempt to influence Ranjít Singh, he might at least have promised Dost Mahomed the protection which he desired, and thus proved to him that his friendly professions were not a sham. But his tone was so frigid that the Amír lost all faith in him; and the agent was recalled. As the Amír's secretary remarked, "It was not the adjustment of the Peshawar affair that dissipated the Amír's hopes, but the indifference to his sufferings which it was clear that the English felt." Having flung away the friendship of Dost Mahomed, Auckland saw that he must do something to checkmate Russian intrigue. If Herat were to fall, the Bárakzáis would be prostrate at the feet of the Shah; and the Russians would establish a permanent influence in Afghánistán.

June 26. In the summer of 1838 Auckland entered into the famous Tripartite Treaty with Ranjít Singh and Shah Shujá, the aim of which was to depose Dost Mahomed and elevate the exile to the throne.

But Auckland was to have an opportunity of retrieving his error. While Herat was still holding out, the Shah was at last threatened with war, and raised the siege. Russian

Sept. 1838. intrigue had failed; and the danger which had menaced British India had disappeared. The motive of the Tripartite Treaty was gone. Even now Dost Mahomed hankered after the friendship of the English. Auckland did not let slip the opportunity: he flung it from him, and clutched at a policy that was to bring misery to thousands of families in England, in India, and in Afghánistán, and to prove disastrous to the political interests of all three countries. He asserted that it was his duty to provide against future troubles in Afghánistán, for he could point to no existing ones; and he attempted to do this by dethroning a prince who had shown him nothing but good will, and by raising up in his stead the rival whom the bulk of the population distrusted as a man foredoomed to misfortune.[1]

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. (1 Sess. 2) 1859, pp. 43, 100, 132, 160, 172-4, 187, 228-9, 231, 238, 275, etc.; A. Burnes's *Cabool*, p. 270; Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, ii. 37, note; Kaye's *Hist. of the War in Afghanistan*, 2nd ed. pp. 199-385. See App. A.

For a time all appeared to go well; and the English were lulled into a fatal security. So long as the chiefs and the mountain tribes were propitiated by British subsidies, the British army which remained at Kábul to protect Shah Shujá against his own subjects was in no danger. But, when economy necessitated the withdrawal of the subsidies, the factitious attachment of the people to our rule died away. There is no need to dwell upon the tragedies of 1841 and 1842. Those who are least interested in Indian history are not likely to forget how the Afghán mob murdered the British Envoy and his associates; how the British commander, putting faith in the chiefs of a people whom no treaties can bind, began that retreat from which but one man escaped to tell how sixteen thousand had perished; how poor Auckland, unmanned by the disaster, lacked the energy to retrieve it; how the heroic Sale[1] held out at Jelálabad till Pollock relieved him; how Auckland's successor, Lord Ellenborough, dreading fresh disasters, hesitated to allow his generals to act till, yielding to their indignant zeal, he threw upon them the responsibility of that advance to Kábul which retrieved the lost prestige of our arms. Thus closed the first act of a still unfinished drama.

1842.

After celebrating the triumph of the victorious army, Ellenborough sent Charles Napier to punish the Amírs of Sind, who, emboldened by the retreat from Kábul, had violated a treaty which they had concluded with the British Government. The result of the war was the annexation of the country: but the glories of Miáni and of Hyderabad were overclouded by the dispute on the question of the guilt of the Amírs between Napier and James Outram.[2]

Conquest of Sind.

1843.

Less talked of at the time, but historically more important was Ellenborough's reconstitution of the British relations with the Sindhia of the day. Political disturbances had for some time agitated that prince's court, while his army had swollen to a dangerous size, and, like the Sikh army since Ranjít Singh's death, which had taken place a few years before, had passed beyond the control of the civil power. In these two armies Ellenborough saw a danger which might disturb the peace of Hindustan. He fore-

Ellenborough's dealings with Sindhia

[1] The leading spirit in the defence of Jelálabad was Captain Broadfoot.

[2] See the biography of Napier in my *Four Famous Soldiers*.

saw that the Sikh soldiers, released from the stern discipline of Ranjít Singh, would soon force a government which they despised to let them cross the Sutlej in quest of plunder. Two years later his character as a prophet was vindicated; and, if he had not now, in anticipation of the invasion which then took place, disbanded the greater part of Sindhia's army, and overawed the remainder by a native contingent under the command of British officers, the Sikhs would probably have joined their forces with the Maráthas. It is impossible to estimate the magnitude of the danger which would then have threatened our power; and, when Ellenborough heard of the unexpected resistance which the Sikhs had opposed to his successor, he may well have thought that he had helped to secure the empire against the advent of a great crisis. But the Directors took a different view of their Governor-General's conduct of affairs. In June, 1844, all India was astonished by the news that Ellenborough had been recalled. He had helped to bring about his own downfall, for in the controversies with his masters in which he, like some of the ablest of his predecessors, had found himself involved, he had shown an unfortunate want of discretion: but, though by bombastic proclamations and a theatrical love of display he had sometimes exposed himself to ridicule, many of his subordinates felt that in him they had lost a vigorous and able ruler.

His recall.

Sir Henry Hardinge, who was raised to the peerage before the close of his administration, succeeded to the office of Governor-General, and waited anxiously for the breaking of the storm which his predecessor had seen gathering. The Sikhs, the Puritans of India, who were not strictly speaking a nation, but a religious brotherhood of warriors called the Khálsá, were animated by two passions equally dangerous to the peace of those around them, a fierce enthusiasm, half military, half religious, for the glory of their order, and an insatiable desire for plunder. By giving them full scope for the indulgence of these passions, and by punishing all disobedience with merciless severity, Ranjít Singh had governed his turbulent subjects for forty years: but, when he died, they broke loose from all control; and the weak Government of Lahore found that they could only save their own capital from being plundered by the Khálsá army by sending it to seek plunder in British territory. Thus began the first Sikh war. The British soldiers who marched to defend

The Sikhs.

1845. First Sikh war.

the line of the Sutlej found to their astonishment that the Sikhs were as formidable enemies as the Gurkhas; and they had already fought three desperate battles when the dearly bought victory of Sobráon decided the war in their favour. 1846

Hardinge was not a weak ruler: but he lacked the foresight which gave additional value to Wellesley's decision in the use of victory. Though many of the Sikh magnates declared that nothing less than the annexation of the Punjab would deter the Khálsá army from striking another blow for supremacy, he resolved to give the people a chance of settling down quietly under their native rulers.[1] He received one emphatic warning against the unsoundness of this policy; for, when he was about to withdraw the British army from the Punjab, the Government of Lahore assured him that such a measure would be the signal for the rise of the Khálsá against themselves. At last he compromised the matter by consenting that Henry Lawrence, as British Resident, should have the guidance of the native Council of Regency to which the administration was to be committed. Many of the Sikh soldiers were disbanded: there were but few outward signs of discontent; and, in 1848, Hardinge handed over the government to Lord Dalhousie with the cheering thought that he had bestowed upon India the blessing of a lasting peace.

Sir Henry Hardinge tries to maintain the native government of the Punjab.

The peace lasted just three months after his departure. Surrounded by a staff of officers who all trusted in their chief, who have all left their mark upon Indian history, and of whom more than one will find mention in the story of the Mutiny, Henry Lawrence had laboured on at the reform of the administration, but had never deluded himself into the belief that English rule, however beneficent, would be acceptable to a proud and only half-subdued nation. But, in the midst of his labours, he had been forced to return to England for his health; and the insurrection for which he had been prepared broke out

Henry Lawrence in the Punjab.

Second Sikh war.

[1] It was afterwards asserted by Henry and John Lawrence that Hardinge had not had the means of annexing the Punjab. On the other hand, Charles Napier and Havelock strongly recommended annexation; and such good soldiers would hardly have recommended a military impossibility. *Life of Sir C. Napier*, vol. iii. pp. 430, 458; J. C. Marshman's *Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock*, p. 160.

under his successor. Its first aspect was that of a mere local disturbance. Moolraj, the native viceroy of Mooltan, had long evaded payment of a succession duty which the Government of Lahore had demanded from him before the outbreak of the first Sikh war. Finding, however, that the British Resident would not hear of the delay to which the impotent Lahore Durbar[1] had submitted, he petulantly resigned his post: the British officers who came to install his successor were murdered; and he instantly adopted the deed as his own, and called upon the people of all creeds to rise against the British. It soon became clear that this was no isolated act of treachery. The Khálsá sympathised with Moolraj. Moreover, his crime was not punished with that promptitude which could alone have overawed the disaffected nation; for Lord Gough, the Commander-in-chief, feared to expose his army to the effects of a summer campaign. But the inaction of the Commander-in-chief was put to shame by the vigour of a subaltern. On his own responsibility, Herbert Edwardes, a young lieutenant of infantry, marched against Moolraj, defeated him, and forced him to retire behind the walls of Mooltan. This act of resolution, however, was not so successful as it deserved to be. Mooltan was obstinately defended against the reinforcements which were sent to co-operate with Edwardes. Then Dalhousie ordered the general advance of the British troops which he had postponed in deference to Gough's judgement. The cruel kindness of Hardinge had brought the miseries of a second conquest upon the Khálsá. His successor resolved that the work should now be done once for all.

1848.

It was so done, but at a heavy cost. There are many still living who remember the fierce burst of indignation which sent out Charles Napier to avenge the terrible slaughter of Chilianwála. But, before Napier could arrive, Gough had atoned for the errors of his doubtful victory by the decisive battle of Gujrát. Dalhousie turned his conquest to account by bringing the Punjab under British dominion. It was the one step in his remorseless career of annexation that needed no apology. One interruption alone marred the smoothness of the administrative progress which made the Punjab the model province of the empire.

1849.

Annexation of the Punjab.

[1] Ruling council.

Administration of the Punjab.

Dalhousie began by entrusting the government to a Board of three, Henry Lawrence, John Lawrence, and Charles Mansel, who was succeeded, in 1850, by Robert Montgomery. The rapidity with which the province advanced towards civilisation justified the partiality with which Dalhousie always regarded it. Under a picked body of administrators who threw their whole heart into their work, and lived in camp for eight months of the year with their tents open to the humblest petitioners, the pressure of the taxes which Ranjít Singh had imposed was lightened; the people were forced to give up their arms, and to live peaceably with each other;[1] a strong and trustworthy police force was organised; dacoity[2] was almost entirely stamped out; a system of criminal law suitable to the character of the people was devised; slavery, infanticide, and the countless evils of a barbarous rule were suppressed; canals, bridges, and a network of great roads were constructed; and new regiments were organised for the protection of the country against the lawless hill-tribes. It was because the Sikhs, as a conquered people, were prepared to accept the measures of their conquerors with submission, while the simplicity of Ranjít Singh's despotism, unencumbered by the mass of forms which thwarted the benevolent efforts of English officials in other provinces, had left the ground clear for the erection of an entirely new fabric of government, that the success of our rule in the Punjab was so swift, and so complete.

But there was not unanimity in the counsels of the famous trio who composed the Board. Henry Lawrence, always a friend of the fallen, caused dissatisfaction to the Governor-General by the pertinacity with which he fought the battles of the Sikh Sirdars, the aristocracy of the Punjab, whose past unfaithfulness he was unwilling to punish too severely. Dalhousie finally resolved to give John Lawrence, whose views harmonised with his own, the undivided control of the province. But there is no doubt that the character of John's administration was modified by Henry's counsels; and, when old Punjabis talk of the glorious history of their province in 1857, they love to

[1] "The Trans-Indus and Huzara population was exempted . . . inasmuch as without arms they would be at the mercy of plundering hordes."—*General Report on the Administration of the Punjab for the years* 1849-50, *and* 1850-51, p. 37, par. 182.

[2] Gang-robbery.

dwell upon the fact that it was Henry who, by his noble character and unresting energy, bequeathed to their administration the spirit to which that history was partly due.

Lord Dalhousie's annexation policy.

The acquisition of the Punjab, like almost every accession of territory which the empire had hitherto received, had been the result of conquest forced upon a reluctant Government. But Dalhousie's other acquisitions were for the most part of a different kind, and excited in his own time and after his death controversies more violent than those which had been excited by the acts of any Governor-General except Warren Hastings. The passions, however, which fanned these controversies into flame are now well-nigh extinct: the direction in which opinion is setting is clearly defined: the evidence upon which a final judgement may be based is ample and open to every enquirer; and the time has therefore come when such a judgement may be confidently pronounced. Like Bentinck, Dalhousie belonged to the school of modern Liberalism: but, while the milder political creed of the former bade him maintain the right of all dependent native states to govern themselves even to their own destruction, the ardent proselytism of the latter would have brought the same states under the uniform sway of a paternal government. There is not indeed any reason to suppose that Dalhousie set out for India with the resolve of entering upon a career of annexation: but, as opportunities for annexation arose which he regarded as lawful, he believed that he would be wanting in his duty to his country and to the people of India, if he failed to take advantage of them. It then became the aim of his policy to consolidate the Anglo-Indian Empire by the absorption of the native states that interrupted its continuity; to eradicate every remnant of native barbarism which he could reach; and upon the ground thus cleared to erect a brand-new fabric of Western civilisation. "I take this fitting occasion," he wrote, in a minute on the famous Satára question, "of recording my strong and deliberate opinion, that, in the exercise of a wise and sound policy, the British Government is bound not to put aside or neglect such rightful opportunities of acquiring territory or revenue as may from time to time present themselves; whether they arise from the lapse of subordinate states by the failure of all heirs of every description whatsoever, or from the failure of heirs natural, where the succession can be sustained only by the sanction of

the Government being given to the ceremony of adoption according to Hindu law. The Government is bound in duty, as well as policy, to act on every such occasion with the purest integrity, and in the most scrupulous observance of good faith. Whenever a shadow of doubt can be shown, the claim should at once be abandoned. But, where the right to territory by lapse is clear, the Government is bound to take that which is justly and legally its due, and to extend to that territory the benefits of our sovereignty, present and prospective. In like manner, while I would not seek to lay down any inflexible rule with respect to adoption, I hold that, on all occasions, where heirs natural shall fail, the territory should be made to lapse, and adoption should not be permitted, excepting in those cases in which some strong political reason may render it expedient to depart from this general rule."

The principles of adoption and of lapse, to which he here refers, require a brief explanation. No article in the Hindu creed is held more tenaciously than that which teaches that a man can only escape punishment hereafter by leaving a son to offer sacrifice to his soul. The childless man therefore naturally cherished the right of adopting a son who would perform for him this sacred duty. But the custom of adoption had a political side as well. Childless princes adopted sons with the view not only of securing salvation, but of perpetuating their dynasties. No one could interfere with the right of a son so adopted to inherit his father's private property, or to perform for him the duties of religion. But it had always been clearly understood, and was admitted even by the most zealous supporters of the rights of native dynasties, that he could not succeed to the principality without the sanction of the Paramount Power. The rulers who preceded Dalhousie had generally been ready to grant their sanction: but in more than one instance they had for special reasons withheld it; and in consequence certain minor principalities had lapsed to the British Government. It was by the exercise of this right of lapse that Dalhousie annexed Satára, Nágpur, Jhánsi, and several minor principalities. He did not create the right: he simply exercised it on a scale of unprecedented magnitude, because he believed it to be valuable, and possessed the rare courage that dares to push an opinion to its logical conclusion.

It remains to be considered whether his opinion was right.

In his despatches he expended much eloquence and argument to show that his proceedings were technically justifiable; and there can be no doubt that he proved his point. But the verdict of history on great political questions differs from legal verdicts in that it is not affected by technicalities. If Dalhousie's annexations injured the interests of the people of the annexed states and of the British Government, it is useless to argue that they were technically valid. If, on the other hand, they promoted those interests, they are independent of justification based upon technical grounds. Had they been technically invalid, such invalidity would only require notice if it had given offence to native critics. The only questions then that call for discussion are these: did the annexations promote the interests of the British Government and of the people of the annexed states, and did they produce a disturbing effect upon native opinion? These questions may be easily and certainly answered. The annexations consolidated the empire, strengthened its military communications, and added to its material resources. Moreover, no well-informed man can doubt that, although they gave great offence to royal families and courtiers, they conferred lasting benefits upon millions of people, a large proportion of whom had suffered grievously from native misgovernment. But it is not less certain that they aroused a feeling of uneasiness among many of those natives who were capable of observation and reflection. Such a result, however, was unavoidable, and furnished no argument against Dalhousie's policy. Just as a child often cannot understand the motives of those who are responsible for his education, so the natives could not understand the motives that dictated the policy of annexation. The unswerving regularity with which it was carried out, the absence of that provocation on their part, which had seemed to justify the annexations of former rulers, created in the minds of many of them an impression that the British Government was abandoning those principles of good faith which had raised it above earlier conquerors, and entering upon a new career of unscrupulous aggrandisement.[1]

[1] Sir R. Temple's *Men and Events of my Time in India*, pp. 107, 109, 111, 113; W. Lee-Warner's *The Protected Princes of India*, pp. 126, 144-47; E. Arnold's *Dalhousie's Administration of British India*, vol. ii. pp. 164-5; *Calcutta Review*, vol. xlii. p. 183, vol. xxxiii., vol. xxii.; Sir C. Jackson's *Vindication of the Marquis of Dalhousie's Indian Administration*, pp. 9, 10, 12, 19, 20; Meadows Taylor's *Story of my Life*, pp. 294, 357; *Parl.*

Two other annexations remain to be recorded. The successor of Amherst had tried hard to preserve friendly relations with the Burmese Court, but in vain; and, in 1840, the obstinate insolence of the Burmese King drove Auckland to give up the attempt to maintain a British Resident at his capital. Though, however, repeated acts of petty tyranny to Europeans would have justified retribution, no further action was taken till after Hardinge's departure; for the costliness of the first Burmese war and the deadliness of the Burmese climate had not been forgotten. At last Dalhousie felt himself obliged to vindicate British honour, and, after a rapid conquest, annexed Pegu.

Conquest of Pegu.

1852-3.

The annexation of Oudh, the crowning act of Dalhousie's administration, differed widely in regard to the motives which dictated it and the manner in which it was carried out, from the annexations that have already been mentioned. The reader may remember that Wellesley had prophesied that the Company's Government would sooner or later find itself obliged to assume the administration of that unhappy country. Since his time one ruler after another had mourned over its wrongs, but had shrunk from taking the one decisive step that would have redressed them. Remonstrances and warnings had been tried in vain. But, when Colonel Sleeman, the British Resident at Lucknow, after making a tour of inspection through the kingdom, reported the results of his observations, such a mass of wickedness was brought to light that a humane ruler could no longer shrink from fulfilling the threats which weaker men had been content to repeat in vain. The Mahomedans and the Rájputs of Oudh were naturally neither better nor worse than other men; but the system under which they found themselves was hopelessly demoralising. If the king had been a despot, he might at least have controlled his barons, and kept the right of plundering in his own hands: but his selfish indifference was worse than any tyranny. No regular Government existed. The názims and chakladárs, who nominally governed the various districts, were in fact collectors of revenue, who had to pay so much to the

Annexation of Oudh.

*Papers*, vol. xxxix. (1849), p. 227, par. 25 8, vol. xl. (1854-55), p. 70, par. 5. I have also consulted a large number of books and pamphlets written in a spirit of hostility to Dalhousie.

king, and reimbursed themselves as best they could. The revenue was collected by armed force. No tálukdár ever dreamed of paying unless he should be compelled. The strong gathered their clansmen around them, shut themselves up in their forts, and received the názim and his army with a discharge of artillery. The weak were mercilessly plundered, sometimes killed, and sometimes forced to take to brigandage for a living. The soldiers of the názim were let loose upon the country to realise their pay. Peasants and small traders never felt secure for a single night; and some two thousand men were slain annually by brigands or in civil strife. Tálukdárs themselves robbed small proprietors of their holdings and plundered traders and capitalists. The inferior castes were oppressed, beaten and abused by all. No pen could faithfully describe the sins of the oppressors or the miseries of the oppressed; and, if the picture could be painted, no humane man would suffer himself to look upon it. For the worst of Roman proconsuls would have blushed at the iniquities wrought by the názims and the chakladárs of Oudh.

The one remedy for such wrongs as these was for the British Government to assume the administration of the country; and, if the determination to do this had needed further justification, it would have been supplied by the unanimity with which Sleeman and Henry Lawrence, the sympathetic champions of the rights of native rulers, pleaded for the measure.[1] Dalhousie knew as well as any man that interference was called for; and, if he had shrunk from acting upon his knowledge, the admonitions of the Home Government would have forced him to be up and doing. But he also knew that the Government of India was in great part responsible for the evils which its feebleness had for more than fifty years suffered to accumulate: he remembered that the princes of Oudh had always been faithful allies of his countrymen; and it is probable that these considerations so far unnerved him that he was unwilling to act with the inexorable resolution which had characterised his dealings with other native states. The course which he personally wished to adopt was, not to annex the

[1] *Oudh Gazetteer*, vol. i. pp. xlvi, xlviii, li-lii.; vol. ii. p. 43; Maj.-Gen. Sir W. H. Sleeman's *A Journey through the Kingdom of Oudh in* 1849-50, i. 62, 100, 135-6, 210-13, 335, 368-9, 378, 382, 387, 392, 422; ii. 210-13. H. C. Irwin's *Garden of India*, pp. 133-4, 141-3, 148-9, 151, 153, 160; Sir R. Montgomery's Report (*House of Lords Papers*, 74 Sess. 2, 1859) pars. 83, 85, 87-90, 94, 99, 101-4; G. Hutchinson's *Narrative of the Mutinies in Oudh*, pp. 2, 24.

country, not even to insist upon assuming the administration, but, declaring that the treaty of 1801[1] had been rendered null and void by the failure of the Government of Oudh to fulfil its conditions, to withdraw the British troops by whose support the king was alone maintained upon his throne, and thus reduce him to the necessity of accepting a new treaty. But the English Cabinet, the Board of Control, and the Court of Directors, like almost every Anglo-Indian statesman whose opinion carried weight, felt that such a delicate mode of proceeding was uncalled for; and Dalhousie was accordingly authorised "to assume authoritatively the powers necessary for good government throughout the country." He loyally accepted the issue. "I resolved," he wrote, "to forego my own preferences, and, in dealing with Oudh, to adopt the more peremptory course which had been advocated by my colleagues, and which was manifestly more acceptable to the Honourable Company." Accordingly, on the 4th of February, 1856, Colonel James Outram, the British Resident at Lucknow, presented a new treaty to the king, at the same time courteously warning him that, unless he accepted it, the royal title and the ample revenue, which the British Government was ready to guarantee to himself and his heirs, would be forfeited. Bursting into tears, the king declared that the British had robbed him of his all, and that it was useless for him to sign the treaty. Outram exhausted every argument to induce him to change his mind, but in vain. Three days afterwards therefore it was proclaimed "that the government of the territories of Oudh is henceforth vested exclusively and for ever in the Honourable East India Company."

It remains to be seen what lines were to be laid down for the administration of the new province. Sleeman and Henry Lawrence had earnestly recommended that the revenues should be exclusively appropriated to the benefit of the people and of the royal family. If Dalhousie had taken this advice, he would have given to the natives of India a convincing proof that his policy had been inspired, not by any thirst for aggrandisement, but by a single-minded devotion to their welfare, and might have repelled the imputation of bad faith which his past annexations had brought upon him. But he decided that the British Government might fairly recompense itself for the labour which it was

[1] See p. 16 *supra*.

voluntarily undertaking on behalf of an oppressed people.[1] It was inevitable that the natives should put the most invidious interpretation upon his decision, and assume that, endeavouring to disguise his rapacity by a hypocritical profession of benevolence, he had simply clutched at an opportunity for extending the territory and swelling the revenue of the British Ráj.[2]

If, however, Dalhousie erred in rejecting the counsel of Sleeman and of Lawrence, the instructions which he laid down for the guidance of the officers who were intrusted with the administration of Oudh were conceived in the purest spirit of humanity. His object was to grant redress to the actual occupants of the soil, whom the tálukdárs had in many cases fraudulently or violently deprived of their rights. He ordered therefore that a summary settlement of the land revenue should be formed with the occupants. This settlement, however, was to last for three years only, after which it was to be superseded by a permanent arrangement based upon a detailed investigation of the claims of all parties.[3] But in those three years irreparable mischief might be done. Dalhousie, in his eagerness to do justice to the oppressed, forgot that the tálukdárs had rights as well as the tenants. The tálukdárs, in spite of their misdeeds, were, in the eyes of their dependents, the aristocracy of the country; and if, notwithstanding long possession, their claims were ignored, it was certain that they would seize the first opportunity of recovering what they regarded as their own.

Inám Commission.

The dangerous results which have been spoken of as flowing from the Settlement of the North-Western Provinces and the Sale Law were in full current in Dalhousie's time: but, whatever judgement may be pronounced upon those measures, he was not responsible for them. At the same time it must be mentioned that an Act was passed in the fifth year of his rule, which directed what was known as the Inám Commission to enquire into the titles of landowners. More

[1] Mr. Irwin points out (*Garden of India*, p. 167) that Dalhousie referred the question to the Directors, but that they "maintained a discreet and significant silence."

[2] Government.

[3] Sir J. Strachey's *India*, pp. 250, 312-14; Sir R. Montgomery's *Report*, pars. 157-8; J. G. W. Sykes's *Compendium of the Law specially relating to the Taluqdars of Oudh*, p. 14; Jackson, pp. 136, 139, 140, 144-7; H. C. Irwin's *Garden of India*, p. 179; Duke of Argyll's *India under Dalhousie and Canning*, p. 22; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, pp. 1125, 1126.

than twenty thousand estates were confiscated by the commissioners in the five years preceding the Mutiny; and in the Southern Marátha country especially its decisions added seriously to the sum of agrarian discontent.

Case of the Nana Sahib. 1853.

The famous case of the Nana Sahib deserves a short notice. When the ex-Peshwa died, the son whom he had adopted, that Nana Sahib who, a few years later, was to win for himself an imperishable infamy, demanded, as his right, that his father's pension should be continued to him. His claim was rejected. The rejection was based upon the terms of the original agreement with the Peshwa; and to pronounce an *ex post facto* condemnation on its justice or its policy on the ground that the individual who suffered from it wreaked a base revenge upon the power which had disappointed him, would be preposterous.[1]

Dalhousie's civilising measures.

Meanwhile, Dalhousie was carrying out another set of measures which, though they reflected the greatest credit upon his administration, and were productive of immense benefit to the country, awakened distrust among the aristocracy of religion. The Hindu priesthood had ever been the sole depositaries not only of sacred, but also of secular instruction. The recent introduction of the literature and science of Europe into India had done little to shake the blind trust of the masses in Brahmin infallibility. The outworks of the stronghold of superstition were indeed shaken when the clever young students who had studied Shakespeare, and Bacon, and Newton at the Government Colleges grew up to manhood, and communicated their knowledge to their families. But, when the ignorant natives saw trains rushing past at twice the speed of the swiftest Marátha horsemen, on the rails which Dalhousie had laid down, and learned that messages could be transmitted instantaneously from end to end of the empire, along those lines of wire which they gazed at with wondering awe, it was felt that the stronghold itself was in danger. The movement for the education of native women, the contemplated law for permitting Hindu widows to marry again, the inexorable suppression of the barbarous usages which scandalised Dalhousie, were supported by a few intelligent natives, but gave deep offence to the Hindu Pundits, the Mahomedan Moulvis, and the orthodox millions who

[1] Jackson, pp. 54, 61.

still venerated their teaching.[1] There was no outward sign of discontent to offend the self-satisfaction with which this strong, austere, laborious man, surveyed his work upon the eve of his departure. Everywhere there was a great calm. But it was the calm that precedes a storm.

. . . . . . . .

Review of the effects of the first century of British rule.

Let us pause for a moment to review the effects of a century of British rule. Few Englishmen care to learn how a handful of their countrymen established that rule, and steadily widened the sphere of its operation; for they do not know that they are refusing to look upon a unique historical drama, full of picturesque incident, and diversified by the conflict of characters of whom some would have been strange to Shakespeare's imagination,—gorgeous potentates, intriguing courtiers, subtle diplomatists, ambitious queens hatching plots in the recesses of their palaces, clan-chieftains founding empires, daring upstarts forcing their way by craft and violence to the command of armies and the conquest of kingdoms, cunning priests inspiring awe alike in king and noble, soldier and statesman, zamíndár and ryot,[2] merchant and artisan; while suddenly the strong figure of the White Man appears in the midst, dominates all, evolves order out of chaos, bids the contending rulers hush their quarrels, and holds out hope to the suffering millions. But, though each successive page of the drama contains fresh revelations of the dauntless courage, the adventurous generalship, the far-seeing statesmanship of the Englishman, it would have only a tragic interest if it did not bear witness also to his righteousness of purpose. It had been with this purpose before him that he had given order, peace, and justice to the country which he had found a scene of anarchy, intestine war, and injustice; that he had disabled the monster, Famine, and looked forward to destroying it; that he had reclaimed vast tracts from the ravages of wild beasts, repressed crime, stimulated industry, and developed commerce. Yet his rule had been no unmixed benefit. Sometimes the very energy of his benevolence had intensified the evil which his ignorance had wrought. At other times the faults of his character had led him astray. An eminent Frenchman has

[1] Arnold, vol. ii. p. 241; Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 220 (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. 1859); *Letters of Indophilus* (Sir C. Trevelyan) *to the Times* (3rd edition), p. 32.

[2] Peasant-cultivator.

characterised his government as "just, but not amiable." That terse criticism exposes its weak side. While the ruler had laboured for the material well-being of his subjects, he had too often failed to reach their hearts; and, in his calm sense of superiority, he had forgotten that his intrusive reforms might not always be appreciated. It was not that the natives resented the thoroughness with which he exemplified the maxim, "Everything for the people, nothing by the people." They were accustomed to depend for their happiness upon the favour of their rulers; and they could appreciate the benefits of a strong and just rule. They might boast idly of their own superiority: but they were persuaded in their inmost hearts that the Europeans were their superiors. It was only necessary for the master-race openly to assert its supremacy, to manifest the single-minded benevolence of its intentions; and it would have secured a willing obedience. But unhappily, while it had sometimes shrunk from avowing and righteously exercising the supremacy which it in fact possessed, it had too often provoked an unmerited distrust of its benevolence. Its land legislation had, as has been pointed out, roused the ill-will of a class whom it was important to conciliate, and who complained that, having made use of their influence over the lower classes to conquer the country, it no longer cared to treat them with common civility. It had heedlessly thrown a host of native officials out of employment by filling up their places, after each new conquest, with men of its own choice. By occasional acts of indiscretion, it had shaken the old confidence in its tolerance. It had once been hailed by the victims of tyrannical princes as their deliverer. But a new generation had arisen who felt no gratitude for the deliverance of their fathers from a tyranny which they had never suffered, and who, moreover, saw in the traditional deliverers actual conquerors.

The reader who wishes to understand the feelings with which the rulers of India were regarded by the natives, must bear in mind, first of all, that the latter were marked off by boundaries of race, religion, government, or status into numerous groups, the respective characteristics of which were quite as dissimilar as those which distinguish the several peoples of Europe. He will perceive therefore that it is impossible to describe their feelings by any comprehensive generalisation. To present as truthful a description as the available evidence will admit of, it will be necessary to approach the subject from different points of view.

It is certain that, with the exception of those who had been affected by the agitating influences which have lately been mentioned, the Hindus were not antagonistic to the English on the score of religion. So long as they had no fear lest their own religion would be interfered with, they would be too apathetic to harbour any enmity against Christianity. Of the Mahomedans, on the other hand, some did no doubt bitterly resent the deprivation of the political supremacy which their fathers had enjoyed, and longed to pull down the aliens who had seized that supremacy, and to destroy them as enemies of Islam. But that these feelings were very far from being general, is proved by the records of the Mutiny. The bulk of mankind are not logical in their daily practice; and with many of the Mahomedans the dictates of a proselytising religion were set aside by motives of self-interest, of honour, or of respect for strong and wisely exercised authority, motives which made them, if not loyal, at least submissive to British rule.[1]

Putting aside the question of religion, we may conclude that the mercantile and shop-keeping classes, all, in fact, who knew that their position and prosperity were staked upon the continuance of orderly rule, and would be liable to ruin amid the anarchy which would be sure to follow upon its subversion, were steady, if not loyal supporters of the Government, and were prepared to remain so just so long as it suited their convenience, in other words, so long as the Government was able

[1] In a pamphlet entitled *An Account of the Loyal Mahomedans in India* (Part II.) by Syad Ahmad Khan, the object of which is to show that no learned or respectable Mahomedans took part in the Mutiny, it is stated that many of those who called themselves Moulvis in 1857 and 1858 were impostors; that Christians are the only sect upon earth with whom Mahomedans may live in friendship; and that, when a Mahomedan enjoys protection under the rule of a people not of his own faith, he is bound to obey them. [Sir W. Hunter (*The Indian Musalmans*, 3rd ed., 1876) states that the Shias and the Sunnis, by the decisions of their law-doctors, "are not bound by the first principles of religion to rebel against the Queen"; but that Wahábí preachers urge that "the first duty of a Musalmán is Religious Rebellion." Syad Ahmad Khan, however, in a review of this work, while admitting that "there are some bigoted and superstitious Wahabis," affirms that Sir W. Hunter's assertion that "The Wahabis . . . deduce from the fact of India being technically a country of the enemy the obligation to wage war against its rulers," is "a perfectly groundless charge against the sect." See *Review on Dr. Hunter's Indian Musalmans*, pp. 32, 39, 42-3, and App. p. ix.; also, for an interesting criticism of Sir W. Hunter's work, and a study of the subject of "Islam in India," Sir Alfred Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*, pp. 228-71. Sir Alfred hits the nail on the head when he remarks (p. 241) that "no one risks his life on a text unless it fits in generally with his own views and calculations."]

to keep the upper hand, and protect them in the enjoyment of their gains. In some parts of the country, such as the Punjab, Rájputána, and Coorg, the people generally, with the exception of the criminal classes, were thoroughly aware that they had profited by British rule, and would be likely to lose by its subversion. The countless millions who lived by tilling the soil were for the most part ignorant of the meaning of the word loyalty: they did not in the least care what Government might be in power, so long as it protected them, and did not tax them too heavily. But, though they had only the haziest notions about the British Government, yet in some parts of the country, and especially in Bengal, they had suffered so much from the cruelty and venality of the police, and of the harpies who infested the British courts of justice, that they were ill disposed towards it. Incapable of understanding and allowing for the difficulties which impeded its well-meant efforts, they regarded it as responsible for the hardships which they endured.

The feelings of that large and influential class who had lost their lands in consequence of British legislation have already been described. There were many natives who still regarded the King of Delhi as their lawful sovereign, and others who, while admitting the *de facto* supremacy of the British Government, were not, strictly speaking, its subjects, and would at any time have followed the lead of their immediate superiors in opposing it. There were numerous rajas and petty chiefs, who, without having any substantial grievances to brood over, were always fretting against the restraints of a Government which, even though it might have treated them with forbearance and generosity, would not allow them to gratify their martial passions, and the mere existence of which was always reminding them of the humiliating fact that they belonged to a conquered people. Although the people of Oudh had themselves submitted peaceably to their new masters, native princes who had lands to lose were offended and alarmed by an act of annexation which, as it seemed to them, the King had done nothing to provoke. Roaming over the hills, and through the vast forests and jungles of the country, were myriads of savages, who seldom thought about the British Government, but who, if they ever heard that it was driven to bay, would be likely to think how they might fatten upon its misfortunes. Again, there was another large class, the Gujars or hereditary thieves of India, who, though

they had been for fifty years restrained by the curb of a civilising power, were still straining to plunge back into the violent delights of an Ishmaelitish life. Lastly, in all the towns, as in those of the rest of the world, there were swarms of worthless vagabonds, known by the generic name of budmashes, who, like the Gujars, detested the Government, precisely because it was a good and law-enforcing Government, and would not allow them to commit the villainies for which they were always ready.

Two or three generalisations respecting the feelings of these heterogeneous masses may be safely made. First, though the differences which have been noted would prevent them from combining with harmony, resolution, and singleness of aim against the Feringhees, the differences of colour, of religion, of custom and of sympathies, which separated them all from the Feringhees, were not less pronounced. It is true that the more thoughtful of them were ready to acknowledge that the British Government was juster, more merciful, and more efficient than any that had preceded it: but still many of them secretly longed for a return of the good old times, when, if there had been less peace, there had been more stir, more excitement, and a wider field for adventure; when, if there had been less security for life and property, there had been more opportunities for gratifying personal animosities, and amassing illicit gains; when, if taxation had been heavier, there had been some possibility of evading it; when, if justice had been more uncertain, there had been more room for chicanery and intrigue. Finally, among all these millions there was no real loyalty towards the alien Government which had been forced to impose itself upon them, though the examples of men like Henry Lawrence, and John Nicholson, and Meadows Taylor prove that individual Englishmen who knew how to work for, to sympathise with, and above all, to master the people committed to their charge, could win from them the truest loyalty and the most passionate devotion.[1]

While discontent was thus seething, another class of men, more formidable than insulted tálukdárs or dispossessed landholders, pundits or moulvis, were brooding over their separate wrongs.

[1] *The Indian Rebellion*, by Dr. A. Duff, pp. 170-81, 193-4, 198, 279-80, 284-5; Meadows Taylor, pp. 365-72; S. Cotton's *Nine Years on the North-Western Frontier of India*, p. 285; *Calcutta Review*, vol. i. pp. 189-217, vol. iii. pp. 183-4; Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt of the North-West Provinces*, p. 159; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, p. 1125. See also numerous notes scattered through the succeeding chapters.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SEPOY ARMY

As the idea of founding a European Empire in India, which Clive realised, had been originated by Dupleix, so the instrument of conquest which the English wielded had been already grasped by their more quick-sighted rivals. The French were the first to perceive that the most warlike of the natives were capable of learning the mysteries of European discipline, and to see what a powerful lever for effecting the conquest of India the possession of a native army so disciplined would put into European hands. Still, the experiment was a dangerous one. A handful of British soldiers under a leader like Clive might for a time hold a portion of India in check: but who would have believed that these intruders would one day conquer the greater part of the entire continent, and hold it in subjection by the aid of a force far outnumbering their own, and severed from them by the antipathies of race and of religious bigotry? The story of the formation of the sepoy army, its achievements, and its decline will show how these antipathies were at first held in check by human sympathy and professional pride; how they were afterwards irritated by official indiscretion; and how they culminated in a death-grapple between the native and European forces, which had won a hundred victories by their united prowess.

Origin of the sepoy army.

The first sepoy regiments were raised in Southern India,[1]

[1] It was at Bombay that the very first native corps were disciplined by the English. *Quarterly Review*, vol. xviii., Article on the "Origin and State of the Indian Army," p. 402. The writer was Sir John Malcolm.

the scene of the Company's earliest struggles. The defence of Arcot showed that, under the eyes of Europeans, they could successfully encounter native forces of far superior numbers.[1] With this example before him, Clive did not hesitate to raise the battalion which fought under him at Plassey, and which formed the nucleus of the Bengal army. In the constitution of the corps thus raised were contained the germs of those striking peculiarities which afterwards distinguished that army from those of the other Presidencies.[2] Recruited almost exclusively from the warlike population of the north-west, for the effeminate Bengali shrank from entering its ranks, it was mainly composed of high-caste men, who were ready to face any danger, but who disdained the humbler duties of the soldier; while the regiments of Madras and Bombay, in which men of different races and castes met and fraternised, were more generally useful and more amenable to control.[3] But with this difference the three armies had certain common features. The early English rulers believed that they would secure the attachment as well as the obedience of their mercenaries by inducing natives of good family to enter their service as officers, and giving them the ample authority which their birth and habits of command fitted them to wield. The native commandant was indeed placed under the supervision of an English officer; but he was occasionally sent in command of a detachment of which European soldiers formed a part, to undertake the responsibility and to win the glory of some distant enterprise.[4] Three English officers were thought sufficient for each battalion, and treated their Indian comrades with a sympathetic consideration which was repaid by respectful confidence. While English and native

Qualities of the sepoys tested.

Idiosyncrasies of Bengal sepoys.

Golden Age of the sepoy army.

[1] In the *Times* of Sept. 3, 1858, p. 7, col. 5, Dr. Russell wrote: "The general relation of the European to the native soldier is admirably expressed in a metaphor suggested, I believe, by Sir Colin Campbell himself. . . . 'Take a bamboo and cast it against a tree, the shaft will rebound and fall harmless; tip it with steel and it becomes a spear which will pierce deep and kill.' The bamboo is the Asiatic—the steel point is the European."

[2] A. Broome's *History of the Rise and Progress of the Bengal Army*, p. 93.

[3] The oldest Madras regiments were mainly composed of Mahomedans and Hindus of high caste, but a change soon took place. *Quarterly Review*, vol. xviii. pp. 389, 397.

[4] R. Orme's *History of the Military Transactions of the British Nation in Indostan*, vol. i. p. 384, vol. iii. p. 495.

gentlemen were attracted to the Company's service by the high pay and the honourable position of an officer, their self-respect, their mutual admiration, and their pride in their profession were increased by a succession of victories. Native officers and native privates looked up with filial reverence and love to the European who invited them to share in his triumphs, and forgot their natural aversion to the out-caste Christian when they found that he respected their caste feelings, and tolerated their religion. And, while each battalion was bound by personal devotion to its own officers, the whole army was attached by the ties of gratitude to the service of the great Company, whose salt it had eaten, and whose star it worshipped with superstitious veneration.[1]



The first mutinies.

But even in the Golden Age of the sepoy army its cordial relations with its masters were more than once broken. Seven years after the battle of Plassey, the Bengal sepoys complained with justice that they did not receive their fair share of prize-money; and five battalions showed symptoms of mutiny. Their claims were conceded: but they had been allowed to learn their own strength; and, a few months later, the oldest battalion in the service broke forth in unprovoked rebellion.[2] The terrible fate of the ringleaders, who were blown away from guns in the presence of their comrades, taught the army a wholesome lesson; and two years later its loyal support enabled Clive to overawe the mutinous European officers whose discontent has been noticed in the previous chapter. But the very successes which the sepoys helped their masters to gain paved the way for their own depression. As soon as the English ventured to acknowledge to themselves the fact of their supremacy, the same self-assertion which led to the substitution of their own for native administration in Bengal, showed itself in their growing tendency to add to the number of their officers with each battalion, and to concentrate all real power in their

Feb. 1764.

Sept.

1766.

Numbers of European officers increased. Powers of native officers diminished.

[1] The article in the *Quarterly Review* already quoted contains several interesting anecdotes illustrative of the sympathy which bound together the European officers and the sepoys of the old native army, and showing what absolute devotion a real leader of men, though a European and a Christian, can win from the natives of India. See esp. pp. 399, 400.

[2] Broome, pp. 457-9.

hands. Fortunately, the command of a native battalion was still coveted; and the English officers who thus superseded the natives were picked men who knew how to maintain their authority. But in 1796 a further change took place. The veteran European officers had long complained that they were passed over by younger men in the royal regiments which were from time to time sent out to reinforce the Company's army. To appease their discontent, a complete reorganisation was effected. Two sepoy battalions were amalgamated into one regiment, to which the same number of officers was assigned as to a regiment in the King's service, while all took rank according to the dates of their commissions. The system of promotion by seniority introduced by this arrangement often threw the commands which had hitherto been always held by tried men into the hands of those who were unfit to exercise authority; while the increase in the number of European officers still further lowered the already fallen position of their native comrades. Thenceforward there was nothing to stimulate the ambition of a sepoy. Though he might give signs of the military genius of a Hyder, he knew that he could never attain the pay of an English subaltern,[1] and that the rank to which he might attain, after some thirty years of faithful service, would not protect him from the insolent dictation of an ensign fresh from England. But for a few years nothing occurred to show the authors of these changes how disastrous they were to prove. Though the service had lost its charms, the sepoy continued to do his duty faithfully through the successive campaigns of Wellesley's administration; and the assault of Seringapatam, and the charge which won the battle of Assaye proved that he could fight as well as his more fortunate ancestors who had conquered under Clive. It was not until the excitement of conquest, which had diverted his mind, subsided, that he began to brood over his grievances. Unfortunately, the military authorities chose this very time for disquieting him still further by the introduction of a set of vexatious regulations. It was not enough for them that he had

The reorganisation of 1796.

[1] The highest pay attainable by a subahdár of infantry was 174 rupees a month. Malcolm's *Pol. Hist. of India*, vol. ii. p. 233. That of an ensign was 180. J. H. Stocqueler's *Handbook of India*, p. 57. ["Yes!" says Mr. H. G. Keene, "but the subahdár could save nine-tenths of his pay, while the ensign could barely live upon the whole." See, however, the remarks in Malcolm's work, to which I have referred, and also Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh*, pp. 97-9.]

ever shown himself worthy to fight by the side of the British soldier. Believing that dress makes the man, the martinets who governed the Madras army, and who flattered themselves that they might safely practise their pet theories upon troops whose caste prejudices were weaker than those of the haughty Brahmins of Bengal, forbade their men to wear the marks of caste upon their foreheads; despoiled them of their cherished earrings; ordered them to shave off their venerated beards; issued minute instructions respecting the length of their moustaches, and compelled them to exchange their old turbans for new ones with leather cockades.[1] These absurd measures aroused the most dangerous suspicions of the sepoys. They fancied that they detected in the new turbans a resemblance to the hats worn by the Christians;[2] and the leather cockades, made of the skins of hogs or cows, were abominable to Hindus and Mahomedans alike. Hitherto they had had no cause to fear that the Christians would insult their religions. But now, with minds already depressed by a load of real if inevitable grievances, and irritated by needless innovations, they were in a mood to believe any story against their rulers. Ignorant, credulous, and excitable, the sepoys at every station in southern India gave a ready ear to the travelling fakirs and busybodies of every kind who told them lying tales of the intolerant proselytism of the English. The General in Ceylon, so one of these malicious fables ran, had marched his whole corps to church-parade. The head-centre of disaffection was Vellore, where the sons and daughters of Tippoo were leading the luxurious lives of state prisoners, and cherishing visions of the restoration of their humbled dynasty. They and their crowd of dependents eagerly clutched at the opportunity of turning the discontent of the sepoys to account,[3] ridiculed their Anglicised appearance, and gravely assured them that they would soon be converted to Christianity. Maddened by these taunts, the men plotted to murder their officers and the European troops in the dead of night, seize the fortress of Vellore, and hold it while their brethren at the other stations in the south of the peninsula were following their example. If the reorganisation of 1796 had not blasted the hopes of the sepoys and deadened their interest in

1806. Vexatious orders issued to the Madras army.

[1] Report of the Vellore Mutiny Commission, *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. (1860), p. 690. [2] *Ib.* [3] *Ib.*

their profession, if the new generation of English officers had treated their men with the sympathy which their predecessors had ever shown, there would have been a faithful few among the garrison to give warning of the impending danger, if indeed such a danger could then have arisen.[1] But, as it was, when the storm burst, the English were taken wholly by surprise. Some were shot down at their posts: others were murdered in their beds; and all must have been overpowered if there had not been a solitary officer outside the fort who heard the tumult, and hurried to Arcot for help. Fortunately Colonel Gillespie, the commandant of that station, was a man equal to any emergency. In less than a quarter of an hour after he had heard the news, he was galloping at the head of a squadron of English dragoons towards the scene of mutiny. The rest of the regiment, a squadron of native cavalry, and some galloper guns soon followed. Finding the gate closed against his force, Gillespie had himself drawn up alone by a rope over the walls, assumed command of the remnant of the garrison, and kept the mutineers at bay until his men forced their way in, completed the rescue, and took terrible vengeance upon all the delinquents, except those who escaped, or who were reserved for more formal punishment. But, though the authorities, terrified by the results of their own folly, lost no time in rescinding the obnoxious regulations, the evil had not yet spent itself. At Hyderabad, at Nundydroog, and at Pálámkotta symptoms of mutiny appeared. It was not until Lord William Bentinck, who was then Governor of Madras, had issued a proclamation, assuring the army that the Government had no thought of interfering with their religion, that the sepoys began to recover their equanimity. For a long time the minds of high officials were exercised by an enquiry into the causes of the mutiny; but the Directors settled the question in a plainly-worded minute, in which, with unusual insight, they laid the blame upon the new generation of commanding officers, who had neglected to earn the confidence of their men.

The mutiny at Vellore, and its results.

The lessons of the mutiny and the rebuke of the Court were not thrown away. A favourable reaction set in; and, under the rule of Minto and Hastings, English colonels were still proud to command native

Advantages enjoyed by the sepoys.

[1] See *Quarterly Review*, vol. xviii. p. 391.

regiments, and learned to treat their men with the paternal kindness which had won their hearts in the days of Clive. And, though the era of the sepoys' greatness had passed away, the advantages of the service were still enough to tempt men to enter it. In his own family the sepoy was still a great man: he received his pay with a regularity to which the sepoys of the native states were strangers: he had a comfortable pension to look forward to; and, when he went to law, as he often did, for the natives of India are nearly as fond of litigation as their European masters, he had the right of being heard in our courts before all other suitors. While he enjoyed these material advantages, his nobler feelings were aroused when he thought of the succession of victories which he had helped the great Company to gain, and proudly identified his fortunes with those of the conquering race. And, when his active career was over, he had stories to tell of the great commanders under whom he had fought, which inspired his children and his fellow-villagers to follow in his footsteps. The high officials who held his destiny in their hands might have attached him for ever to their service; for he was no mere mercenary soldier. But every change which they made in his condition, or in his relations with his officers, was a change for the worse. And yet they were not wholly to blame; for these changes were partly the result of the growing power of the English and the introduction of English civilisation. As the Company's territory expanded, there was a constantly increasing demand for able men to survey land, raise irregular regiments, or act as political officers; and, when the ambitious subaltern saw the wider field for his powers which these lucrative posts offered, it was not to be expected that he should elect to remain with his corps. Thus, year by year, the best officers were seduced from their regiments by the prospect of staff employ. Conscious of inferiority, jealous of their comrades' good fortune, those who remained lost all interest in their duties; and the men soon perceived that their hearts were far from them.[1] Moreover, the authorities began to deprive commanding officers of the powers which had once made them absolute

The best officers seduced from their regiments by the prospect of staff employ.

Powers of commandants diminished.

[1] Both Sir John Malcolm and Lord Metcalfe were of opinion that from the moment when the command of a native regiment became less sought for than other employment we might date the commencement of our downfall. J. Jacob's *Views and Opinions*, Preface, p. xviii.

rulers over their regiments, and which they had used with the discretion of loving parents. The growing centralisation of military authority at headquarters deprived the colonel of his power to promote, to reward, or to punish; and, when he ventured to pronounce a decision, it was as likely as not that it would be appealed against and reversed. Finally, as if to destroy the more friendly relations which, after the crisis of 1806, had sprung up again between officers and men, a General Order was issued in 1824, by which the two battalions of each regiment were formed into two separate regiments, and the officers of the original body re-distributed among its off-shoots without regard to the associations which they had contracted with their old companies.

General Order of 1824.

The evil result of all these changes showed itself when the first Burmese war broke out. Even if the Bengal sepoy had had no previous cause for discontent, such a war would have been distasteful to him. He shrank from going to a foreign land of which he knew nothing, and which his imagination pictured as an abode of horrors. Moreover, other unforeseen circumstances arose, which, acting upon minds already brooding over real grievances, and now irritated by a demand for an unwelcome service, produced open insubordination. The sepoys at Barrackpore heard with dismay an exaggerated version of a disaster which the British troops already engaged in Burma had suffered: they imagined that they foresaw the approaching doom of the Company's Ráj; and, to crown all, they heard it rumoured that Government, unable to provide them with carriage, had resolved, in defiance of their caste feelings, to transport them to the seat of war by sea. Believing the lying report, they refused to march. But the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Edward Paget, was an officer who required to be obeyed when he gave orders. Knowing that leniency shown to mutineers is simply a weak form of cruelty, he went down to Barrackpore with a strong European force, and paraded the regiments. An attempt was made to disabuse their minds of the delusion which had fastened upon them. They were then offered the alternative of consenting to march, or grounding their arms. They refused to do either. Instantly a shower of grape fell upon them; and they fled in panic, leaving a number of dead upon the ground. The surviving ringleaders were hanged; and the 47th, the regiment that had been most

The tragedy at Barrackpore.

guilty, was disbanded, and its name erased from the Army List. The punishment so promptly dealt out struck terror into the native army; and open mutiny was postponed for many years.[1]

The return of peace, however, brought fresh dangers. Writhing under the constant demands which war had made upon their Treasury, the Directors resolved to retrench, and deprived the English officers of a portion of their pecuniary allowances. A few years before, such a step would have been followed by mutiny: but these officers contented themselves with a temperate and ineffectual statement of their grievances. Their men noted the futility of their resistance, and learned to despise their already weakened authority still more.[2] But, as if he had feared that the sepoys might still retain some little respect for their nominal commanders, Lord William Bentinck thought fit, a few years later, to weaken the power of the latter still further by abolishing corporal punishment. What was the fruit of his weak humanitarianism? The sepoy ceased altogether to fear his officer; and it is hard for an officer to win the love even of the honest, unless he can strike terror into the base.[3]

1828.

Pecuniary allowances of officers reduced.

Abolition of corporal punishment.

The disastrous effects of impaired discipline were aggravated by the circumstances of the Afghán war. Compelled, while in Afghánistán, to eat impure food and to drink impure water, the sepoys lost caste; and the survivors, who were obliged, on returning to India, to pay for readmission, complained that the Government had broken faith with them.[4] Their imaginations too were deeply

Bad effects of the Afghán war.

[1] Kaye (*Hist. of the Sepoy War*, vol. i. pp. 268-71) condemns Paget's action. When troops, under the influence of a delusion, show symptoms of mutiny, the duty of their commander, as I understand it, is to explain to them how they are in error, to warn them that, if, after explanation given, they persist in disobedience, they will be punished, and, if they persist, to punish them. Paget did not warn the sepoys that he was prepared to fire upon them. But his conduct was approved by two high authorities, Havelock and Sydney Cotton.

[2] See Sir Thomas Seaton's *From Cadet to Colonel*, vol. i. pp. 85-6.

[3] "The proposed abolition," writes Seaton (*Ib.* p. 64), "was universally condemned. The native officers, who had all risen from the ranks . . . were vehemently against it. When the letter reached my commanding officer, he assembled all the most intelligent native officers, and asked their opinion on the subject. They expressed themselves very freely and strongly . . . saying, 'We hope the hazoor . . . will not abolish flogging; we don't care about it, only the budmashes are flogged, if they deserve it. . . . If you abolish flogging, *the army will no longer fear*, and there will be a mutiny.'" The italics are mine.

[4] MS. Correspondence; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, pp. 1123-4.

affected by the appalling calamities which had overtaken the Feringhees; and their traditional belief in the invincibility of the great Company was overthrown.

Victory, however, soon returned to the British arms. The Afghán war was followed by the swift conquest of Sind, in which the sepoys earned the praise of a commander who knew, better than any man, how to gauge a soldier's qualities. And, within the next five years, the native army covered itself afresh with glory in the two wars against its hereditary enemies, the formidable warriors of the Khálsá. But the excitement of conquest, which flattered the sepoy's pride, and prevented him from brooding over his grievances, could not last for ever. Moreover, though he fought gallantly, the insubordination which had resulted from the weakening of his officer's powers showed itself even in the heat of campaigning. William Hodson, who learned his earliest military lessons in the first Sikh war, and who was destined to prove in the great Mutiny itself that Asiatics are as susceptible as Europeans of a perfect discipline, has recorded his amazement at the disorderly conduct of the Bengal regiments with his column. Again, as each new conquest lessened the chances of future war, and thus diminished the sepoy's self-importance, it imposed upon him the unwelcome duty of leaving his own country and his own relations to garrison a distant and often unhealthy land. To this inevitable trial the parsimony of his rulers added another. To encourage him to fight its battles on strange soil, the Government gave him an increase of pay: but, as soon as his valour had added the foreign country to its dominions, it rewarded him by withdrawing his allowances, and tried to justify its meanness by the ungenerous quibble that he was now once more on British territory. A succession of mutinies punished the authors of this policy, but did not convince them or their successors of its costliness. Four Bengal regiments, warned for service in Sind after its annexation, refused to march until their extra allowances were restored to them. A Madras corps, which the Governor of the Madras Presidency sent to the aid of the Sind Government, promising, on his own responsibility, that they should receive their higher pay, were told, when they reached Bombay, that the Supreme Government had refused to

Deterioration of discipline.

Interference with the sepoy's pay.

A succession of mutinies.

1844.

confirm the promise, and revenged themselves for their disappointment by creating a disturbance on parade. Nor were the sepoys who were sent to newly-annexed territories the only sufferers from the niggardliness of the Government. A regiment of Madras cavalry, after marching northward nearly a thousand miles, to garrison a station for which the Government could spare no troops, on the faith of a promise that their services would only be needed for a time, found that they were to remain as a permanent garrison, that their pay was to be reduced to a lower rate, and that, out of this pittance, they would have to pay for the conveyance of their families from the south, and support them on their arrival. They could not defray these charges without running into debt. They could not leave their families in the south; for, unlike the Bengal regiments, they were always accompanied on their wanderings by their wives and children. What wonder then that, after loyally performing an unwelcome duty, and finding that the promises which had been made to them were to be broken, they should have resented such a cynical breach of faith by mutiny?[1]

1843.

Fortunately these isolated acts of insubordination did not ripen into a general revolt: but, though they were checked at the time, partly by concession, partly by the punishment of the ringleaders, no decided steps were taken to make their recurrence impossible. Nothing but a radical reform of the relations between officer and sepoy, an unmistakeable resolve to treat the latter both firmly and generously, could have healed his discontent. But the authorities were satisfied with applying a palliative when they should have wrought a cure; and they could have felt no satisfaction in punishing offenders whom their own injustice had provoked to sin.

Sir Charles Napier's dispute with Lord Dalhousie.

How deeply seated was the evil, became manifest after the second Sikh war. Charles Napier had been sent out to wipe away the disgrace which our arms had suffered at Chilianwála; but, though Gough had anticipated his triumph as a conqueror by the victory of Gujrát, he was to gain another triumph over the conquering army itself. He had only just reached Simla when he heard that two regiments at Ráwalpindi, which formed part of the army of occupation distributed

July, 1849.

[1] Kaye, vol. i. pp. 276-302. See also *Calcutta Review*, vol. xli. pp. 96-7.

over the newly-conquered Punjab, had refused to receive their pay unless the extra allowances were granted them. It seemed likely that other regiments would follow their example. Disregarding the advice of a member of his staff, who mistook indiscriminate severity for vigour, to disband the insubordinate regiments at once, Napier sent instructions to Sir Colin Campbell, who commanded at Ráwalpindi, to reason quietly with the men, but at the same time to hold a European force in readiness to awe them into obedience if persuasion should fail. Before Campbell received these orders, the immediate danger passed; for the insubordinate regiments saw that it would be madness to persist in the presence of armed Europeans, and silently resolved to bide their time. But there was danger in other quarters. Proceeding on a tour of inspection through the northern provinces, Napier collected evidence which, in his judgement, proved that twenty-four regiments were only waiting for an opportunity to rise. An incipient mutiny at Wazírabad was only repressed by the tact of Colonel John Hearsey. Still Napier believed that the worst had not yet come. Making Peshawar his headquarters, he held himself in readiness to swoop down upon any point at which mutiny might appear. When, however, the crisis came, he was not called upon to face it in person; for it was met by the faithful courage of a sepoy regiment. The 66th Native Infantry mutinied at Govindgarh; and the 1st Native Cavalry crushed them. Napier disbanded the mutinous corps, transferred its colours to a regiment of Gurkhas, and boasted that by this stroke he had taught the Brahmins that, whenever they showed a sign of discontent, a more warlike people would always be ready to supplant them.[1] But, while he punished mutiny, he pitied the mutineers, for he believed that native disloyalty was the result of British injustice; and in this spirit of sympathy he directed that an old regulation, which had granted compensation to the sepoys for dearness of provisions at a rate higher than that sanctioned by the one then in force, should be restored, and observed until the Governor-General, who was then absent from the seat of Government, should pronounce his decision upon the case.

Dec. 1849.

But Dalhousie could not forgive the man who had dared to act without waiting for his commands. For some time past he

[1] See Sir W. Hunter's *Life of Brian Houghton Hodgson*, p. 110.

had been irritated by what he regarded as the insolence of Napier's bearing; and he resolved to teach him that the Governor-General was his master. He therefore publicly reprimanded the Commander-in-Chief for assuming an authority that did not belong to him, and held up to the natives the unedifying spectacle of disunion among their rulers. The old soldier resented this rebuke as a personal affront; and a keen controversy arose between the two. But of the numerous questions upon which they disputed, two only are of vital interest: first, were the forty thousand sepoys in the Punjab really infected with a mutinous spirit or not? Secondly, was the Commander-in-Chief justified in putting forward the claim to act, in real or supposed emergencies, upon his own discretion? The former of these points cannot, for want of sufficient evidence, be positively determined: but it is probable that Napier over-estimated the danger, and that the measure by which he tried to avert it was uncalled for. The other question is one which men will answer according to their individual temperaments. Assuming that Napier was right in his estimate of the danger, he would certainly have been unworthy of his high office if, for fear of incurring an official rebuke, he had shrunk from dealing with it promptly. But while we may admire, as the highest and most valuable form of courage, the readiness with which a Nelson assumes responsibility upon occasion, we must admit that he should be very careful to make sure that the occasion is real.

Right or wrong, however, Napier was determined that he would no longer be subject to Dalhousie.[1] Stung by what he regarded as the unjust and ungenerous conduct of his chief, and resolved not to be a powerless spectator of the evils which he predicted, he resigned his post, and spent the rest of his life in composing a solemn warning of the fatal results that would surely flow from Indian misgovernment.[2]

[1] See Papers relating to the Resignation by Sir Charles Napier of the office of Commander-in-Chief in India (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvii. [1854]); *Life of Sir C. Napier*, vol. iv.; and an article by Sir H. Lawrence entitled "Sir Charles Napier's Posthumous Work" (*Calcutta Review*, vol. xxii.).

[2] It has often been said that Napier never wrote anything that could be fairly interpreted as a warning against or a prophecy of a sepoy mutiny. But I find these words among his published writings:—"he (the sepoy) is devoted to us as yet, but we take no pains to preserve his attachment. *It is no concern of mine, I shall be dead before what I foresee will take place, but it will take place.*" Again, "high caste,—that is to say *mutiny*—is encouraged."—*Times*, July 24, 1857, p. 5, col. 1, and Aug. 17, p. 9, col. 4. The italics are mine. See also p. 91,

Dalhousie baulked by a native regiment.

The sepoys themselves gave one more practical warning; but it was lost upon the Governor-General. In 1852 he invited the 38th Bengal Native Infantry to volunteer for service in Burma. Regarding the invitation as an encroachment upon their rights, for the Bengal sepoy enlisted on the understanding that he should not be required to cross the sea, the men flatly refused to march.

Dalhousie and the multitude of counsellors.

Besides the proofs of the rottenness of our military system which occasional mutinies had supplied, there had been no lack of warnings from men whose experience gave them a right to speak. Thomas Munro and John Malcolm had earnestly insisted upon the necessity of attaching the sepoy to the service by making the prizes which it held out to his ambition more valuable; and Charles Napier had added his testimony to theirs as to the fatal results which would ensue from so lowering the position of the English commandant as to deter all able officers from aspiring to it.[1] But Dalhousie's predecessors, or the authorities who had chosen them, had neglected to profit by these warnings; and, when he assumed office, he was so bewildered by the conflicting opinions which a multitude of counsellors thrust upon him, that he resolved, perhaps in despair, perhaps in easy confidence, to leave the system as he found it.

Radical defects of the Bengal army.

Still, though it was hard to choose between the opposite theories on the effects of giving preference to high-caste candidates for enlistment, of mixing men of different races in the same regiment,[2] of promoting by seniority, and of adding to the number of

note 1, *infra*. It is quite true that he often spoke in high terms of the discipline of the native troops. But, in the first place, he expressly excepted the Bengal army from this praise. (See *Times*, July 24, 1857.) And, in the second place, the fact that he bestowed the praise is quite consistent with his having foreseen that the objects of it would sooner or later mutiny. As far as I can see, all that he meant to say was that the sepoys were by nature far more tractable than British soldiers. He foresaw that, if they were encouraged by continued relaxation of discipline to mutiny, and thought that it would be their interest to do so, they would, being human, yield to the temptation.

[1] Many officers who were aware of the laxity of discipline in sepoy regiments were afraid to speak out. See W. H. Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i. p. 267.

[2] Mr. H. D. Robertson (*District Duties during the Revolt*, pp. 191-209) dwells on the "vital error" which "was formerly committed in not recruiting according to nationalities." John Lawrence, when raising new levies in 1857, took care to form each regiment of companies differing from one another in race.—*Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 111-12. See, however, Kaye, vol. i. pp. 332-3.

European officers with each regiment, there were certain undeniable facts which might have shown Dalhousie that the opinions of the opponents of the Bengal system were sounder than the equally plausible opinions of its supporters. It needs a man of genius to reconstruct a long-established system, and push aside the dead weight of prejudice which defends it. But, though Dalhousie is not to be blamed for having lacked the force to achieve so great a task his acquiescence in the defects of the existing system is inexcusable. It was impossible to explain away the fact that in Bengal, where a low-caste subahdár[1] might often be seen off parade crouching in abject submission before the Brahmin recruit whom he was supposed to command, the predominance of high-caste men, or, at least, the deference that was yielded to their caste prejudices, was fatal to discipline. It was certainly true that native opinion in the Bombay and Madras Presidencies allowed a high-caste sepoy to perform duties which would have shocked Brahminical prejudice in Bengal, just as, to choose a familiar illustration, nine English Protestants out of ten no longer find themselves troubled by scruples about the observance of the Sabbath when they go abroad. But this consideration ought not to have led the Government to truckle to caste prejudices, but rather to reject all recruits who allowed those prejudices to interfere with their military duties, and to enlist in their stead the thousands of better men who would have been only too glad to take their places.[2] Had this been done, the Brahmin's self-interest would have soon got the better of his prejudices; for, even in Bengal, he kept his caste in the background when his officer dared to show that he pitied it, and only obtruded it because he found that he could generally use it as an instrument for the coercion of his commanders.[3] Again, though Dalhousie may well have been perplexed when Napier insisted that the Bengal system of promotion by seniority kept the army contented by holding out to every man a sure prospect of ultimate advancement, while John Jacob asserted with equal truth that the sepoys who became officers under that system

[1] Native captain.

[2] See letters from Lewis Pelly and John Jacob to the *Times*, Jan. 19, 1858, p. 7, col. 2, and Jan. 23, p. 7, col. 5.

[3] "It is a mistake to suppose them (the Madras sepoys) free from caste prejudices. There are plenty of these, but they have not been given in to."—*Calcutta Review*, vol xxxiii., Article—"The Madras Native Army," p. 134. See also p. 145.

were worn-out imbeciles unfit for command, yet the fact that in the Bombay army, where promotion went by merit, the native officers were the bulwarks of discipline, might have been accepted as a proof of the inferiority of the Bengal system.[1] Finally, Dalhousie should have remembered that not Jacob only, but some of the ablest officers of the Bengal army itself had lifted up their voices against the system under which they had been brought up. It was a fact, and one of which many of those officers were uneasily conscious, that for thirty years past the Bengal army had been in a state of quasi-mutiny, and that several actual mutinies, besides those which were too flagrant to be concealed, had been hushed up by the authorities at headquarters.[2]

The vital question.

The disputed points that have just been noticed were, however, of small importance compared with one vital question, on the answer to which depended the loyalty of the sepoy army and the stability of the Indian empire. Were commanding officers to be once more entrusted with that rightful authority of which the jealousy or the red-tapeism of headquarters had robbed them? This question was absolutely neglected. The sepoy was taught to regard, not his colonel, but the head of the army as his commanding officer; and the head of the army was to him no more than a dim idea. Knowing the impotence of his officers, he amused himself by bringing frivolous complaints against them at every half-yearly inspection. Yet the men who did this were as capable of reverencing authority as the veteran who salaamed the picture of Eyre Coote, his dead commander. Much has been written about the sepoy's impulsiveness, his credulity in accepting a delusion, his childish obstinacy in clinging to it. But, though these qualities did belong to him, they would never of themselves have led him to rebel. He was by nature less insubordinate than the British soldier. Napier could see nothing to fear in him so long as he was properly dealt with. For, with all his faults, he had the quality, which is inborn in all men, of respecting authority when exercised by a strong and just superior. He entered our army with no idea of claiming any rights for himself. But, when he found that his colonel, whom he was ready to obey as his absolute king, and to rever-

[1] See also *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, p. 1127.
[2] *Overland Bombay Times*, 1857, p. 184. *Times*, July 19, 1857.

ence as his father, was powerless to punish or reward him; when he listened to the Articles of War, which seemed to imply that his officers expected him to disobey them; a new light flashed across his mind.[1] It was only necessary to rule him according to his genius, to teach him that he must obey unhesitatingly, and that he would in return be treated generously, and he would have been a loyal soldier for life. It was not the inconsistency of their character that drove the same sepoys who had risked their lives on the field of battle to protect their officers, and had watched by their bedsides when they were wounded, to murder them when the Mutiny broke out: it was the inconsistency with which they were treated.

Disproportion between the numbers of European and Native troops.

It is, however, possible that, even if all the reforms in detail which had been suggested had been carried out, the spirit of mutiny might not have been wholly overcome, unless the disproportion that existed between the numbers of the Native and the European troops had been remedied. It may be said that for this disproportion the Cabinets, the Boards of Control, the Courts of Directors, the Governors-General, the Anglo-Indian officers, and the English people of three generations were jointly responsible.[2] At the close of Dalhousie's administration the Native troops amounted to two hundred and thirty-three thousand men; while, to watch this gigantic army, there were only forty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-two European soldiers of all arms.[3] Moreover the latter were located on such false principles that their controlling power was seriously impaired.[4] Yet there had never been a time when that power was more needed. It cannot be too emphatically stated that the natives of India, with the exception of a very few men of rare powers of reflection, or rare opportunities of acquiring information, had not the least idea of the real resources of England.

[1] See Jacob, pp. 1-3, 108-12, 121, 125, 221, 426-8. Also Malcolm's *Pol. Hist. of India*, vol. ii. pp. 225-45.

[2] See Temple, p. 115.

[3] Duke of Argyll's *India under Dalhousie and Canning*, pp. 51, 63. Immediately before the Mutiny the native troops amounted to 232,224, the Europeans to 45,522—6170 officers and 39,352 non-commissioned officers and men. These figures, however, do not give a fair idea of the weakness of the European troops. "In Bombay," writes Montgomery Martin on the authority of *Parl. Papers*, "the relative strength of European to Native Infantry was as 1 to 9⅝; in Madras, as 1 to 16⅝; and in Bengal, as 1 to 24⅝."—*The Indian Empire*, vol. ii. p. 125. See also *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxxvii. (1858), pp. 249-65.

[4] Argyll, p. 62.

They drew their conclusions merely from what they saw. Incredible as it may appear, it was a common belief among them that the population of the British Isles was not much more than a hundred thousand souls.[1] As if to confirm them in this delusion, the Home Government had recently withdrawn two regiments from India to strengthen the army in the Crimea. It is not to be wondered at that soon afterwards it began to be rumoured in the bazaars and the sepoy lines that Russia had conquered and annexed England.

Reforms urged by Dalhousie.

Dalhousie devoted much anxious consideration to the question of increasing the numbers of the European troops, and improving their distribution, and stated his arguments and conclusions with his usual clearness and emphasis in a series of minutes, which he ordered to be transmitted to the Directors. He pointed out that the Crimean war had given birth to monstrous rumours injurious to our prestige: he dwelt upon the fact that, notwithstanding the vast increase of our territories by the conquests and annexations of his administration, there had been hardly any corresponding increase in our military strength; and he insisted on the necessity of maintaining an effective and constant control over the immense alien population of our Indian possessions, and of guarding against possible attacks from the ambitious princes[2] who dwelt outside our frontier. But it is a curious fact that there is no evidence to show that he had the faintest suspicion of the far more serious danger to which the European troops were exposed from their native auxiliaries. This fact, however, does not affect the value of the practical suggestions which he offered. He proposed to reduce the number of sepoys in each regiment to eight hundred men, to disband four regiments of native cavalry and four of native infantry, to raise the strength of the European infantry from thirty-one[3] to thirty-five or, if possible, thirty-seven battalions, and to increase the numbers of the European companies of artillery.[4] But these

[1] See Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*, p. 27; and *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, p. 1126.

[2] The rulers of Afghánistán, Nepál, and Burma.

[3] The nominal strength at the time was thirty-three. Two, however, had been temporarily withdrawn for service in Europe.

[4] Argyll; Jackson, pp. 160-70; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. (1858), pp. 517-35. Dalhousie also proposed to raise two new European cavalry regiments, but, says Sir C. Jackson, "as Lord Dalhousie suggested the withdrawal of the two Royal regiments of cavalry in Bengal, this proposal would not have increased the European force."

suggestions were not adopted;[1] and the sepoys, inflated by a sense of their own importance, naturally looked forward to a time when they might use their strength to overturn the Government, and establish their own supremacy.[2]

The native army on the eve of Lord Canning's arrival.

On the eve of Lord Canning's arrival, the native army was a heterogeneous body, as in race, caste, and religion, so also in quality. There were a few superb irregular regiments, commanded by a handful of picked European officers. There were the useful troops of Bombay and Madras. There was the Bengal army, composed of stalwart men of martial aspect, who had been perhaps better endowed by nature with soldierly qualities than the men of the other Presidencies, but who had, under a corrupt system, been suffered to become a dangerous mob. It was no wonder that these regiments, in which the sentries relieved each other when and how they pleased, in which it was a common occurrence for men to quit their ranks without leave, and scour the country in quest of plunder,[3] were ripe for mutiny. The marvel is that they had so long preserved the semblance of an army. Yet so great is the force of habit that, while the ablest men in India kept repeating the solemn warning that it was in the force on which the safety of the empire depended that its greatest danger lay,[4] the Bengal officers regarded the insubordination which they could not wholly ignore as inseparable from the constitution of a native army. They were deaf to the rumbling of the volcano; for they did not know that it lay beneath them until its eruption startled them out of their fatal slumber.

[1] Up to Feb. 3, 1858, they had not even been brought under the notice of the Directors.

[2] This is the opinion of Sir R. Temple, and was that of Lord Lawrence. Temple, p. 115. Sir Sydney Cotton mentions in his book, *Nine Years on the North-Western Frontier of India*, p. 157, that, many months before the Mutiny, his native servants wished to leave him on the ground that "there was about to be a general rising in the country, in which the sepoy army was to take the lead." See also Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 267, *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859).

[3] Jacob, pp. 107-8, 115-17. See App. W.

[4] Jacob, p. 229.

## CHAPTER III

### FIRST YEAR OF LORD CANNING'S RULE—OUTBREAK OF THE MUTINY

1856. Resignation of Dalhousie: his character and place among Anglo-Indian rulers.

On the 29th of February, 1856, Lord Dalhousie resigned the Government of India. As he drove down the banks of the Hooghly towards the vessel on which he was to embark, the multitudes who had assembled to witness his departure, lifted up their voices, and cheered him loudly and long.[1] Though he was not above the middle height, and his frame was emaciated by disease, yet there was such majesty in his bearing, such command in his features, such a fire in the glance of his eyes, that he looked every inch a king.[2] And it was with the loyalty due to a king of men that those enthusiastic onlookers regarded him. For, if he lacked that sympathetic knowledge of men's hearts, that charm of manner, that open enthusiasm which had made the despotism of Hastings and of Wellesley so attractive, if, in spite of his genuine consideration for his subordinates, he had been regarded by them rather with awe than with affection, yet, not more by his success than by the devotion with which he had given the flower of his manhood to the service of the state, he had conquered the heart-felt respect and admiration of all men. He had served India so well that he had no strength left for further service in the field of statesmanship; and now, while still a young man, he was going home to England to die. But the work which he had already done had been such as to entitle him to rank with Wellesley and Hastings, although below them, in the first class of Governors-General. Below them

[1] *Overland Bombay Times*, 1857, p. 42; *Calcutta Review*, vol. xxxiii. p. 397.
[2] Temple, p. 124.

because, whatever his powers may have been, he had never been brought face to face with political trials as crucial as those which had assayed and proved the metal of their statesmanship. With them because, believing that his countrymen had no right to be in India unless they were there as the apostles of Western civilisation, believing with an enthusiastic faith that the introduction of such civilisation would galvanise the whole organism of Indian society, and make its healthy growth possible, he set a-going at the highest pressure all the machinery that could contribute to the attainment of his object.

His successor was a man of a different stamp. Not only in India, but in England also the appointment of Lord Canning caused more wonder than satisfaction. An elegant scholar, a warm-hearted, generous man, shy and reserved, but a true friend to those who loved him, he had had much experience of affairs, and had proved himself a creditable administrator: but he had needed persuasion to enter public life at all; and, though he had never shirked its duties, he had never pressed forward to undertake its responsibilities, or to win its prizes. Lord Ellenborough had offered to take him to India as his private secretary: but he had preferred the chances of office at home, and thus lost the opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of Indian affairs under a clever statesman. When he was chosen to succeed Dalhousie, he was holding the office of Postmaster-General; and the conscientious assiduity with which he had mastered the unattractive details of his work had won for him a seat in the Cabinet. But the high place to which he was now called needed greater qualities. It is hardly necessary to say that he approached his work with a deep sense of its importance: indeed, he had a presentiment that his tenure of office would be marked by some great crisis, to combat which his faculties would be strained to the utmost. "We must not forget," he said, at a banquet given by the East India Company a few months before his departure, "that in the sky of India, serene as it is, a small cloud may arise, at first no bigger than a man's hand, but which, growing larger and larger, may at last threaten to burst and overwhelm us with ruin."[1] But with all his high sense of responsibility he had one grave defect as a ruler. His conscientiousness was apt to degenerate into scrupulousness. He never could bring himself

Lord Canning.

[1] Kaye, vol. i. p. 378.

to pronounce a judgement even upon the most urgent questions, until he had investigated every tittle of evidence. Such a habit of mind is an admirable one in itself: but it is one which a statesman must learn to hold in restraint. This Canning never learned to do. When he should have struck the guilty, he wasted precious moments in taking elaborate precautions against striking the innocent.[1] He was not a weak man; he knew how to confront danger calmly; but he had not the insight that could at once discern its form and gauge its dimensions, the self-reliance that could overrule the counsellors who underrated it, the force that could master it.

The Supreme Council.

It would have been fortunate for the new Governor-General if his advisers had been practical statesmen like Outram, or Edwardes, or Nicholson. The judgement of these men had been ripened, and their political courage brought to the finest temper by hard, dangerous work among the people of the country: they had firmly grasped the principle that no amount of kindness could win either the affection or the respect of those people, unless it were supported by a masterful will. But the members of the Supreme Council were men of a softer fibre. Only one of them, General Low, had an adequate knowledge of the natives; and he had long passed his prime. The others were John Dorin, John Peter Grant, Barnes Peacock, and George Anson, the Commander-in-Chief. The last-named will be spoken of hereafter. Grant was unquestionably a very able man. His recorded minutes show that his judgement was thoroughly independent, and that he had the courage of his convictions. But his training had not been such as to foster a healthy development of his powers. He was

[1] I find this passage in Russell's *Diary*:—"In this and subsequent conversations that night on the subject of the mutinies . . . the Governor-General evinced a remarkable analytical power, an ability of investigation, a habit of appreciating and weighing evidence, a spirit of justice and moderation, and a judicial turn of mind which made a deep impression upon me. His opinions once formed seemed 'inébranlables'; and his mode of investigation, abhorrent from all intuitive impulses, and *dreading above all things quick decision*, is to pursue the forms of the strictest analysis, to pick up every little thorn on the path, to weigh it, to consider it, and then to cast it aside, or to pile it up with its fellows; to go from stone to stone, strike them and sound them, and at last on the highest point of the road to fix a sort of granite pedestal, declaring that the height is so and so, and the view is so and so,—so firm and strong that all the storm and tempest of the world may beat against it and find it immovable. But man's life is not equal to the execution of many tasks like these." Vol. i. p. 116. The italics are mine. See also Temple, p. 182.

a clever bureaucrat, not a statesman. It is unnecessary to attempt to analyse the characters of the other two. It is enough to say that they, as well as Grant, had either failed to notice the symptoms that indicated the existence of a mutinous spirit in the Bengal army, or did not realise what appalling consequences must follow, if that spirit were not instantly and sternly crushed as soon as it should manifest itself in overt acts.

Canning had hardly entered upon his duties before his troubles began. Outram was anxious to return to England, to recruit his shattered health, and, wishing to leave his work in good hands, urged Canning to appoint Henry Ricketts, an able Bengal civilian, as his successor. Canning would have acted upon this advice; but the Board of Control interposed. Ricketts was preparing a report upon the most effectual mode of diminishing the salaries of the Company's servants. It was the old story. Imperial considerations were set at nought then, as in the days of Wellesley, whenever they imperilled the chance of some sordid and petty gain. Men fit to rule a province were not so plentiful that they should have been forced to waste their energies in pettifogging calculations. But the folly of the home authorities might have been harmless, if an unfortunate accident had not deprived Oudh for a time of a yet abler master than Ricketts would have been. Henry Lawrence, whose chivalrous heart yearned to protect the people of the newly annexed province from the unsympathetic rule of the modern civilian, and to smooth the way for their transition from barbarous usage to civilised law, offered to serve in Outram's place: but, before his letter reached the Governor-General, Coverley Jackson, a smart revenue officer from the North-Western Provinces, had been appointed officiating Chief Commissioner of Oudh. No more unfortunate selection could have been made. Jackson was best known for the violence of his temper; but Canning thought that this defect ought not to be allowed to weigh against his undoubted abilities, and imagined that he could cure it by a gentle warning. Only a man of the greatest tact and firmness could have reconciled the classes who had thriven under the corrupt native government to the rigorous purity of British rule: but Jackson had no tact; and his firmness showed itself chiefly in a series of contentions, which he kept up during the whole of his administration, with the Financial Commissioner, Martin Gubbins, a man whose injudicious

Affairs of Oudh.

self-assertion was as great as his own.[1] Rather than bate a jot of their miserable pretensions, this pair of officials spent the time which they should have devoted to the public service in undignified wrangling. Canning contented himself with exhorting them to be at peace, and only superseded Jackson when his pertinacity had outraged all patience, and when it seemed too late even for Lawrence to repair the mischief which he had done. For the deposed King of Oudh was complaining bitterly of the unmanly cruelty with which the English were treating his family, even the delicate ladies of his harem; and, if these complaints were unfounded,[2] there were others, proceeding from the people, which, though in many cases unreasonable, were natural enough. The settlement of the land revenue was directed by officers who were prejudiced against the tálukdárs; and by their orders men of lower degree were persuaded to put forward their claims. The tálukdárs were being summarily deprived of every foot of land to which they could not establish a legal title;[3] and,

[1] In fairness to Jackson it ought to be mentioned that he repeatedly warned Government, but in vain, that plots and conspiracies were rife in Oudh. Col. Ramsay's *Recollections of Military Service and Society*, vol. i. p. 183.

[2] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvi. p. 416, par. 7. The King's complaints about the treatment of his family were "very greatly exaggerated . . . But there was a true foundation for the complaint, in the fact that . . . C. Jackson . . . had taken possession of . . . one of the palaces set apart for the royal family."

[3] Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, ii. 12-13; Sir R. Montgomery's *Report*, pars. 157-8; Sykes's *Compendium of the Laws specially relating to the Taluqdars of Oudh*, pp. 28, 91. The extent to which the tálukdárs suffered has, however, been greatly exaggerated by Kaye (vol. iii. p. 422), and other writers. As a matter of fact, "out of 23,543 villages included in taluqas at the close of native rule, 13,640, paying a revenue of Rs. 35,06,519 were settled with taluqdars in 1856, while 9903 villages, paying Rs. 32,08,319 were settled with persons other than taluqdars." Irwin, p. 180; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvi. (1861), p. 439, par. 7. General Innes says (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 64), "The irritation among the Rajpoot community, *chiefs and peasants alike*, grew apace, *owing to the increasing violation . . . of the promises respecting the land revenue*. Besides the matter of unduly high assessments, the bias shown in deciding on the parties to be dealt with as being in actual possession gave the most serious offence. For the officers usually put forward the villagers themselves and ignored the Talookdars." But General Innes ignores the fact that Dalhousie, in his letter of instructions to Outram, dated 13th Feb. 1858, wrote, "It must be borne in mind, as a leading principle, that the desire and intention of the Government is to deal with the actual occupants of the soil, *that is, with village Zemindars or with the proprietary coparcenaries, who are believed to exist in Oudh, and not to suffer the interposition of middlemen, as Talookdars . . . and such like.* The claims of these, if they have any tenable claims, may be more conveniently considered at a future period." The italics are mine. "These orders of the Supreme Government," wrote Sir R. Montgomery (*House of Lords Papers*, 74 Sess. 2, 1859, pars. 157-8), "were implicitly obeyed."

although in all but a few instances their pretensions were examined with scrupulous fairness, they nevertheless bitterly resented the decisions which compelled them to surrender those villages which they had acquired by fraud or violence. Moreover they writhed under the yoke of a civilising government, which cut away their arbitrary powers, and would not permit them to tyrannise, as they had formerly done, over their weaker neighbours. The zamíndárs and the peasants indeed gained by the settlement: but it is not likely that they felt any gratitude towards the British Government; for they were wholly incapable of appreciating the benevolent motives by which it was actuated.[1] The numerous dependents of the late court and the traders who had ministered to its luxury, were suddenly thrown out of employment:[2] the disbandment of the King's army had thrown a vast horde of desperadoes upon the world with but scanty means of subsistence:[3] the imposition of a heavy tax upon opium had inflamed the discontent of the poorer population, who languished without the drug which they could no longer afford to buy; while men with whom lawlessness was a tradition, suddenly found themselves judged by tribunals which aimed at dispensing equal justice to high and low, but which allowed no circum-

[1] "I remember," says Irwin, "on one occasion discussing the subject of the annexation with a well-to-do zamíndár, a man perfectly well affected towards British rule. 'Why,' he asked, 'had the Sircar deposed Nawab Wajid Ali? He was a poor weak creature, a humble servant of the British Government. What had he done to be so summarily wiped out?' And it appeared to be quite a new light to him to be told that the misrule . . . of Oudh had become more than the British Government would tolerate. If this is the point of view of one who was a severe sufferer by the ex-King's administration, and who gained immensely by its subversion, it is to be feared that the judgment of those who suffered and gained less . . . will hardly be more favourable." Pp. 174-5.

[2] "On the whole a very fair share of patronage was reserved for the native officials below the rank of názim, or independent local authority; but their habits were utterly unfitted for our service. Arduous and responsible labours were imposed on the officers, and they were compelled to choose the fittest instruments to aid in them. None got pensions; but those who were not public servants had no claim to any."—*Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvi. p. 411, par. 13. Much of the discontent that was aroused was unavoidable. It would have been madness to employ the grasping názims and chakladárs, who had so abused their trust under the native government; and the inferior officials, who accepted the employment that was offered them, accustomed to a lax and corrupt system, failed to adapt themselves to their altered conditions, and soon were dismissed or resigned. But it is not less true that the Chief Commissioner showed great lack of judgement.

[3] Canning asserted that the disbanded troops had been liberally treated, and had, with few exceptions, independent means of subsistence as cultivators. *Ib.* p. 118, par. 12. The fact, however, remains that they lost heavily by the annexation.

stances to weigh in mitigation of their sentences, and, in civil cases, exasperated plaintiff and defendant alike by an inflexible adherence to forms and precepts of which they knew nothing.[1] It was thus that the advice of Sleeman and Henry Lawrence to assume the administration of Oudh in the interests of its inhabitants had been followed. However judiciously carried out, the change of government, imperatively demanded though it was by every principle of right, must have given sore offence to the most influential classes of the population; but, carried out as it was, it gave offence to many who might easily have been conciliated.

Jan. 19, 1857.

Mar. 28. The Moulvi.

Feb.

Such were the perils which Henry Lawrence was called upon to confront when Canning asked him to undertake the administration of Oudh. In the interval between his appointment and his arrival at Lucknow, a still more formidable danger arose. A Moulvi, who had for some time past been travelling from city to city, and preaching a holy war against the infidels, appeared in Fyzabad, and began to sow sedition in the minds of the people.[2] He was seized and imprisoned: but the English, never dreaming that their power could be shaken, were too unsuspicious to appreciate his power for mischief; and it was not until some months afterwards that he was recognised as the chief of a host of conspirators who had stirred up their co-religionists to rebel against British rule.

1856.

Persian War.

1855.

Early in the preceding year the politics of Central Asia had begun to engage the Governor-General's attention. So far back as 1853, the British Ambassador at Teheran had been obliged to interfere for the protection of Herat against a Persian army which had been sent to reduce it. But, though the Shah had agreed to desist from his enterprise, it was known that he secretly resented British interference; and the Indian Government anxiously awaited the inevitable rupture. Underrating the British success in the Crimea, the Persians resolved to rid themselves of an alliance from which they expected no advantage, and, by a succession of insults, drove the British Ambassador to leave their capital. Meanwhile a revolt had arisen against the ruler of Herat, which the Shah had perhaps instigated, and

[1] Hutchinson's *Narrative of the Mutinies in Oude*, p. 27.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 35.

certainly resolved to turn to account. Falsely asserting that the Amír, Dost Mahomed, was bent upon the annexation of that city, he pretended that the duty of self-preservation compelled him to anticipate his rival, and equipped a fresh army, in violation of the promise which he had given to the British ambassador. Canning was unwilling to send another force into the dreaded regions beyond the north-west frontier: but the Home Government decreed that the Shah's perfidy must be punished, and ordered an expedition to be despatched to the Persian Gulf. The Bombay Government, which provided the bulk of the troops, was allowed to nominate their commander, and sent General Stalker at the head of the first expeditionary force. But, when Outram heard that there was to be war, his enfeebled energies were reinvigorated by the thought that there was work for him to do; and, undertaking to perform both the political and the military duties of the expedition, he sailed towards the end of 1856 for Bombay.

It is needless to detail the operations which he so successfully superintended; for the Persian war only affected the course of the Mutiny by affording an opportunity for securing the friendship of Dost Mahomed, the inveterate enemy of Persia.

Treaties with Dost Mahomed.

In order to make it clear how this opportunity had arisen, and how it was used, it will be necessary to review the relations that had subsisted for some years previously between the British Government and Dost Mahomed. In 1853 Colonel Mackeson, the Commissioner of Peshawar, was assassinated. It was conjectured that the assassin had been instigated by a fanatical múlla[1] of Kábul; and the conjecture was supported by the fact that the bitter feelings created by the policy of Auckland in the hearts of the Afgháns were still alive. No one understood those feelings better, or deplored them more than the officer who was appointed as Mackeson's successor, Herbert Edwardes, the hero of Mooltan. Resolving to heal them, and seeing that he could only do so by effecting a radical change in the British policy towards Afghánistán, he wrote to Dalhousie, asking for permission to negotiate a treaty with Dost Mahomed, on the principle that bygones should be bygones. Dalhousie, in reply, gave him full liberty to act as he might think best, remarking that such a treaty, though difficult of attainment, was most desirable. But John

[1] Priest.

Before the conclusion of the second treaty, a measure had been passed which filled up the sum of the sepoy's purely professional grievances, and made him still more disposed to cast about for others. Of the six Bengal regiments that were alone liable for general service, three were in 1856 doing duty in Pegu; and two of these were entitled to be relieved within a few months. None of the other three was available for their relief. But, although it was thus impossible to send a single Bengal regiment by sea to the Burmese coast, there would have been no breach of faith towards the army in sending the required number by land. Unfortunately, however, a part of the road was impassable; and the difficulty of clearing it in time presented an almost insuperable obstacle to the use of the overland route. Canning, in his perplexity, bethought him of the Madras army, which was enlisted for general service: but the Southern Presidency was naturally unwilling to rouse discontent among its own troops by calling upon them to furnish a permanent garrison to a country which lay properly within the sphere of the Bengal army. Nothing but a radical reform could help the Governor-General out of his difficulty. Exasperated at the absurdity of the prejudices that had involved him in it, and had been the source of constantly increasing trouble to the State, he resolved that thenceforth he would be the master of his own army, and on the 25th of July issued a General Order which decreed that no recruit should for the future be accepted who would not undertake to march whithersoever his services might be required. "There is no fear," he wrote a few months later, "of feelings of caste being excited by the new enlistment regulations in the Bengal army." He deceived himself; for, while he was writing, recruiting officers were complaining

General Service Enlistment Act.

Nov. 8.

John Lawrence dwelt with special emphasis on Edwardes's services in connection with the treaty." It is all the more necessary, then, to say, as I have said, that, in his communications with the public, he did not dwell upon them at all. After Edwardes's death, some of his friends determined to erect a tablet to his memory in the chapel of King's College, London. An inscription, which was to be placed on the tablet, was submitted to Lawrence for perusal. It contained the statement that Edwardes had made the treaties. Replying to the gentleman who had sent it to him, Lawrence asserted that he, not Edwardes, had made them. In an *official* sense, he undoubtedly spoke the truth. But one would like to know whether, at the time when he wrote this reply, it occurred to him that he had formerly written to Edwardes,—"I think *all the merit of the affair, whatever it may be, is yours.*"

that high-caste men had begun to shrink from entering the service, which their brethren had once needed no persuasion to join; and old sepoys were whispering to each other their fears that the oaths of the new recruits were binding upon themselves also. About the same time that the General Service Enlistment Act had been passed, an ill-judged parsimony had dictated another measure, namely, that sepoys declared unfit for foreign service should no longer be allowed to retire on invalid pensions, but be utilised for the performance of cantonment duty;[1] and shortly before, it had been decreed that all sepoys without exception should thenceforth pay the regular postage for their letters instead of sending them under the frank of their commandant.[2] These apparently trifling changes seriously added to the existing irritation. The sepoys were now in a mood to believe any lie that reflected discredit upon the Government. Seeing that the warlike Sikhs were favoured by the recruiting sergeant, they persuaded themselves that an entire Sikh army of thirty thousand men was to be raised to supersede them. They listened to the suggestions of clever agitators, who assured them that the Queen had herself sent out Lord Canning for the express purpose of converting them, and that the General Service Enlistment Act was only the first step in his career of persecution. They saw in the rumoured support of missionary societies by Lord Canning, in the rumoured zeal of Lady Canning for the conversion of native women, evidences of the same spirit of proselytism. As a matter of fact, neither

Grievances of the sepoys.

Rumoured designs of Government against caste and religion.

[1] Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh*, pp. 91-5.

[2] I do not feel certain of the correctness of the statement in the text as to the irritation caused by the postal regulation. It is true that under the old system the sepoys had been allowed to send their letters free; but they had been obliged to pay a shilling for those they received. Under the new system, introduced by Dalhousie, a uniform single rate of postage of half an anna (¾d.) was established for letters carried within the limits of India. Dalhousie's Farewell Minute, p. 18, par. 72 (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xlv., 1856); *A Few Remarks anent the Red Pamphlet*, p. 13. Sir H. Lawrence, however, in a letter to Canning, dated May, 1857, wrote:—"The new post-office rules are bitter grievances; indeed the native community generally suffers by them, but the sepoy, having here special privileges, feels the deprivation in addition to the general uncertainty as to letters; nay, rather the positive certainty of not getting them."—*Life of Sir H. Lawrence* by Sir H. Edwardes and H. Merivale. New York edition, p. 570. [The correctness of the statement in the text is confirmed by a well-informed critic,—formerly an officer in a sepoy regiment. See *Vanity Fair*, 5th July 1884.]

the Governor-General nor his wife had done more than those who had gone before them. But it was not unnatural that they should be suspected of having done so. For, little more than a year before, the missionaries had published a manifesto which went to prove that the railways and steamships of the European, by facilitating the material union of all races of men, were to be the indirect instruments for accomplishing their spiritual union under one faith. Regarded as a plain invitation by Government to join the Christian religion, this paper caused great excitement amongst the natives of Bengal; and William Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna, reported upon the especially dangerous feelings which it had awakened amongst the bigoted Mahomedans of his Division. A reassuring proclamation, which the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal issued in consequence of this warning, did not lessen the general alarm; for the people believed that a Government which could meditate their conversion would be quite capable of making a false statement to lull their suspicions.[1] Nor were the professed ministers of the Gospel the only missionaries. Certain earnest-minded officers, of whom a Colonel Wheler was the most prominent, preached to their men with the enthusiasm of Cromwell's captains, and brought down upon themselves the displeasure of Government by their zeal.[2] And, though Canning was himself guiltless of the proselytism with which he was charged, he innocently incurred obloquy by giving formal sanction to the Bill prepared by Dalhousie for the removal of all legal obstacles to the marriage of Hindu widows. The excitement and alarm which this combination of causes produced were not confined to the sepoys; for these men had friends or relations in every village, and were especially connected by the ties of kinship with the population of Oudh and the North-Western Provinces, where our rule had provoked the most bitter animosities. But why should they think that the Government wished to convert them? Their imaginations supplied a plausible answer. The white man was bent upon taking away their caste and making them Christians, in order that, no longer hesitating to eat his strengthening food, or to embark in his ships, they might be able to go forth at his bidding, as

[1] See Syad Ahmad Khan's *The Causes of the Indian Revolt*, pp. 18, 22, and Kaye, vol. i. pp. 472-3.

[2] Wheler's preaching may possibly, owing to other circumstances, have been harmful, but would not have been so in itself.

warriors endowed with new vigour, to gratify his insatiable ambition by fresh conquests. This, if they could help it, they were resolved that they would never do. They had served the effete Feringhees for scanty wages long enough. Their own day was coming now. Vague ambitions arose in their hearts. Sooner or later, they would vindicate the honour of religion; they would enrich themselves by plunder; they would collect the revenues; they would drive the white upstarts into the sea. And now, as if to give confidence to the disaffected, and to shake the loyalty of the faithful, an old Hindu prophecy was raked up, which said that in the year 1857, the hundredth since its foundation by the victory of Plassey, the Company's Ráj was to be destroyed.[1]

Infuriated by real grievances, haunted by groundless fears, tossed about by idle rumours, the enemies of British rule were still afraid to strike, when the arch-agitators lighted by an accident upon the spell, the potency of which was to liberate the pent-up passions of their dupes, and nerve them to revolt.[2]

A few idle words betrayed the existence of this engine of rebellion. One day in January, 1857, a Lascar, attached to the magazine at Dum-Dum near Calcutta, asked a sepoy of the garrison to give him a drink of water from his lotah.[3] Nettled by the haughty reply that the vessel would be contaminated by the lips of a low-caste man, the Lascar retorted that the sepoy would soon be deprived of his caste altogether; for the Government was busy manufacturing cartridges greased with the fat of cows or swine, and the sepoys would have to bite the forbidden substance before loading.

The greased cartridge.

It is hard to convey to the mind of an English reader an adequate idea of the force of the shock beneath which the imagination of that Brahmin must have reeled when he heard these words. It was all true, then, he must have felt. The Government were really bent upon ruining him. They had devised an expedient which, under the specious pretext of putting a better weapon into his hands, was to destroy his caste, his honour, his social position, everything that made life worth having, and to pave the way for his perversion to Christianity.

[1] The evidence for the facts recorded in this paragraph is to be found in the *Parl. Papers, Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, newspapers published in India, Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh*, etc.

[2] See *Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi*, pp. 267-8.

[3] A brass drinking-vessel.

It must be remembered that not faith, not righteousness, but ritual was the essence of his religion. For him to be told that he was to touch with his lips the fat of the cow was as appalling as it would have been to a mediæval Catholic to listen to the sentence of excommunication.[1]

Yet it was all a delusion. There was some foundation for what the Lascar said; that was all. The manufacture of greased cartridges to be used with the new Enfield rifle, had long been going on; and the grease contained tallow of doubtful origin:[2] but no cartridges greased with the fat of cows or swine were destined to be issued to the sepoys.[3] Greased cartridges were no novelty. They had first been sent out to India in 1853. Colonel Tucker, who was then Adjutant-General of the Bengal army, at once foreseeing the alarm which they might cause, had warned his superiors against issuing them to the native troops until it should have been distinctly ascertained that the grease was inoffensive: but his letter had gone no further than to the Board which was at that time vested with military authority at Calcutta. Colonel Birch, the Military Secretary, who had fallen under the ban of Charles Napier, was accused by the old general's admirers of having neglected

[1] I make the comparison to excommunication advisedly. Just as excommunication could be remedied by penance, so could loss of caste. Many loose statements have been made about the effect which the story of the greased cartridges must have had upon the imaginations of the sepoys. For instance, the author of the *Red Pamphlet* gave great point and emphasis to his narrative by asserting that the cow was regarded by Hindus as an incarnation of Deity. I have taken great pains to investigate the point. Mill states that the cow is worshipped in India. *Hist. of Brit. India*, vol. i. p. 297. His editor, H. H. Wilson, corrects him, remarking that "the worship of the cow by the Hindus is a popular error." *Ib.* note 2. Talboys Wheeler says "the bull and the cow are worshipped all over India." *Short Hist. of India*, pp. 64-5. Bewildered by these conflicting authorities, I wrote to Professor Max Muller, asking for his opinion. "I do not think," he replied, "that a cow is anywhere in India considered as an incarnation of the Deity." Since then the kindness of Dr. Rost, who referred me to an article on "Beef in Ancient India" by Bába Rájendralála Mitra, has enabled me to ascertain the truth. The writer points out that beef was at one time actually eaten by the Hindus, and that cattle were sacrificed to Vishnu, Indra, and other deities. "When," he concludes, "the Bráhmans had to contend against Buddhism, which . . . denounced all sacrifices, they found the doctrine of respect for animal life too strong . . . to be overcome, and therefore gradually and imperceptibly adopted it in such a manner as to make it appear a part of their S'ástra."—*Journal Asiatic Society of Bengal*, vol. xli. part 1, pp. 174, 196.

[2] Kaye asserts, probably with truth, that it contained beef-fat: but this is not *proved*. See App. W.

[3] This has been denied; but it is absolutely true. See App. W.

Tucker's solemn warning.[1] But, in fact, he never received that warning. It was the Military Board that neglected it; and on the Board the chief blame must lie.[2]

At the time, however, the neglect produced no evil results. The cartridges were issued to certain sepoy regiments, not for practice, but to test the effect of the climate upon the grease, and were received without a murmur. In 1856 similar cartridges began to be actually manufactured in India; and at Meerut Brahmin factory-boys handled the grease without a thought of its affecting their caste. It was not till the Lascar blurted out his taunt that the note of alarm was struck.

The terrified Brahmin rushed off to tell his comrades; and from them the report flew in all directions with the lightning-like rapidity with which news, and especially bad news, travels in India. The agitators who were preaching sedition in secret, hailed the story with delight, and, as they retailed it to their disciples, clothed it with new terrors. The Brahmins of the Dharma Sabha, a religious institution in Calcutta, turned it to account for the excitement of the caste prejudices of the Hindu population. The agents of the King of Oudh, who was living in the suburb of Garden Reach, used it to increase the odium of those who had deprived him of his throne. It was by such means that this crowning professional grievance of the sepoys was twisted into a grievance affecting their co-religionists of every condition.

The effects were instantly manifest. General Hearsey, who commanded the Presidency Division, reported on the 28th of January that there was ill-feeling among his men. At Barrackpore and at Ránigani, where was stationed a wing of the 2nd Bengal Grenadiers, a Barrackpore regiment, the sepoys nightly vented their rage by setting fire to public buildings and their officers' bungalows. There was hardly a man of the four regiments at these two stations who did not see in the manufacture of the greased cartridges a foul plot for the destruction of his religion. But official routine hindered the prompt action which might possibly have nipped the evil in the bud. Lieutenant Wright, who commanded the detachment to which the Brahmin belonged, reported the story of the Lascar on the 22nd of January. The new cartridges were to be issued

[1] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 15.

[2] Colonel Tucker, in a letter to the *Times* (Oct. 1, 1857; p. 8, col. 3) wrote that, even if his remonstrance had been addressed to the Military Board, Birch was to blame for not having examined the records of the Board.

to the sepoys of the Rifle Depôt at Dum-Dum, but not, for some time to come, to the regiments at Barrackpore or elsewhere. General Hearsey, through whom Wright's report passed, appended to it a recommendation that the sepoys at Dum-Dum should be allowed to grease their own cartridges as they pleased: but the report had to pass through a series of offices before it reached the Government; and it was not till the 28th that Hearsey heard of the approval of his suggestion. It was too late. The day before, a native officer at Barrackpore, as if unwilling to believe in the wicked intentions which were imputed to his rulers, had asked whether any orders had been received about the cartridges; and his commanding officer could only answer, No.

Action of Government.

Jan. 27.

Meanwhile, the Military Secretary had begun to ask for that information about the cartridges which he ought long before to have obtained. Finding that none had yet been issued to the native army, he telegraphed to the Adjutant-General to see that all cartridges issued from the factory at Meerut were free from grease, and leave the men to use whatever material they liked best; and warned the commandants of the Rifle Depôts at Umballa and Siálkot not to allow any greased cartridges that might have been issued to be used. These orders had of course the sanction of the Governor-General. At the same time the Secretary recommended that the Commander-in-Chief should be directed to proclaim to the army that no greased cartridges were to be issued to them, and that they might use whatever material they thought proper. But Canning allowed himself to be persuaded by the Adjutant-General to countermand the telegram on the ground that, as those sepoys who were armed with Minié rifles had long been in the habit of using mutton-fat for their cartridges,[1] the new instructions, by suggesting to their minds the idea of an objectionable grease, might set them thinking that the grease which they had hitherto used involved some offence to their caste. He therefore decided that greased cartridges might be issued at the Depôts, if the grease was composed only of mutton-fat and wax.[2] He should have reflected that, as the fear of the new cartridges must anyhow soon reach the sepoys of every regiment in the Bengal Army, the Secretary's instructions and the suggested

[1] See, however, Kaye, vol. i. p. 516, note, and pp. 655-6.

[2] At Umballa, however, the sepoys greased their own cartridges. See App. W.

proclamation could do no harm, and might do good. But perhaps the incident was only important as showing how easily the Governor-General could be led by his advisers; for the fruitlessness of the proclamation that had been intended to soothe the fears which had been aroused by the missionary manifesto of 1856 had shown how difficult it was to eradicate a delusion once firmly fixed in the mind of a native.

Colonel Mitchell and the 19th Native Infantry.

Proof was soon forthcoming that the delusion of the greased cartridges had taken root. While common-sense dictated the necessity of early isolating all tainted regiments, military routine allowed two detachments of the 34th Native Infantry to march on special duty from Barrackpore to Berhampore. On arriving there, they were anxiously questioned about the truth of the cartridge story by the men of the 19th, who had caught the alarm some three weeks before, but had been for the moment tranquillised by the explanations of their commandant. What they heard from the 34th reawakened their fears. On the evening of the next day their commandant, Colonel Mitchell, was informed that they had refused to receive their percussion caps for the following morning's parade, on the ground that they were suspicious of the cartridges. A judicious officer would have at least tried the effect of quietly explaining to the men the unreasonableness of their fears. Mitchell, however, hastened in hot passion to the lines, and spoke so angrily to the sepoys that they felt sure their fears were well founded. They could not believe that their colonel would allow himself to threaten them so savagely if he were not uneasily conscious of the injustice of his cause. They therefore remained where they were, sullen and fearful, while Mitchell returned to his quarters, harassed by the thought of coming danger, and not knowing how he could meet it without a single company of British soldiers to aid him. He was not kept long in suspense. Just after he had lain down, he heard the sound of drums and angry voices coming from the lines. He knew that mutiny was upon him. What was he to do? He must either try single-handed to pacify a regiment of mutineers, or attempt the hazardous experiment of coercing his native infantry with his native cavalry and artillery. He chose the latter course. Hastily dressing, he summoned his officers, ordered the cavalry and artillery to the lines, and, going thither

Feb 26.

himself, found the 19th drawn up, trembling with fear. The sight of their comrades, ready, as they imagined, to fire upon them, increased their agitation. Then, for the second time, the colonel began to threaten fiercely his panic-stricken soldiers, who, like beasts maddened with fear, might at any moment turn upon those whom they believed to be seeking their lives. Seeing what a dreadful effect his words were producing, the native officers pressed forward, and implored him to calm the men's fears by withdrawing the force which had been brought up to overawe them. If once they saw that they were not to be compelled by violence to use the dreaded cartridges, they would lay down their arms without demur. Mitchell saw that he had placed himself in a false position. He could not act upon the advice of the officers without yielding a moral victory to his men. He could not disregard that advice without provoking a mutiny. And then, what if the cavalry and artillery should sympathise with the mutineers instead of acting against them? Clutching at a compromise, he said that he would withdraw his supporting force, but would certainly hold a parade of all arms in the morning. But, when the native officers again interposed, warning him that he would thus only defer the outbreak, he saw that he must yield altogether.

Then he departed, and left his men at leisure to reflect on what they had done. They had taken the lead in mutiny: but, when they reassembled in the morning, there was depression rather than exultation in their demeanour. They seemed ashamed of themselves; and, though they continued to show in various ways that they were still haunted by suspicion, they discharged their duties thenceforth with obedience and punctuality. It was impossible to overlook their conduct: but it was equally impossible to punish it with due promptitude; for no European troops could be spared to coerce them. The falseness of the economy that had weakened the surest support of British supremacy was now too clear. All that Canning could do was to send for the 84th Regiment from Rangoon.[1]

General Hearsey and the 34th.

Before the regiments at Barrackpore handed on the torch to their brethren at Berhampore, they had worked themselves into a state of feverish excitement. Sooner or

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 38-9, 42-3, 47, 54-5, 59-62, 69-72, 76-7, 81-5, 95, 297-325, 327-31, 333-5; Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i., Introduction, p. 9; Kaye, vol. i. pp. 506-7.

later it would be their turn to use the new cartridges. When they were assured that they would be allowed to use their own lubricant, their diseased fancy suggested that the shining cartridge paper must contain grease. The paper was analysed and reported harmless; but still they refused to be comforted. At last Hearsey, who spoke their language like themselves, and knew them better than they knew themselves, paraded them, and tried to convince them that they had nothing to fear. His attempt ought to have made it clear to the Government that the madness of their army was not to be cured by any soothing remedy; for, though his speech could not have been improved upon, its good effects were only transient. When the 34th, with whose fears there was far more of ill-feeling mixed than with those of the Berhampore regiment, heard what the latter had done, their surliness increased; and, marvelling that their comrades went unpunished, they began to dread that, under the mask of leniency, Government was preparing for the whole brigade some terrible doom. But the Governor-General had no desire to be hard upon them. He sympathised with their doubts and scruples, and was only anxious to remove them as gently as he could. Accordingly he accepted a suggestion that the sepoys should be allowed to pinch off the ends of their cartridges instead of biting them, and so avoid the taste of the paper.[1] The concession was, as might have been expected, useless. Habit, the sepoys objected, would make them use their teeth instead of their fingers. Meanwhile, Hearsey had resolved to try the effect of another speech. Again he assured his men that there was no design against their caste or their religion, and that, as they had not been convicted of any crime, they need fear no punishment. That was to be kept for those who had deserved it, the mutinous 19th.

Feb. 9.

March 17.

This was the part of Hearsey's address that had most effect upon his hearers. Thinking over the fate that was in store for their comrades, they paid no heed to the assurance that they need have no fear for themselves. Twelve days later Sergeant-Major Hewson was in his bungalow when a native officer came running in to report that a sepoy named Mungul Pandy had come out of the lines with his musket loaded. Hewson sent to warn the

Mungul Pandy.

March 29.

[1] The suggestion was made on March 2.—*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 7.

adjutant, Lieutenant Baugh, and walked to the parade-ground. The sepoy was marching up and down in front of the quarter-guard, calling upon his comrades to aid him and strike a blow for their religion. Catching sight of the Englishman, he fired at him, but without effect. Presently the adjutant rode up and cried, "Where is he! where is he!" "Ride to the right, sir, for your life!" shouted Hewson, "the sepoy will fire at you!" The words were hardly uttered when the mutineer fired at the adjutant from behind the shelter of the station gun, and brought his horse to the ground. Baugh sprang unhurt to his feet, advanced on the mutineer, and fired at him, but missed. Then began a desperate hand-to-hand encounter. The mutineer drew his tulwar,[1] and slashed the adjutant across his left hand and neck. Hewson rushed to support his officer; but the sepoy was a match for them both. Hard by stood the guard of twenty sepoys looking on unconcerned; while their jamadár[2] made no attempt to bring them forward, and even suffered them to strike their helpless officers with the butt-ends of their muskets. One man only, a Mahomedan named Shaikh Paltu, came to help the struggling Europeans, and held the mutineer while they escaped. Meanwhile, other European officers were hurrying to the spot. One of them, Colonel Wheler of the 34th, ordered the guard to seize the mutineer: but no one obeyed him. Then Grant, the brigadier of the station, interposed his superior authority: but still the guard paid no heed. The solitary but successful mutineer was still taunting his comrades for allowing him to fight their battles unaided; the British officers, their authority despised, were still looking helplessly on; when their chief with his two sons rode up at a gallop to the ground. Indignantly he asked his officers why they had not arrested the mutineer. They answered that the guard would not obey orders. "We'll see that," said Hearsey, and descrying the mutineer, he rode towards the quarter-guard. "His musket is loaded," cried an officer. "Damn his musket," answered Hearsey; and then turning to the jamadár, and significantly shaking his revolver, he said, "Listen to me: the first man who refuses to march when I give the word is a dead man. Quick, march!" Sullenly the guard submitted, and followed their master to arrest Mungul Pandy; but he too saw that the day was lost, and in despair

[1] Native sword. [2] Native lieutenant.

turned his musket against himself. He fell wounded; but he did not save himself from a felon's death.[1]

The general had suppressed open mutiny; but he could not hinder secret mischief. Next day the 19th, who had marched quietly and penitently down from Berhampore, knowing that, when they reached their goal, they were to be disbanded, were met at Barasat by some emissaries from the 34th, who urged them to join that regiment in slaughtering the European officers. But the 19th atoned for their past sins by resisting the tempters, and marched on sadly to Barrackpore. There, on the last day of March, confronted by two field batteries and all the European and native troops that could be mustered, they listened to their sentence, piled their arms in obedience to the order which it conveyed, and received their last issue of pay. Then, with Hearsey's kind farewell ringing in their ears, they went their way, cheering their old general; for they knew that, while he punished, he forgave them.[2]

Disbanding of the 19th. March 30.

Very different was the treatment of the sullen 34th. Mungul Pandy was indeed tried and sentenced on the 6th of April, and executed two days later. But though the jamadár who had forbidden his men to aid their officers was sentenced on the 11th, his execution was delayed till the 21st, owing to a difficulty which routine threw in the way. Worse still, the men themselves, who had struck their defenceless officers, were suffered to go absolutely unpunished, because the Governor-General feared that any hasty act of retribution would confirm instead of allaying the evil temper of the army.[3] He did not know that the army attributed his leniency not to humanity but to fear.

Delay of Canning in punishing the 34th.

The records of the proceedings of Government during these months are indeed a melancholy, though not unedifying collection. While the Governor-General ought to have been acting, he was wasting his time in trying to solve casuistical puzzles, writing elegant minutes, and devising elaborate expedients for coaxing

How he acted, and how he ought to have acted.

[1] Letter in *Calcutta Englishman*, April 4, 1857; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 126, 135-7; Cave-Browne's *The Punjab and Delhi in* 1857, vol. i. p. 20; Forrest, pp. 109-31, 178-207.

[2] Forrest, pp. 97-102; Kaye, vol. i. p. 544.

[3] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 20, 21; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 145; pp. 20, 21; Forrest, Introduction, p. 15, and pp. 107, 207, 211.

the sepoys into accepting the cartridges. The cartridges would have offered no terrors to troops who were under a strict discipline, and who had an affectionate confidence in their officers. John Jacob's irregulars laughed at the idea that any sensible man could possibly object to them. Such a healthy state of mind was not indeed to be expected from the Bengal sepoys; but they were not beyond the reach of a drastic remedy. When a number of men are possessed by a delusion, to endeavour to reason away each successive development of their morbid fancies is the surest way to encourage the fertility of the latter. Even if the cartridges had been altogether withdrawn, matters would not have been mended: the sepoys would simply have felt that the Government was afraid of them. If Canning had understood their characters, he would have seen that it was his duty to give one clear and patient explanation of the harmless character of the cartridges that were being issued; then peremptorily to insist on their being accepted and used; and to punish with terrific severity the first man, if necessary the first regiment, that disobeyed.

Excitement at Umballa.

Long before this the infection had spread beyond the furthest limits of the North-Western Provinces. In the middle of March the Commander-in-Chief, who, escorted by the 36th Native Infantry, was engaged on a tour of inspection, had arrived at Umballa. Two non-commissioned officers belonging to a detachment of the 36th, which was already at the station, ran out to welcome their comrades; but, instead of receiving the cheery greeting which they expected, were railed at as perverts to Christianity, handlers of the accursed cartridges. The miserable men ran to the musketry instructor of the Depôt, Lieutenant Martineau, and told him what had befallen them. He saw at once the terrible significance of their story, and promptly took pains to ascertain the feelings of the troops, by whom he was thoroughly trusted. Next day he reported, as the result of his enquiries, to the Assistant Adjutant-General that the whole Bengal army was labouring under a dread of conversion, and had resolved to treat as outcastes any men who should degrade themselves by using the cartridges. The Commander-in-Chief tried himself to soothe the men of the Depôt; but, unable to address them except through an interpreter, he was not likely to succeed when Hearsey had failed. The native officers listened respectfully to

March 20.

his arguments, but privately told Martineau that, though their own fears and those of their men had been removed, the general fears of the army remained. Must they obey the order to use the cartridges, they piteously asked, when obedience would cast them out from the society of their comrades, and even of their own families. Anson was sorely perplexed. He was unwilling to discontinue rifle practice at the Depôt, in deference to prejudices which his best native officers admitted to be groundless; but, when those officers told him that, unless they yielded to the groundless prejudices, their lives would be made a burden to them, he was loth to be severe. At last, however, the Governor-General put an end to his difficulties by deciding that concession would be weakness.

April 4.

As soon as this decision had been made known to the men, fires began to break out in the Government buildings and the officers' bungalows. The authorities, who had not yet learned that incendiarism was the regular symptom of coming mutiny, were long unable to find a clue to the origin of these outrages. Courts of enquiry were held; but no one would come forward to give evidence. Later on, however, a hut belonging to a sepoy attached to the musketry school was set on fire. On the following night five huts belonging to men of the 60th Native Infantry, were burned down. The former outrage was clearly an expression of the hatred felt towards the musketry school sepoys for submitting to use the cartridges. The latter was an act of retaliation. Probably, then, the earlier fires had also been the work of sepoys. Towards the end of April this conjecture was confirmed by the evidence of a Sikh attached to the school, who said that the men had sworn to burn down every bungalow in the station, in revenge for the order to use the cartridges.[1]

Incendiarism. April 17.

April 22.

April 23.

Thus, within three months after the Lascar had told his story, it had become an article of faith with nine-tenths of the sepoys in Northern India. Meanwhile another delusion had fixed itself in their minds. Persuaded that Government had concocted this hellish plot for the destruction of their caste, they could easily believe that, if it could not force its unclean cartridges upon them, it would find some other engine of pollution. The new fable said that the officers were mixing dust ground from the bones of

The bone-dust fable.

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 42-50.

cows with the flour for their men's use, and throwing it into the wells. There had been like stories at earlier periods of Anglo-Indian history; but the times had never before been so favourable for their circulation. That the present belief was no sham was proved by the conduct of the men at Cawnpore, who, though the flour sold there had risen far above its usual price, refused to touch a cheap supply sent specially down from Meerut, because they feared that it had been adulterated. And, while this new lie was adding to the perplexities of the English, they were asking each other what could be the meaning of a mysterious phenomenon which had startled them a few weeks before. In January a strange symbol, the flat cake or chapatty which forms the staple food of the Indian people, began to pass from village to village through the length and breadth of the North-Western Provinces, like the fiery cross that summoned the clansmen of Roderick to battle. Here and there a magistrate tried in vain to stop the distribution. The meaning of the portent has never been positively discovered: but it is certain that many of the natives regarded it as a warning that Government was plotting the overthrow of their religion.[1] Whether or not the authors of the distribution intended to create this belief, the belief itself had its share in unsettling men's minds.

The chapatties.

Meanwhile at Delhi, where Bahádur Shah, the aged representative of the house of Timour, was still suffered to hold his court, the news of the gathering disloyalty of the sepoys had begun to stir the smouldering embers of Mahomedan fanaticism into flame. It was of the last importance to the English to keep a firm hold upon that city; for it contained a vast magazine stored with munitions of war which were practically inexhaustible. Yet they had permitted the palace, which dominated the magazine, to remain in

Excitement at Delhi.

[1] See Kaye, vol. i. pp. 632-9, and Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 268. On the other hand, Major G. W. Williams in his *Memo. on the Mutiny of Meerut* wrote, "The circulation of chapatties so shortly before the outbreak, though appearing to us most mysterious and suspicious, yet, if we may credit the statements of those I have questioned on the subject . . . was not regarded by them as an ill omen, but supposed to have originated in some vow," p. 4. See also Syad Ahmad Khan's *The Causes of the Indian Revolt*, p. 3. The truth evidently is that the chapatties were regarded differently in different districts.

[Mr. M. Thornhill (*Adventures during the Indian Mutiny*, p. 3) says that a similar distribution of chapatties preceded the Mutiny at Vellore in 1806.]

the hands of a Mahomedan prince, and, with incredible folly, had neglected to post a single company of British soldiers to keep a check upon the native garrison.[1] And now the hearts of the Mahomedans were beating fast in the expectation of great political changes by which their city was again to become the imperial city of India. It was universally believed that a vast Russian army was soon coming to expel the English. A native journal announced that Dost Mahomed, the pretended ally of the Governor-General, was secretly encouraging Persia to resist him. The courtiers in the recesses of the palace talked of a general mutiny of the sepoy army as an event sure to happen soon, and believed that it would restore the King to the position of his ancestors, and advance their own fortunes. The King, though for his part he never believed that the sepoys would rally round one so poor and so fallen as himself, fancied that, if the British Government were to be overthrown, a new dominant power would arise, which would treat him more respectfully and considerately than its predecessor had done.[2]

Nana Sahib's tour.

In this gloomy spring of 1857, while the hearts of a turbulent soldiery were failing them for fear, yet vibrating with ambition, while officers and civilians, blind to what was passing around them, were dining, and dancing, and marrying, and giving in marriage, there was one man who, wandering from place to place, and observing the

[1] Kaye (vol. ii. p. 17, note) says that Sir Charles Napier, when Commander-in-Chief, did not lay any stress upon the fact that no European troops were posted in Delhi. He may not have done so in his official correspondence; but in a private letter he wrote "Men from all parts of Asia meet in Delhi, and some day or other much mischief will be hatched within those walls, and no European troops at hand. I have no confidence in the allegiance of your high-caste mercenaries." —*History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 10, note.

[2] Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, pp. 225, 230, 231, 267. This seems the right place to speak of a proclamation, purporting to come from the Shah of Persia, which was posted up on the walls of the Jamma Masjid in Delhi in March, 1857. This proclamation stated that a Persian army was coming to expel the English from India, and called upon all true Mahomedans to put on their armour, and join the invaders.—Kaye (vol. i. p. 483) appears to regard it as genuine; but Sir Theophilus Metcalfe and other witnesses examined at the trial of the king, spoke of it as the work of an impostor, and said that it attracted scarcely any attention. Evidence, &c. pp. 180, 190. The Shah afterwards admitted that he had fomented disaffection in Upper India during the Persian war, and had intended to invade India; but in Oct. 1857 he offered to lend 30,000 men to the British Government.—*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Nov. 24, 1857, p. 455. [John Lawrence pointed out (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. Sess. 2, p. 332), that there was no evidence of any connexion between the intrigues of the King of Delhi with the Shah and the Mutiny itself.]

signs of the times, considered how he might make his profit out of them, but did not yet imagine the grim details of the part that destiny had reserved for *him*. It was not strange that, as the Nana Sahib passed on his way from Bithúr through Kálpi, Delhi, and Lucknow, the English saw nothing remarkable in such unwonted activity on the part of a native nobleman. Never doubting the justice of the decision which had refused to him the continuance of his adoptive father's pension, they did not know the abiding resentment which it had stirred up in his soul. Thus he went his way; and none can tell what foul treasons he was even then hatching. But there is reason to suspect that he had long been trying to stir up native chieftains against the English, and that, at first indifferent, they lent a ready ear to his suggestions after the annexation of Oudh had aroused their alarm.[1]

April.

Henry Lawrence tries to heal discontent in Oudh.

All this time Henry Lawrence was striving with holy zeal at once to redress the grievances of the afflicted people of Oudh, and to disarm their resentment. The officials had hushed their quarrels at his coming, and had united in devotion to his will. He had won the affection of Jackson, though he had not hesitated to reprove his follies; and he had gained the confidence and sympathy of Gubbins. He was able to write, a few weeks after his arrival, that all his subordinates were loyally supporting him.[2] But he had to complain too of the blind haste with which they had forced their improvements on the people, and of the bitter resentment which they had evoked by demolishing houses, seizing religious buildings as Government property, and fixing an excessive rate of revenue in their anxiety to show the profitableness of annexation.[3] Nor had the seditious utterances of the Moulvi been the only dangerous symptoms of discontent. An angry townsman had thrown a clod at Lawrence himself, while he was driving through the streets. But by the seizure and imprisonment of the Moulvi, the prompt payment of the pensions which had been promised to the royal family and their depend-

[1] Kaye, vol. i. p. 579 and note, App. pp. 646-8.

[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 555-7, 564.

[3] Gubbins, the Financial Commissioner, himself admitted that the rate of revenue had, in some instances, been fixed too high.—*Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 9. Still, the total amount raised by the British Government was only Rs. 104,89,755, whereas the ex-king had exacted Rs. 138,03,731.—*Annual Report on the Administration of the Province of Oudh for* 1858-9, p. 32.

ents, the issue of orders for the readmission of the displaced native officials and disbanded native soldiers to employment, and the promise of restitution to the dispossessed landholders, Lawrence quickly restored order, and re-established content among the great mass of the civil population. It was from the sepoy regiments alone that he looked for danger.

Canning hopes that quiet is returning.

While Lawrence was waiting quietly for the storm which he hoped that he would be strong enough to weather,[1] Canning, observing a general lull, deceived himself with the belief that it presaged a lasting calm. Nor was he alone in his want of foresight. It does not appear that a single official of rank in India, except Sir Henry Lawrence, was seriously troubled by forebodings. On the 4th of May John Lawrence wrote that the sepoys at the Siálkot Depôt were charmed with the new rifle. Their officers confirmed his opinion. General Barnard warmly praised the patient zeal of the men at Umballa in extinguishing the fires which, though he would not believe it, some of their own number had caused. The Commander-in-Chief was so little impressed by the symptoms of mutiny which obtruded themselves upon his attention, that he did not think it worth while to make a single representation about them to the home authorities.[2] It was not extraordinary then that the Governor-General, who knew little of India, and who had no genius to supply the lack of experience, should have failed to perceive that a general mutiny was at hand. It was no wonder that he laboured at his ordinary round of business as calmly as if no danger-signals had appeared, and thought that there was no further need for the presence of the regiment which he had fetched from Rangoon.[3] He could not foresee that in a few days he would have cause to rejoice that there had been no vessel to convey it back to Burma when he had ordered its return. Still he could not ignore the misconduct of the 34th, or misunderstand the reports of their daily increasing insolence and untrustworthiness. Yet, whereas he should have long since severely punished these sullen soldiers, and executed the guard who had dared to strike their adjutant, he tortured himself with doubts as to the justice of even disbanding the remaining com-

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 564-5, 568.
[2] *Letters of Indophilus to the Times*, p. 25.
[3] R. Montgomery Martin's *The Indian Empire*, vol. ii. p. 135; H. Mead's *Sepoy Revolt*, p. 59.

panies,—those companies of which not a single man had stirred to arrest their mutinous comrade,—and wasted precious days in wearisome discussion, until the remonstrances of Hearsey and Anson roused him to action. Even then he spent four more days in examining with microscopic accuracy the claims of individuals to indulgence, so that his decision was not made known until the 4th of May, five weeks after the commission of the crime. The delay in punishing, however, was less fatal than the choice of punishment. The disbanded sepoys, stripped of their uniforms, but suffered to retain the Kilmarnock caps which they had paid for themselves, contemptuously trampled under foot these only remaining tokens of their former allegiance to the Company,[1] and, welcoming their so-called punishment as a happy release from bondage, went off with light hearts to swell the number of our enemies. Discontented Europeans muttered against the lenity of the Governor-General; uncompromising journalists openly attacked it;[2] and worst of all, when the order for disbandment was read out at the military stations throughout the country, and the sepoys, after listening to its solemn denunciations of the terrible crime which their comrades had committed, and expecting to hear that a terrible punishment had been inflicted upon them, learned at last that they had been sentenced not to death but to disbandment, they did not care to conceal their contempt for rulers whom they now believed to be afraid to punish them.[3] Henry Lawrence, who understood what an effect the order must have upon the minds of the sepoys, would not allow it to be published at Lucknow.[4] He had lately proved that he was as able to suppress mutiny himself as he was sagacious in detecting the failure of his superiors to suppress it.

Disbandment of the 34th: comments of the sepoys.

The finest sepoy corps at Lucknow, the 48th Native Infantry, was the first to manifest a mutinous spirit. Early in April Dr. Wells, the surgeon of the regiment, feeling unwell, went into the hospital for a bottle of medicine, and raised it to his lips, forgetting that he had thus hopelessly polluted it in the eyes of his Hindu patients. The

Mutiny at Lucknow.

[1] *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 33-4.
[2] *Friend of India*, May 14, 1857, p. 459; *Overland Bombay Times*, 1857, p. 81; Mead, pp. 58-9; *Englishman*, Ap. 8, 1857.
[3] I. Prichard's *Mutinies in Rajpootana*, pp. 24-5.
[4] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 34.

sepoys soon heard what he had done, and raised an outcry for their caste. Their colonel had the bottle broken in their presence, and severely reprimanded the offender; but the matter did not end there. A few days later Wells's bungalow was burned down; and it was soon known that the regiment was thoroughly disaffected. Still no overt act of mutiny took place. But May brought a change. On the 1st of that month the recruits of the 7th Oudh Irregular Infantry refused to accept their cartridges, on the ground that their seniors had warned them that the obnoxious grease had been applied to the ends. The officers laboured, apparently with some success, to explain to their men that the cartridges were precisely the same that they had been in the habit of using. But the day after this explanation had been given, not the recruits only but the whole regiment refused to touch them. Then Lawrence ordered the Brigadier to hold a parade, and try the effect of a conciliatory speech. It was of no use. The men said that they must do as the rest of the army did. Even of the well-intentioned sepoys only the most resolutely faithful could stand against the opinion of their public. Let Englishmen think whether they could have resisted the terrors of social ostracism and religious excommunication before they condemn poor ignorant Asiatics. But this particular regiment was not well-intentioned. On Sunday, the 3rd of May, they were drifting from passive towards active mutiny. When Lawrence heard that they had threatened to murder their officers, he saw that he must act promptly; and, taking with him his whole available force, he marched against the mutineers. It was late in the evening when he confronted them. By the uncertain light of the moon the mutineers saw an irresistible force before them, and were anxiously expecting its movement, when suddenly a port-fire was incautiously lighted by one of Lawrence's artillerymen, and seemed to their guilty imaginations to be the signal for their destruction. First a sepoy here and there stole away: then great gaps appeared in their ranks; and soon all but a hundred and twenty had fled. The rest laid down their arms at Lawrence's order; and before two in the morning the troops had returned to their lines.[1]

May 2.

When Canning heard of this fresh outbreak, he bethought

[1] Gubbins, pp. 3, 10-13; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 562-3, 571; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 217-8.

him of his old remedy, disbandment; but Dorin was beginning to discern the signs of the times, and demanded a severer punishment.[1] The multitude of counsellors were still busily recording their opinions in elaborate minutes, when a telegram was passed from one to another, containing the first dim tidings of a disaster which all felt to be the heaviest that had yet befallen them.

Opinion of Canning and his counsellors thereon.

At the great military station of Meerut were quartered the 11th and 20th regiments of Native Infantry and the 3rd Native Cavalry. The station covered a great extent of ground, and was split into two parts by a deep ditch. On the northern side were scattered a number of officers' bungalows. Beyond them stretched the European barracks. The church stood between the barracks of the infantry and those of the cavalry. A long way off, on the opposite side of the ditch, were the native lines. The intervening space was covered by a wilderness of bazaars, extending southwards in the direction of the town.[2] The radical fault in the plan of the station was the great distance that separated the quarters of the European from those of the native troops.

Meerut.

The Lascar's story had caused even more excitement at Meerut than elsewhere. It was afterwards ascertained that some of the sepoys had made a compact with their comrades at Delhi, promising, in case the cartridges were pressed upon them, to join the regiments there. The English residents, however, feared nothing; for they were guarded by a dragoon regiment, a battalion of the 60th Rifles, and bodies of horse and foot artillery, forming altogether the strongest European force at any post in the North-Western Provinces. Still the officers, confident though they were, did not neglect the usual conciliatory assurances to their men. But the excitement was not abated. At length Colonel Smyth, who commanded the 3rd Native Cavalry, a hard

[1] It is fair to say that on the 12th of May Canning recorded a minute, concurred in by Dorin as well as the other members of Council, in which he said "I did not conceive, that . . . all graver punishments would be swallowed up in disbandment." Dorin's original minute, however, was conceived in a far more vigorous spirit than that of Canning. "The sooner," he wrote, "this epidemic of mutiny is put a stop to the better. Mild measures won't do it. A severe example is wanted . . . I would try the whole of the men concerned for mutiny, and punish them with the utmost rigour of military law."—*Ib.* p. 249, inc. 4 in No. 14, pp. 252-3, inc. 8 in No. 14.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 51; Thornton's *Gazetteer*, vol. iii. p. 449; sketch-plan drawn for me by an officer who was once quartered at Meerut.

and unpopular officer,[1] but one of the few Europeans that had discerned symptoms of disease in the sepoy army, resolved to take advantage of the order for tearing off the ends of the cartridges instead of biting them, to give a final explanation to his troopers. Accordingly, on the 23rd of April, he ordered a parade of the skirmishers of his regiment for the following morning. The cartridges that were to be issued were of the old kind, which the men had long been in the habit of using. A rumour ran through the station that the skirmishers would refuse them; and a fire which broke out in the evening boded disaster. In the course of the night the colonel was informed that the men desired the postponement of the parade: but, as he had heard that the whole army was going to mutiny, he felt that to yield to such remonstrances would be a sin. Early next morning ninety men met him on the parade-ground; but, though he pointed out to them how the new regulation had been drawn up out of consideration for their scruples, five only would even touch the cartridges.[2] He could only break up the parade, and order a court of enquiry to assemble. The court elicited the fact that, as at Umballa, not genuine fear of the cartridges, but fear of public opinion had influenced the mutineers.[3] A report of the proceedings was sent to the Commander-in-Chief; and his orders were awaited. All this time nightly fires told of the evil passions which were working in the sepoys' hearts; but few heeded the warning. Early in May a message came from the Commander-in-Chief, ordering the mutineers to be tried by a native court-martial. They had virtually nothing to say in defence of their conduct. The court sentenced them to ten years' imprisonment; and General Hewitt, the commander of the Division, approved of the sentence for all, except eleven of the younger offenders, half of whose punishment he remitted. On the morning of the 9th of May, beneath a sunless sky darkened by rolling storm-clouds, the whole brigade was assembled to see the culprits disgraced. Stripped of their uniforms, these miserable felons were handed over to the smiths, who riveted fetters on their arms and legs. In vain they entreated their general to have mercy upon them. As they were being led away, they yelled out curses at their colonel.[4] Their brethren, choking with suppressed indignation, longed to strike a blow in

[1] See App. W.

[2] Pamphlet by Col. Smyth, printed for private circulation; Forrest, vol. i. pp. 227-45.

[3] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, p. 178.

[4] Montgomery Martin, vol. ii. p. 146.

their behalf; but fear was stronger than the thirst for vengeance. After gazing passively at the removal of the prisoners to the gaol, they dispersed. There was an unnatural stillness in the lines for the rest of that day; an unwonted respectfulness in the manner of the sepoys towards their officers.[1] But none could interpret the omen. The lines of the sepoys were too far distant from the dwellings of the Europeans for the latter to hear what Mussulman and Hindu were saying of them. In the afternoon a native officer of the disgraced regiment told Lieutenant Hugh Gough, who was temporarily commanding the troop to which he belonged, that the men had determined to rescue their imprisoned comrades. Gough at once went to Colonel Smyth and reported what he had heard: but the colonel ridiculed the story; and Brigadier Archdale Wilson, the commandant of the station, was equally sceptical.[2] Officers jested at mess; civilians talked over the work of the day; ladies chatted gaily in their verandahs. On the Sunday morning the church held its usual congregation; and, when the worshippers returned to their homes, they hardly noticed the unusual absence of their native servants. Here, as elsewhere, the self-satisfied Englishman knew nothing of the inner life of the despised races around him; and he was punished for his neglect by the moral blindness which would not let him guard against their vengeance. Unknown to him, the sepoys were moving to and fro all that Sunday afternoon with war in their hearts; the courtesans were taunting the troopers who had looked on at the humiliation of their comrades, and calling upon them to prove their courage if they dared; the children were wondering at the strange commotion around them; and the budmashes, like foul harpies, were emerging from their haunts, to profit by the troubles which they foresaw. In the hearts of the sepoys a vague but irresistible fear mingled with hatred and the thirst for vengeance, and impelled them to anticipate the doom which they imagined the English to be preparing for them; while stronger than all their passions was the sense of a brotherhood linking them with the rest of the army, and joining with religious fanaticism to hurl them as martyrs against the British battalions, whose power they knew to be stronger than their own.

May 10.

Towards sunset the Christian residents prepared, as usual, for

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 53.
[2] Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. p. 88.

church. One of the chaplain's female servants begged him to stay at home, assuring him that there was going to be a fight. Disregarding her warning, he drove off. But, as he approached the church, his ears caught the sharp reports of volleying musketry; and, looking up, he saw clouds of smoke ascending from burning houses into the air.[1] The woman had told the truth. It was the dread with which the sepoys regarded the movements of the Rifles, whose assemblage for church parade they interpreted as the signal for their own imprisonment, that precipitated the outbreak.[2] Suddenly a cry was raised, "The Rifles and Artillery are coming to disarm all the native regiments"; and the sepoys who were lounging in the bazaars started

[1] *The Chaplain's Narrative of the Siege of Delhi*, by the Rev. J. E. W. Rotton, p. 4.

[2] I have been convinced of this by the arguments of Colonel G. W. Williams, who collected a vast amount of evidence on the subject of the rising at Meerut, and prefaced it by an invaluable little essay, entitled *Memorandum on the Mutiny and Outbreak at Meerut in* 1857. He points out on p. 3 that Nos. 22 to 26 of the Depositions taken under his direction prove that "the mutineers fled as a disorganised mob . . . many towards Dehlie, but others in totally opposite quarters," which they would not have been likely to do, if they had acted upon a prearranged plan. The following extracts from the Depositions strongly support the argument. P. 7. "Q.—Did the regiments preconcert the rebellion? A.—The said regiments did not plot anything beforehand. Had they done so, they would not have kept their wives and children with them as they did. Q.—How then (if there was no preconcerted plan) did the detached guards at some distance from the lines at once join the mutineers? A.—The uproar and confusion was very great, and immediately it reached the guards, they joined their regiments." Other witnesses gave similar replies.—See pp. 10-14. Moreover the native residents in the Bazaar suspected nothing; for "their shops were all open and goods unprotected; men were passing to and fro, paying, realising, and carrying about . . . money; vendors of goods hawking about their wares as usual; and travellers journeying unarmed both to and from the city and district."—*Memo.* p. 6. A girl in the town was indeed told at 2 P.M. on the 10th that there was going to be a mutiny that day; but her informant was probably only repeating some vague utterances of the sepoys; and the incident does not prove more than that the idea of mutiny was "in the air." [Still there is evidence that some sowars of the 3rd Cavalry determined on the 9th to mutiny on the following day. Sir Hugh Gough says (*Old Memories*, pp. 21-2) that the native officer who spoke to him on the 9th warned him that there would be a mutiny on the morrow; and Mr. P. V. Luke shows in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1897, p. 403, that the telegraph wire between Meerut and Delhi was cut soon after 4 P.M. on the 10th. (See also Depositions, pp. 37, 41.) This evidence, however, is not irreconcileable with the depositions which Major Williams collected. The native officer doubtless heard some of the sowars threaten to mutiny on the Sunday: but his statement does not prove the existence of a general plot; and there is no evidence that the sowars who cut the wire acted in pursuance of a generally understood plan. It is indeed probable that even if the panic which precipitated the outbreak had not arisen, and only a few men had mutinied, the rest of the sepoys, though not forewarned, would have followed them: but whoever studies the depositions will,

up, and, followed by a mob of townsmen, rushed wildly to their respective lines.

The 3rd Cavalry took the lead. Some hundreds of the troopers dashed off at a gallop towards the gaol, to the terror of the quiet citizens whom they passed, wrenched out the bars that guarded the windows, and struck the fetters off their comrades. Not all, however, were swept away by the tide of mutiny. Colonel Smyth indeed never went near his regiment from the moment that he heard of their uprising; but two of his officers, Captain Craigie and Lieutenant Melville Clarke, handling their own troop as though mutiny were a thing unknown, brought it to the parade-ground in perfect order.[1] Meanwhile the infantry regiments were surging tumultuously in their lines. Hearing the uproar, the officers hastened thither, and began to remonstrate with their men. The latter were quietly submitting, when suddenly a trooper galloped past, and shouted out that the European troops were coming to disarm them. The 20th at once ran to seize their muskets: but the 11th, who had all along shown the least obstinate spirit, wavered. Colonel Finnis, their commanding officer, was imploring them to be faithful, when some men of the other regiment fired upon him; and he fell riddled with bullets, the first victim of the Indian Mutiny. Seeing the fate of their commandant, and feeling sure that they would never be forgiven, the 11th no longer hesitated to throw in their lot with his murderers.[2]

The thirst of the mutineers for the blood of Christians was only stimulated by the slaughter of Finnis. The convicts, let

I think, arrive at the conclusion that the bulk of the mutineers acted on the spur of the moment, and that no definite plot for a general mutiny had been prearranged. See also *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.*, vol. iii. p. 340.]

There is, however, evidence that the sepoys at Delhi expected that those at Meerut would sooner or later mutiny and come to join them. At the trial of the King of Delhi a news-writer named Jat Mall deposed, "I heard a few days before the outbreak, from some of the sepoys of the gate of the palace, that it had been arranged in case greased cartridges were pressed upon them, that the Meerut troops were to come here, where they would be joined by the Delhi troops."—Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 182. The king's confidential physician, a highly trustworthy witness, deposed that the 38th N.I. "said, that before the breaking out of the mutiny, they had leagued with the troops at Meerut, and that the latter had corresponded with the troops in all other places." *Ib.* p. 158. [On the other hand, the Judge Advocate-General had no authority for saying, in his review of the evidence, that "the sepoy guards at the gate of the palace on Sunday evening . . . spoke openly . . . of what they expected to occur *on the morrow.*" They did not mention any date. *Ib.* p. 185.]

[1] See App. W.

[2] Depositions, pp. 3, 10-12, 14, 25.

loose from the gaols, and fraternising with the native police and the increasing swarm of budmashes, joined in the bloody work. Gangs of these marauders, armed with swords and clubs, roamed about the station, hurled showers of bricks upon every stray European who crossed their path, burst into peaceful dwellings, murdered the inmates, and poured forth again laden with plunder; and the terrified witnesses of this dreadful scene heard mingling with the roar of the flames that leaped up from the fired houses the savage voices of Mahomedans shouting, "Ali, Ali."[1] Soon, however, the sepoys had had enough of pillage: they were sure that the white troops must be coming: "Quick, brother, quick!" was their cry, "Delhi, Delhi"; and the budmashes were left alone.[2] A staff-officer rode to the telegraph office, in the hope of sending a message of warning. He was disappointed. The signaller had already attempted to communicate with Delhi: but there was no reply; and he realised that the wire had been cut.[3] Meanwhile, incredible as it may appear, the Treasury Guard, though beset by extraordinary temptations, remained faithful to their trust.[4] And, even when the rioters were doing their worst, their intended victims never doubted that the white regiments would soon come to rescue and avenge them.

It was not the fault of the British soldier, but of his commander, still more of the system which had given him such a commander, that this hope was unfulfilled. General Hewitt, an infirm old man who had long outlived whatever military capacity he might once have possessed, was almost too inert to be even bewildered by the crisis, and remained simply passive. But Archdale Wilson did make some attempt to grapple with the danger. On receiving the news of the outbreak, he mounted

[1] Williams's Memo., pp. 1, 7.

[2] Letter from Colonel Molleius Le Champion (the Lieut. Moller mentioned in the text), who was an eye-witness of the scene.

[3] Information from Capt. R. H. Peal, late of the Telegraph Department. See also Depositions, pp. 37, 41, and *Pioneer*, April 1, 1897.

[4] The following is one of several instances recorded by Colonel Williams of the inconsistency so often remarked in the conduct of the native soldiers during the Mutiny:—"A few days after the outbreak at Meerut, a small guard of the 8th Irregular Cavalry . . . of their own accord and for greater safety, escorted the Office records and Treasure-chest in their charge from Meerut to Agra, fighting their way down, and, when attacked by insurgent villagers, beating them off with heavy loss. They were well rewarded for their fidelity; yet, in less than two months after, deserted almost to a man."

his horse, ordered the British artillery to join him on the parade-ground of the Rifles, galloped thither himself, and directed the colonel to dismiss his men from church-parade, and reassemble them for action.[1] But there was delay in supplying the Rifles with ammunition, and the Dragoons were nowhere to be seen; for, as they were on their way to grapple with the sepoys, Wilson had turned them back, and sent them on a bootless errand to the gaol.[2] At last Hewitt appeared on the parade-ground, and, though too helpless to take the initiative himself, suffered Wilson to act for him. Placing himself at the head of the Artillery, and some companies of the Rifles, Wilson marched for the Infantry lines. But the sepoys had not failed to take advantage of the incompetence of their officers. Only a few stray troopers remained near the lines; and even these easily found refuge in a wood, concealed in which they laughed at the efforts of the artillerymen to destroy them. Then the British began a hunt in the dark for the mutineers. Marching in breathless haste to their own quarter of the station, they found only a few unarmed plunderers on whom to wreak their vengeance. By that time great numbers of the mutineers were far on their way to Delhi. Many of them had at first not known their own minds. Hardly had they got outside the station when the leaders of the cavalry stopped to consider what they should do next. The majority were for taking refuge in Rohilkhand; but one pointed out that the best course would be to make a dash for Delhi; and his counsel prevailed.[3] Marvelling to find that they had escaped all reprisals, the mutineers never doubted, as they pressed on by the light of the moon, that the White Man, rousing himself from his lethargy, was pursuing, and would soon overwhelm them.[4]

But they were never for a moment in danger. Asserting that it was his duty to provide for the safety of the station of which he was Brigadier, Wilson left Delhi to perish because he dared not leave Meerut exposed to the attacks of the escaped

[1] G. W. Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 260-62.

[2] I have not seen it anywhere positively stated that Wilson gave this order; but Colonel Le Champion has written to me, "I have always heard it was Brigadier Wilson"; and, as Hewitt expressly said to Le Champion, "I give no orders without Wilson's permission," I am sure that the statement in the text is true. See also letters from Colonel Custance and Colonel Le Champion, quoted by Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 687-91.

[3] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. 1859, p. 335, par. 15; Depositions, p. 8.

[4] Forrest, pp. 261-2; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, p. 101.

convicts and the budmashes. He forgot that one half of his British soldiers was sufficient for the permanent protection of the station, now freed from its most dangerous enemies; and that the other half, led by able officers, of whom there were some even at Meerut, would have been able to punish the mutineers, and to reinforce their destined victims.[1] But there were at least two men who felt indignant that one of the strongest garrisons in India should take no thought for the safety of any station but its own. Captain Rosser of the Dragoons offered to arrest the flight of the mutineers, if but one squadron of his regiment and a few guns were allowed to accompany him. Lieutenant Möller of the 11th entreated Hewitt to allow him to ride to Delhi, and warn the authorities of their danger.[2] These brave men were not suffered to retrieve the errors of their superiors.

The baffled Europeans bivouacked on their parade-ground, but did nothing to help the suffering people for whose protection they had been retained, though the sullen roar of a thousand fires lighting up the darkness of the night might have warned them to be up and doing. It was not to them but to a few faithful natives that those who were saved owed their lives. Greathed, the Commissioner, and his wife had fled to the roof of their house on the first sound of tumult; but their furniture was set on fire by a band of ruffians,[3] and they must soon have perished but for the devotion of one of their servants, Golab Khan. While they expected every moment to be destroyed by the flames, this man, pretending that he could point out their hiding-place, decoyed away their enemies, and thus gave them time to escape.[4] Not less heroic was the self-sacrifice of Craigie's

[1] See App. B.

[2] "Dr. O'Callaghan," says Mr. H. G. Keene, "mentions Rosser's offer (contradicted by Kaye), and has since informed me that . . . he was only fifteen feet from the Brigadier when Rosser spoke, who then came over, reined up his horse by O'Callaghan's side, and repeated to him what he had said." Möller made his offer before the mutineers left Meerut.

[3] H. Greathed's *Letters written during the Siege of Delhi*, App. ii. p. 291.

[4] An Afghán pensioner, named Syad Mir Khan, also risked his life in endeavouring to repel a mob which had collected round the Commissioner's house. His account of his own exploits is so exquisitely comic that I cannot resist the pleasure of quoting from it. "The mob appearing," he deposed, "I attacked them with great ferocity like a terrible lion . . . By the favour of God I fought many actions with the mutineers . . . The above is but a short account of my doings, if I were to detail them it would be immense."—Depositions, etc., pp. 17-18.

troopers, who, posting themselves outside his bungalow, protected his wife from the attacks of a savage mob. But when daylight revealed the grim charred skeletons of what had been neat bungalows, the heaps of property wantonly destroyed, and the mutilated corpses, the soldiers, though they burned to be avenged upon the ruffians who had wrought this destruction, were forbidden by their officers to stir. Not all, however, were paralysed by this effeminate weakness. Lieutenant Möller, resolving to execute justice upon the murderer of a brother officer's wife, sought and obtained evidence of his identity; tracked, arrested, and carried him back to cantonments single-handed; and then delivered him over to the judgement of a drum-head court-martial, by whose sentence he was summarily hanged.

Thus even Meerut had its heroes. The negligence which had permitted the great disaster, the apathy which had made no effort to retrieve it, were half redeemed by the promptitude of Clarke and Craigie, the daring of Rosser, the gallant self-sacrifice of Golab Khan, the chivalrous courage of the faithful troopers of the 3rd, the swift vengeance of Lieutenant Möller.

Delhi.

On the morning of the 11th the sun which exposed the nakedness and desolation of the wrecked station of Meerut was shining gloriously upon the gorgeous mosques and palaces of Delhi. The great city wore its usual aspect. The traders were chaffering with their voluble customers. The civil authorities were patiently listening to suitors, or trying prisoners in cutcherry. The officers were preparing for breakfast after morning parade, in happy ignorance of what had passed the night before. Even the sepoys, though emissaries from Meerut had come among them on the previous afternoon, masked their feelings so cleverly that only a few penetrating eyes could see anything unusual in their demeanour. Suddenly the civil authorities were startled at their work by messengers who reported that a line of horsemen had been seen galloping along the high road from Meerut. Not at once realising the whole import of the news, they nevertheless lost no time in acting upon it. The magistrate galloped to the cantonments, and put Graves, the Brigadier, upon his guard, while another civilian hurried off to warn Lieutenant Willoughby, the chief officer of the great magazine, to look to the safety of his charge. Meanwhile, however, the rebel horsemen, followed by some of the infantry, had made good their entrance into Delhi. Some, after

fording the Jumna a little below the city, had burst open the gaol, and released the prisoners. The foremost of the main body rode straight for the palace, and, surging round its walls, clamoured fiercely for admittance, boasting that they had already slaughtered the English at Meerut, and crying, "Help, O King! we pray for assistance in our fight for the faith." In vain Captain Douglas, the commandant of the palace guards, came out upon the balcony, and called down to them that their King desired them to depart. Unable to force an entrance where they were, they made for the Rájghát gate, which was thrown open to them by a Mahomedan rabble, and then, with these new allies in their train, rushed back towards the point from which they had started, firing every European dwelling, and murdering every European inhabitant upon their route; while the citizens shut up their shops in terror, and trembled as they thought of the retribution which the English would exact for such wickedness.[1] On returning to the palace, the mutineers were joined by the guards and the King's dependents, to whose loyalty Douglas and Fraser, the Commissioner, were fruitlessly appealing, their once dreaded voices drowned by the insolent shouts of the multitude. Falling back before the advancing crowd, Douglas leaped into the moat, and, wounded cruelly by his fall, was carried by some natives into the palace; but Fraser reached the Lahore gate[2] unhurt, and, while his injured friend was being taken up to his apartments, remained himself in the court below, and made a last effort to control the furious mob who were pressing into it. While he was speaking, a lapidary cut him down: some of the guards despatched him; and the rest, rushing upstairs, smashed open the door, and massacred the collector, the chaplain, his daughter and a lady who was staying with him, and the helpless Douglas. Soon the rest of the Meerut infantry arrived, and joined the murderers; while another party of troopers, who had just come up, finding what their comrades had achieved, and eager to rival their exploits, went off to the Darya Ganj, to work their will upon the Eurasian[3] Christians and poorer Europeans who lived in that quarter of the city.[4] Some were slaughtered on the spot: others, who had barricaded

[1] Kaye, vol. ii. p. 77. [2] Of the palace, not the city.

[3] Eurasian—a person born of a European father and an Indian mother, or any person of mixed European and Indian origin.

[4] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 58-61, 63, 65-6; Evidence taken before the Court

themselves in houses, or fled to the river side, were soon overpowered, and thrown into a room beneath the palace. After being confined for five days in this dark and pestilential dungeon, ill-fed and constantly insulted, but defying their tormentors to the last, they were dragged out to execution,[1] and their bodies flung into the river.

May 16.

Meanwhile another gang of mutineers had chosen for their operations the portion of the city in which the chief public buildings were situated. Here the teachers in the Government colleges were slain in the midst of their work:[2] the manager of the bank was cut down with his wife after a gallant defence in which she had supported him: the missionaries, European and native, were murdered without distinction; and the compositors at the Delhi Press, who had just finished printing special editions of the *Gazette*, announcing the crisis of which they were themselves to be the victims, fell at their posts. Here too the church was foully desecrated. In the telegraph office outside the city a young signaller named Brendish was standing, with his hand upon the signalling apparatus. Beside him was his fellow signaller, Pilkington; and Mrs. Todd, the widow of their chief, who had been murdered a few hours before, was there too with her child. They heard the uproar and the rattle of musketry; and native messengers brought news of the atrocities that were being enacted in the city. Flashed up the wires to Umballa, to Lahore, to Ráwalpindi and to Peshawar, this message warned the authorities of the Punjab, "We must leave office. All the bungalows are on fire, burning down by the sepoys from Meerut. They came in this morning. We are off." More fortunate than their countrymen in the city, the boys, with their helpless charge, were in time to escape the fate which, in the performance of their duty, they had dared.

May 11.

Before these things took place, the Brigadier had acted upon the information which he had received, feeling sure that the English regiments from Meerut would soon come to his support. The cantonments, in which the bulk of his force was posted,

appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, pp. 183, 186, 189, 199, 202; see also Kaye, vol. ii. p. 79, note.

[1] A Mrs. Aldwell and her three children saved their lives by pretending to be Mahomedans.—Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 203.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 67; *Pioneer Mail*, March 4, 1897; *Macmillan's Magazine*, Oct. 1897, pp. 404-5. See App. W.

were situated upon a high ridge, about two miles north-west of the city. Colonel Ripley of the 54th, leaving a portion of his regiment to escort two guns which were to follow him under Captain de Teissier, marched with the remainder towards the Kashmír gate, the nearest entrance to the city. He had just reached the main-guard near the gate, where a detachment of the 38th under Captain Wallace was on duty, when he found his progress disputed by the troopers of the 3rd cavalry. Wallace ordered his men to fire upon the mutineers; but they insolently refused. The troopers fired their pistols at the officers of the 54th, six of whom fell dead. The 54th did indeed fire at the word of command, but only into the air, and then, bayoneting their own colonel, joined the 38th and the cavalry. When the murderers heard that de Teissier's guns were coming down, they turned and fled. The guns, on their arrival, were placed at the main-guard; while Wallace, who had galloped back to hasten their advance, rode on, after he had met them, to beg for further succours. A few companies of the 38th, the 74th, and a handful of artillerymen formed the whole of the Brigadier's force. Not a man of the 38th responded to Wallace's appeal: but, when Major Abbott, who commanded the 74th, called upon his men to prove their loyalty, they came forward in a body, and demanded to be led against the mutineers.[1] Taking them at their word, he marched them down with two more guns to strengthen the main guard. He and his countrymen whom he had left behind at cantonments had still an afternoon of terrible anxiety to live through. The Brigadier and his officers, wondering why no succours came from Meerut, laboured manfully to keep their mutinous men in check, and placed the women and children and their servants for safety in a building known as the Flagstaff Tower. There, huddled together in a room smaller than the Black Hole of Calcutta, was collected a great company of every age and class, frightened children crying and clinging to their not less frightened ayahs, women bewailing the deaths of their husbands or brothers, others bravely bearing up against heat, and discomfort, and anxiety, and busily unfastening cartridges for the men. At last, when the agony of waiting for help became insupportable, a young Englishman offered to ride to Meerut for reinforcements:

[1] *i.e.* all who were present, about 240. The rest were distributed in detachments over cantonments.

but he had only gone a little way when he was shot by the men of the 38th on guard at the powder magazine. Then Dr. Batson of the 74th started on the same errand, disguised as a native; but he too was fired upon, and escaped, only to be robbed and stripped by the villagers.[1] There is no reason to suppose, however, that, even if these brave men had succeeded in reaching Meerut, their devotion would have shamed the authorities into action.

Meanwhile the officers at the main-guard were keeping watch over their men, knowing nothing of what was passing elsewhere, except what they could gather from the stray fugitives who from time to time joined them. Only the distant roar in the great city suggested to their imaginations the horrors that were being wrought within its walls.

While the two parties at the main-guard and at cantonments were in this suspense, both were startled by the sound of a tremendous explosion, and, looking towards the city, saw a cloud of white smoke, followed by a coronal of red dust, rising into the air.[2] They knew that the great magazine had been blown up. Was it accident or design? Presently two artillery subalterns came into the main-guard, and told the story.

Warned of the approach of the mutineers, Lieutenant Willoughby had lost no time in sending to the Brigadier for help. The young officer well knew that the possession of his magazine, with its vast stores of ammunition, would be eagerly coveted by the mutineers, and that, standing as it did close to the palace, it must be an early object of attack. He could not trust his native guards, and he had only eight Europeans[3] to support him; but he could depend upon these for any sacrifice, and he could depend upon himself. For, though chance acquaintances saw in him only a shy, refined, boyish-looking subaltern, his friends knew that, in the cause of duty, he would face any danger.[4] No help came in answer to his appeal: the suffering and the glory of that day were for him and his gallant eight alone. His dispositions were soon made. Barricading the outer gates of the magazine, he placed guns inside them, and assigned

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 68-9, 71, 73-4; *Times*, Aug. 18, 1857, p. 3, cols. 4, 5.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 83.

[3] Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors Buckley, Shaw, and Scully; Sub-Conductor Crow, and Sergeants Edwards and Stewart.

[4] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 41.

to each man his post. But what if defence should fail? He had another plan in reserve. A train was laid from the powder store to a tree standing in the yard of the magazine. Here stood Conductor Scully, who had volunteered to fire the train whenever his chief should give the signal. If the enemy broke into the stronghold, they should find death, not plunder within. For a time, however, the enemy seemed to hesitate. It was because they and their King feared the vengeance of the white troops from Meerut. But at last the King's scouts told him that no white troops were coming.[1] Then he gathered confidence to demand the surrender of the magazine. The garrison did not even answer the summons; and, when the multitude no longer hesitated to advance, opened fire upon them from every gun. The most daring of the assailants planted ladders against the walls, and came swarming in; but the guns, served with incredible swiftness, though the gunners were exposed to a fearful musketry fire, poured round after round of grape into their midst. Yet so great were their numbers that the survivors, strengthened by the native guards, who had treacherously joined them, must soon have overpowered the little band of Englishmen. Still Willoughby hoped on. He had defended his magazine for three hours, and he would still defend it against any odds if only reinforcements were coming. Running to the river bastion, he bent over for a last look towards Meerut. No English were to be seen. Then, resolving that, though his countrymen had failed him, he would be true to himself, he gave the fatal order to Conductor Buckley: Buckley raised his hat as a signal; and Scully fired the train. In a moment some hundreds of rebels were destroyed, 3.30 P.M. while many more without were struck down by flying splinters of shot and shell. Lieutenants Forrest and Raynor, Conductors Buckley and Shaw, and Sergeant Stewart lived to wear the Victoria Cross: but Scully died where he fell, too cruelly wounded to escape; and Willoughby only survived to be murdered on his way to Meerut.[2]

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 77; Rotton, p. 20; *Hist. of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 39.

[2] G. W. Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 264; Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 75-9. Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, pp. 186-7. It is stated in the *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there (p. 38), that "Scully . . was killed, when trying to escape, by a sowar."

At the sound of the explosion the mutinous sepoys flung off every remnant of disguise. The natives of all classes believed that the King had turned against the English; and his followers, assured that the day had come for the restoration of the Mogul Empire and the revived supremacy of Islam, were burning with the lust of plunder and the more terrible passion of religious fanaticism. Suddenly the 38th at the main-guard fired a volley at their officers. Three fell dead. Two of the survivors rushed up to the bastion of the main-guard, and jumped down thirty feet into the ditch below. The rest were following, when hearing the shrieks of women in the guard-room, they ran back under a storm of bullets to rescue them. The women were shuddering as they looked down the steep bank, and asking each other whether it would be possible to descend, when a round shot, whizzing over their heads, warned them not to hesitate. Fastening their belts and handkerchiefs together, the officers let themselves down, and then, having helped the women to follow, carried them with desperate struggles up the opposite side.[1] Meanwhile at the Flagstaff Tower, though the men of the 74th who had remained behind continued respectful, those of the 38th were becoming every minute more insolent. At last an officer suggested that it was time to retreat. The Brigadier was indignant. He could not abandon his post, he said. But the sun was fast sinking; there was no prospect of succour; and there was nothing to be gained by remaining. At last the Brigadier gave way. Accordingly the women and children and a few of the officers got into their carriages and drove down the hill towards cantonments. The sepoys marched obediently for a few minutes; but once in cantonments, they began to disperse, hinting to their officers that they had better make haste if they wanted to save themselves. The fugitives could see their deserted bungalows already on fire.[2] Then began that piteous flight, the first of many such incidents which hardened the hearts of the British to inflict a terrible revenge, not more for the physical sufferings of their kindred than for their humiliation by an inferior race. Driven to hide in jungles or morasses from despicable vagrants, robbed and scourged and mocked by villagers who had en-

7 P.M.

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 80; Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 205.

[2] Narrative of Mr. Le Bas in *Fraser's Magazine*, Feb. 1858, pp. 186-8.

trapped them with promises of help, scorched by the blazing sun, blistered by burning winds, half-drowned in rivers which they had to ford or swim across, naked, weary, and starving, they wandered on; while some fell dead by the wayside, and others, unable to move further, were abandoned by their sorrowing friends to die on the road.[1] But some, who reached at last a haven of refuge, had to tell of genuine acts of kindness shown to them in their distress by the subject-people.[2]

The outbreak at Meerut was soon seized upon by an unerring instinct as the real starting point of the Indian Mutiny; for the weakness of Hewitt and of Wilson allowed the mutineers to seize the imperial city of India with its inexhaustible munitions of war, and to enlist the influence of the Mogul's name on their side, and thus yielded to them an immense moral and material advantage at the very outset of their operations. Now that they had proved their strength, they could confidently appeal to the discontented who had hitherto longed but feared to rebel. It is impossible to do more than conjecture whether, if the outbreak at Meerut had been crushed, the Indian Mutiny would have been nipped in the bud. Perhaps, if there had been a Nicholson at Meerut to annihilate the mutinous regiments, the whole Bengal army might have taken warning by their fate. But it may be that their passions, having been so long allowed to gather strength, could not at that late hour have been at once extinguished, but would have only smouldered on for a time, to burst forth thereafter with still more awful fury. It may even be that nothing short of a mutiny could have awakened the rulers to a sense of their shortcomings.

On the 12th of May Canning, perhaps uneasily conscious of the popular verdict upon his treatment of mutineers, declared in a minute that that treatment had not been too mild.[3] On the very same day a telegram from Agra announced the outbreak at Meerut. Dorin tried at first to disbelieve a report which suggested so rude a comment upon the policy in which he had

[1] Letter from an officer of the 38th N. I. to the *Times*, Aug. 6, 1857, p. 7, col. 4. See also numerous other letters and pamphlets written by survivors. [Many of these narratives will be found in *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*.]

[2] "The Mahometan villagers distinguished themselves by their cruelty . . . Some were protected and kindly treated for weeks by Hindoo villagers."—*History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 40. See also Dr. Batson's narrative, *Times*, Aug. 18, 1857, p. 3, cols. 4, 5.

[3] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 253, inc. 8 in No. 14.

concurred. But further details kept coming in; and the main facts of the risings at Meerut and Delhi were known on the 14th. Like the lightning-flash, which makes itself seen even by closed eyes, the great disaster penetrated the mental blindness of the Government. Men looked anxiously to see how they would act upon their knowledge, and tried to combat their distrust of the ruler to whom they felt that loyalty was due.

Action of Canning.

When Canning heard the news, he thought of what Gillespie had done with his dragoons at Vellore, and asked indignantly why the powerful European force at Meerut had tamely suffered such a disaster.[1] For, though he had not yet learned to spurn the feeble counsels of his advisers, his spirit was never for a moment cowed by the blow. Yet, though he might fairly complain of the false economy that had weakened the strength of the British force in India, it was his own fault that so few British regiments were immediately available. If he had formed an accurate diagnosis of the events which had passed at Berhampore, at Barrackpore, and at Umballa, he would long ago have summoned to his aid the regiments whose tardy arrival he was now forced to await. Even those who would not blame him for having lacked a foresight which only a great statesman would have displayed, will hardly defend him if it can be shown that he neglected to avail himself of the resources that lay ready to his hand. Of this neglect he was guilty. He allowed the 84th to remain inactive at Barrackpore for eight days after he heard of the outbreak at Meerut, though ever since the 6th of May it had been disengaged. Nor was this all. On the 17th he received a telegram from Lord Elphinstone, the Governor of Bombay, containing an offer to send a fast steamer with despatches to England: but he saw no reason for authorising such irregular energy. Fortunately, however, the successful conclusion of the Persian war had set free a considerable body of troops who were now on their way back to Bombay. These he ordered to be sent on instantly to Calcutta.

May 14.

At the same time he ordered the 43rd, and the 1st Madras Fusiliers to be kept ready for embarkation at the southern Presidency; despatched a steamer to fetch the

May 16.

35th from Pegu; telegraphed to Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, to order John Lawrence to send down every available

[1] Kaye, vol. i. p. 597.

Sikh and European soldier from the Punjab to Delhi; begged the Governor of Ceylon to send him as many men as he could spare; and took upon himself the responsibility of diverting from its course an army which was then on its way to punish the insolence of the Chinese Government.[1] Contemporary journalists and pamphleteers were loud in asserting that he ought not to have the sole credit, which was surely not very great, of the idea of sending for reinforcements; but the suggestions of others had nothing to do with his determination. He gave his two most trusted lieutenants, Henry and John Lawrence, full authority to act as they might think best in Oudh and the Punjab. Finally, to supplement his material resources by a moral stimulus, he empowered commanding officers to reward on the spot native soldiers who might perform distinguished acts of loyalty, and at last issued that reassuring order to the sepoy army on the subject of its religion and its caste which Birch had long ago recommended, but against which the Adjutant-General had successfully pleaded. But the order was issued too late. Had it been published before, and preceded by the condign punishment of the Barrackpore mutineers, it might have done some good. The effect which it actually produced upon those whom it was meant to conciliate was shown by a proclamation which the King of Delhi in his turn issued towards the end of May: "If the infidels now become mild," said he, "it is merely an expedient to save their lives."[2]

May 10.

May 16.

On the same day on which the Governor-General heard the first vague rumour of the great disaster, a clear though incomplete statement of the main facts reached the Commander-in-Chief at Simla. He was in poor health at the time, and was looking forward to a shooting excursion in the hills. Naturally, therefore, he could not at first bring himself to believe the whole truth of the announcement. Still he could not entirely ignore it. At first he contented himself with sending an order to Kasauli for the 75th Regiment to march thence to Umballa, and to the Company's European regiments at Subáthu and Dagshai to hold themselves in readiness to march. Next day, however, becoming more alive

May 12. Action of General Anson the Commander-in-Chief.

May 13.

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4th July, 1857, p. 662.
[2] Mead, p. 108.

to the magnitude of the danger, he directed the last-named regiments actually to put themselves in motion, and the Sirmúr battalion of Gurkhas to move down from Dehra to Meerut. Seeing the paramount necessity of securing the great magazines in the Punjab, he warned the commandants of those at Ferozepore, Govindgarh, and Phillaur to be on their guard. Finally, he ordered a siege-train to be made ready at Phillaur, and directed the Nasíri battalion of Gurkhas and a detachment of the 9th Irregular Cavalry to prepare to escort it to Umballa.

But he did not himself stir from Simla till the following day. From Umballa, which he reached on the 15th, he wrote to the Governor-General, complaining of the insurmountable obstacles which the want of transport, of ammunition, and of siege-artillery threw in his way. And in truth he hardly overrated his difficulties. He had had little more than a year's experience of Indian life when he was called upon to face a crisis far greater than that which, eight years before, had tested the mettle of a Napier. Blind, like his fellows, to every sign of disaffection, he had made no preparations for coming trouble. His departmental officers, unable to extricate themselves from the clogging processes of routine in which they had been educated, gave him no support. With provoking unanimity the Quarter-master-General, the Adjutant-General, the Commissary-General, and the head of the Medical Department told him that the tasks which he had set them were impossible. Dalhousie had, from motives of economy, abolished the permanent transport service;[1] and the Commissary-General, who had no authority to draw upon the resources of the country, was at the mercy of native contractors. While Anson could thus get small encouragement from those around him, he saw no cheering signs in the distant outlook. He could not hope for aid from the native regiments in the Punjab. He might, however, at least have disarmed the native regiments at Umballa, and thus have set himself free for an immediate march on Delhi. John Lawrence implored him to take this obvious step. But he listened to the remonstrances of the Umballa officers, who told him that they had guaranteed their men against the shame of being disarmed, and would not

His difficulties.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlv. 1856 (Dalhousie's Farewell Minute, par. 160); letter from Canning, quoted by Kaye, vol. ii pp. 167-8; information from Mr. H. G. Keene.

hearken to the counsels of the Chief Commissioner. It was in vain that the latter pointed out to him that the sepoys' repeated acts of disobedience had absolved him from the duty of observing their officers' pledges. He resolved to trust men who had shown themselves unworthy of trust, and thought to bind them to loyalty by proclaiming the resolve of Government to respect their religion. It was no time for proclamations.[1]

May 19.

There were two men, however, whose unconquerable energy was all this time supporting the Commander-in-Chief, and making up for the failures of the Departments. No sooner had Forsyth, the Deputy-Commissioner at Umballa, received the news from Delhi than he despatched a message to warn his Chief, George Barnes, the Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States, who was then at Kasauli, and hastened to make all necessary arrangements in his absence. First he organised a body of Sikh police to protect Umballa. Then he proceeded to organise a system for the defence of the whole of the Cis-Sutlej States. Fortunately the means of defence were independent of the sluggish motions of department-governed battalions. In the wide district between the Sutlej and the Jumna were a number of Sikh chieftains, whose ancestors many years before had sought and obtained the protection of the English against the encroachments of Ranjít Sing. In anticipation of the Commissioner's sanction, Forsyth applied for help to the Rajas of Patiála and of Jhínd. The Raja of Patiála promptly sent a body of troops to Thaneswar, to keep open the road to Karnál, where the troops from Umballa were to assemble; while the Raja of Jhínd, who, on hearing the news from Delhi, had voluntarily sent to Umballa to ask for instructions, hastened, at Barnes's request, to Karnál, to protect that station, and thus preserve an unbroken communication between Umballa and Meerut.[2] The Nawab of Karnál had already paved the way for the coming of the Raja by exerting his influence in the cause

Barnes and Forsyth support him.

May 12.

Loyalty of Cis-Sutlej chiefs.

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 189, 193-4, 203, 208, 377-9; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, May, 1857; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv., Part 3, pp. 200-1; Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 138-41, 167-8; G. W. Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 277-82.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 190-1; *Punjab Mutiny Report*, p. 85, par. 7, p. 97, par. 9. This document is to be found in *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859).

of order. Presenting himself before the chief civil authority at Karnál, he had said, "Sir, I have spent a sleepless night in meditating on the state of affairs. I have decided to throw in my lot with yours. My sword, my purse, and my followers are at your disposal." Thus early the more sagacious of the natives foresaw the ultimate triumph of the British.

Meanwhile Barnes himself, who had reached Umballa on the night of the 13th, was actively suppressing the disaffection which had followed swiftly upon the events at Meerut and Delhi, posting guards at the fords of the Jumna, and sending out the contingents of the native rajas and jágirdárs to maintain order in the districts. When the success of these precautionary measures was apparent, he and his lieutenant began to collect carriage and stores for Anson's troops, to make up for the shortcomings of the commissariat. Their energy carried all before it, though the natives of every class, bankers, tradesmen, contractors, and coolies, tried to keep aloof, fearing the downfall of the English Ráj.[1]

Panic at Simla.

While, however, the labours of the civilians were removing most of his difficulties, Anson was suddenly disquieted afresh by the news that the Nasíri Gurkhas, complaining that, while they had been ordered to undertake a distant service, their pay had been allowed to fall into arrear and no provision had been made for the safety of their families, had mutinied near Simla. The Deputy-Commissioner Lord William Hay and the officers of the regiment remained at their posts; but the English inhabitants, dreading the same fate that had befallen their brethren at Meerut

May 16.

and Delhi, fled headlong from the station, women screaming to their servants to carry their children faster out of danger, men offering bribes to the bearers to carry their baggage and leave the women to shift for themselves.[2] The Gurkhas, however, were simply out of temper with the English, and had no thought of touching a hair of their heads. Anson entrusted Captain Briggs, an officer who thoroughly knew the temper of the hill-tribes, with the work of bringing the mutineers to reason. Feeling that it was necessary to conciliate them at all costs, as, while their defection lasted, the siege-train must remain idle at Phillaur, he restored them to good-humour by granting

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 192-3; *Punjab Mutiny Report*, pp. 86-7, pars. 12-3, p. 97, par. 15.

[2] Robertson, pp. 81-2; Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 196-202.

their demands and offering a free pardon to all. Then, ashamed of their groundless panic, the fugitives returned to their homes.

While his forces were moving down, Anson was discussing the plan of his campaign with John Lawrence. He tried to convince him of the imprudence of risking an advance against Delhi with so small a force as he could command. His idea was to concentrate his whole force between the Sutlej and the Jumna, and, permitting the fire of rebellion to burn itself out within these limits, to wait until the arrival of reinforcements should enable him to quench it once for all.[1] But the sagacity of Lawrence discerned the paramount necessity of striking a swift and staggering blow at Delhi. The instinct of the mutineers had seized upon the imperial city as the head-centre of revolt, the possession of which would give a national dignity to their cause. The instincts of the Governor-General and of the Chief Commissioner told them that the one counter-stroke that could restore the shattered dignity of their rule would be the recovery of this stronghold. They were prepared to sacrifice everything to this grand object. It was only natural that, in their eagerness and their ignorance of military affairs, they should underrate the difficulties which the Commander-in-Chief complained of. Lawrence said bluntly but good-humouredly that he could see nothing in the organisation of the Departments to prevent their working effectively; but that, at the worst, the army might surely march for so great a stake with three or four days' provisions in their knapsacks, and trust for further supplies to the people of the country. Canning even went so far as to demand that Anson should take Delhi with a part of his force, and detach the remainder to overawe the districts between Delhi and Cawnpore.

Correspondence of Anson with Canning and John Lawrence. May 17.

May 21.

May 31.

Overruled by the commands of his chief, but sorely doubting his ability to fulfil them, Anson had already made up his mind to march against Delhi. Weakened though he was by sickness, tortured by anxiety, he strove, like a good and faithful servant of the State, to push forward his preparations.[2] But, before he

[1] Extract from an unpublished memoir by Colonel Baird Smith, quoted by Kaye, vol. ii. p. 149, note. See also Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 28.

[2] See an article by Sir Henry Norman in the *Fortnightly Review* for April 1883, pp. 542-3.

could begin his march, it was necessary that he should communicate with the general at Meerut; and it was believed that the road from Karnál to Meerut was in possession of mutineers.

Hodson's ride.

In this extremity, William Hodson, a lieutenant of the Company's 1st Fusiliers, begged to be allowed to open a passage to the distant station. Anson consented; and, on the 20th of May, Hodson, escorted by a corps of Jhínd Horse, started from Karnál with a message for Hewitt. "Hodson is at Umballa, I know," said an officer at Meerut, "and I'll bet he will force his way through and open communications with the Commander-in-Chief and ourselves." The officer knew his man. In seventy-two hours, having ridden a hundred and fifty-two miles through an enemy's country, delivered his message, and obtained all the required information, Hodson returned to Karnál. Hurrying on in the mail-cart, he presented himself within another four hours before his chief at Umballa.[1] But he had been anticipated. On the road to Meerut, he met Captain Sanford, who, escorted by only twenty-five loyal men of the 3rd Light Cavalry, was himself carrying despatches from Hewitt, which he had volunteered to deliver to Anson.[2] Now

Anson's plan of campaign. May 24.

that he had acquired the information for which he had waited, Anson drew up his plan of campaign, and recorded it in a despatch which he wrote for the instruction of General Hewitt. He intended, he said, to assemble his army at Karnál; to march thence on the 1st of June; to enter Bágpat on the 5th; to await there the arrival of Hewitt with his contingent from Meerut; and then to advance to the attack of Delhi. But he was not suffered to execute even the first stage of his design. Sending on the

May 27. His death.

main body of his troops before him, he followed with the last batch on the 25th of May. Two days later he was lying dead of cholera at Karnál.

His character.

General Sir Henry Barnard, who succeeded him in the command of the Delhi force, made a generous effort to refute the charge of incompetence which men had begun to bring against him: but he only half succeeded; for the late Commander-in-Chief had lived long enough to set his mark upon Indian history, and he had left no mark. He

[1] *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India*, by the Rev. G. H. Hodson, pp. 187-9; Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 220. See App. N.

[2] Col. A. R. D. Mackenzie's *Mutiny Memoirs*, pp. 52-5.

had indeed many of the qualities that go to make a general. But his warmest panegyrists have not been able to convince Englishmen that he was one of the heroes of the Mutiny; for they felt that neither his heart nor his head were great enough for the crisis; and they knew that there were one or two giants in India who would have made head even against the obstacles that beset *his* path.[1]

Resolved that at least he would not incur the charge of delay, which had been the great crime of his predecessor in the eyes of the Government, Barnard made up his mind to march at once to join Wilson, instead of waiting for the siege-train; and then, after making his communications with Meerut and the Punjab sure, to concentrate his whole force under the walls of Delhi. His men at least never doubted that, within a few hours of their arrival at most, they would establish themselves within those walls. Strong in this assurance they marched on, bearing up resolutely against the lassitude engendered by the fierce May sun. But even contempt for their enemies sustained them less powerfully than the furious desire to be avenged upon the murderers of the women and children of their nation. Many cruel deeds were wrought upon that

General Barnard marches for Delhi.

[1] "It is the feeling of all here," wrote Robert Montgomery to Secretary Edmonstone, "that it would be a good thing were he (Anson) in Calcutta. A man like Chamberlain, Edwardes, or Nicholson would have been in Delhi a week ago." In another letter he wrote, "Why the force does not move on is not apparent. Private letters from officers at Kurnal express great indignation at the delay." — *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, May, 1857. [Montgomery would have modified these remarks if he had known all the facts.]

In the *Fortnightly Review* for April, 1883, pp. 541-4, Sir Henry Norman argues that Anson did the best that could have been done under the circumstances; but, in my judgement, he only succeeds in proving what no one has ever denied, viz. that Anson did *his* best. Three definite charges may be brought against him. No one will contend that, in refusing to disarm the mutinous sepoys at Umballa, he did not commit a grievous error; he had, in May 1856, disregarded Outram's entreaty to garrison Allahabad—a post of vital importance—with European troops; and, judging after the event, we may say that he made a mistake in waiting so long as he did for the siege-train. See Lord Canning's letter, quoted by Kaye, vol. i. pp. 167-8. [General M'Leod Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 15) says, "the Commander-in-Chief . . . was paralysed by the absolute want of transport of any kind—the result of his own blindness to the disaffection that was raging, and his own neglect of the precautions and preparations that might consequently be required." This is true; but it is judging Anson by the very highest standard: other men, who did good work in the Mutiny, were equally blind. Mr. Forrest, on the other hand (*Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 39), holds that the publication of his (Anson's) diary (*Ib.* pp. 277-82) must dispel the charge of . . . want

march on villagers suspected of complicity in the ill-usage of the fugitives from Delhi. Officers, as they went to sit on courts-martial, swore that they would hang their prisoners, guilty or innocent; and, if any one dared to lift up his voice against such indiscriminate vengeance, he was instantly silenced by the clamours of his angry comrades. Prisoners, condemned to death after a hasty trial, were mocked and tortured by ignorant privates before their execution, while educated officers looked on and approved.[1]

The British at Meerut. Anarchy in the districts.

Though nearly three weeks had passed away since the outbreak at Meerut, the force that was marching thence to join Barnard had only just shaken itself free from inaction. Yet the most strenuous action had been required. The released convicts, pouring from Meerut into the surrounding country, had told the story of the outbreak as they passed from village to village. The villagers, hearing that the sepoy regiments had mutinied, and believing that on those regiments the power of the Ferin ghees depended, relapsed into the anarchy which had prevailed in the good old times. The Gujars, though they had lived from their youth up under a Government that enforced obedience to the law, robbed and outraged everyone upon whom they could lay their hands, with an aptitude which could only be explained on the theory that with them the propensity to crime was an inherited quality. Villagers took down their matchlocks, swords, and spears, and fought with one another about landmarks which had been defined at the beginning of the century.[2] Murder, rapine, and wanton destruction went unpunished. Highwaymen robbed travellers, and plundered the mail-bags. Then came the news from Delhi to increase the exultation of the evil-doers and the terror of the English. Still, Hewitt made no attempt to

of promptitude that has been brought against him." See also *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed., vol. i. pp. 480-500; Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. i. pp. 378-9; Lord Canning's letter, quoted by Kaye, vol. i. pp. 167-8; and Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. p. 105. The truth I take to be this. A Napoleon, if he had been placed in Anson's position on the 12th of May, could not have satisfied John Lawrence. Anson, from want of foresight, had placed himself in a position of extreme difficulty. Being in it, he acquitted himself with credit, but failed to do the best that could have been done.]

[1] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 59, 60.

[2] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 63; Williams's Memo., p. 8; Depositions, p. 11.

re-establish his authority, or to support the district officers. He did indeed rouse himself so far as to join with Greathed in proclaiming martial law; but, as there was no Neill at Meerut to make the law dreaded, the proclamation remained a dead letter. It was not till the 24th of May, just a fortnight after the great outbreak, that a few dragoons were sent out to chastise plunderers. It is true that there was no light cavalry for the work of scouring the country in such heat as then prevailed.[1] But there were commanders in India who did not shrink from requiring even infantry to make forced marches for the destruction of mutineers, under the fiercest suns of that Indian summer; and the soldiers of Hewitt dreaded hardship as little as the soldiers of Havelock or of Nicholson. The historian, however, has no need to rebuke the feebleness of the authorities at Meerut. The most scathing comment upon their inaction was the fact that, till those dragoons emerged from their seclusion, the natives had believed that not a single Englishman remained alive in Meerut. Yet more than a thousand soldiers were there, ready to go anywhere and do anything for their country. There was wanting only a general to command them.

The time, however, was at hand when their mettle was to be tested under the only general whose services were available. The letter which Anson had written to Hewitt gave the signal for their departure from Meerut. Chafing under their enforced inaction, they had long impatiently expected that signal; and on the 27th of May, the day of their Commander-in-Chief's death, they set out in high spirits for Delhi, with Brigadier Wilson at their head. Three days afterwards they arrived at the village of Gházi-ud-dín Nagar. About a mile in front of it ran the river Hindan, which was here spanned by an iron suspension bridge. On a high ridge on the opposite bank of the river the mutineers, who had advanced confidently from Delhi to dispute the progress of their assailants, were observed strongly posted. At four o'clock in the afternoon they opened fire from their heavy guns. Wilson lost no time in sending a company of the Rifles to hold the bridge, which formed the key of his

Battles on the Hindan.

May 30.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 350, par. 14. It was the fault of Hewitt that there was not. Lieutenant Furnell, of the Mounted Police, had offered to lead out thirty-six volunteers, whom he had persuaded to serve as cavalry: but the offer, gladly accepted at first, was afterwards coldly declined.—Williams's Memo., p. 19

position. Lieutenant Light and his men replied vigorously with their eighteen-pounders to the enemy's challenge. Meanwhile Colonel Mackenzie and Major Tombs advanced with their horse artillery along the bank of the river, dashed down its rugged banks, crossed it, regardless of the quicksands that lay concealed in its bed, and turned the enemy's left flank. The mutineers, who had served a long apprenticeship under British artillerymen, worked their guns with admirable precision until their fire was silenced by Tombs's troop. Then, as they were beginning to give way, the Rifles were let loose upon them, and drove them in utter rout from their position; while Colonel Custance pursued them with his dragoons.

The British encamped that night upon the field which they had won. The next morning was Whitsunday. Hardly was the burial-service for those who had fallen on the previous day completed, when the mutineers, who, on their return to Delhi, had been bitterly taunted for their defeat, and sent out with reinforcements to try their luck once more, appeared on the opposite bank of the river, and opened fire from the distance of about a mile on Wilson's advanced piquet, which was posted in front of the bridge. The Rifles were instantly sent to secure this important position; while the horse artillery under Tombs, supported by a squadron of dragoons, advanced to return the enemy's fire, and again won the admiration of all who saw them. Their gallant leader had two horses shot under him; and of his fifty men thirteen were killed or wounded; but not for a moment did the troop cease its action; and, supported by Light, it gradually forced the enemy to slacken his fire. Then a general advance of all arms routed the wavering foe: but he was able to carry off all his guns, and almost all his ammunition to Delhi; for the British soldiers, parched with thirst, and fainting after the toil of a battle fought under a burning sun, were physically unable to follow up their victory.[1] Still the victory was decisive. Wilson had done something to retrieve his tarnished reputation;[2] and he and his men had fairly earned the right to share in the attack upon Delhi.

May 31.

[1] Greathed, pp. 12-14; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 612-16.

[2] It should be mentioned, however, that Nicholson wrote in a letter to John Lawrence, "By all accounts he (Wilson) was driven into fighting at the Hindun, and could not help himself."—Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 207.

On the day after the second battle the conquerors were re-inforced by Reid's Sirmuri Gurkhas, who had pushed their way southwards to Bulandshahr, contributed to the tranquillisation of the country by inflicting a signal punishment upon the insurgent population of that village, and thence hastened on to overtake Wilson. The army remained upon the field of Gházi-ud-dín Nagar, waiting for instructions from Barnard, till the 4th of June, when an order came to march to Alipur. Thither Barnard arrived upon the 5th, and there, two days later, Wilson joined him. The siege-train had come in safely the day before from Phillaur, after many hair-breadth escapes. On the night of its arrival, Barnard's staff were anxiously debating as to the position which the mutineers might have taken up to make their final stand. Unless the point could be ascertained, the General would have nothing to guide him in making his preparations for an attack. In this emergency Hodson sallied forth with a few sowars, and, riding right up to the Delhi race-course, made a careful reconnaissance, returned to camp at day-break, and presented his report.[1] The mutineers were strongly posted about five miles north-west of Delhi at Badli-ki-Serai, a group of buildings protected on the right by an impassable water-course, and on the left by the Najafgarh jheel canal.[2] Thus secure from an attack on either side, they had posted guns to defend the front of their position, Seeing the impossibility of making a flank attack upon his enemy, Barnard resolved to send his infantry and light field-pieces along either side of the main road to attack the serai, while the heavy guns were to advance for their support upon the road itself. Colonel Hope Grant, with the cavalry and two troops of horse-artillery, was to move across the canal, between Badli-ki-Serai and Delhi, and then, recrossing, hurl his force upon the left rear of the mutineers.

June 1. Wilson joins Barnard.

June 7.

June 6.

June 7.

In the evening of that day it was known in the camp that a battle was to be fought on the morrow. The hearts of the soldiers, as they passed the news from one to another, were almost consumed by the rising fire of their passions. Even the sick rose painfully from their beds, and swore that they would remain in hospital no longer.[3]

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 316-17. [2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 318.
[3] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 73.

Before daybreak, Hope Grant led out his brigade; while the two infantry brigades under Colonel Showers and Brigadier Graves marched straight for Badli-ki-Serai. Day was just dawning when Showers's men, who had advanced on the right to within a short distance of the serai, were startled by a sudden fire from the enemy's guns. The British field-pieces swiftly replied: but Graves's column, impeded by a mass of baggage-carts, which had been allowed to block up the way, was still two miles in the rear; and the mutineers, working their heavy guns with precision, began to overpower their opponents. Then Barnard, seeing that the batteries must be taken at any cost, ordered the 75th to charge. Shouting fiercely, the soldiers rushed up to the serai, while the 1st Bengal Fusiliers hastened to their support: but the mutineers, unappalled, fought bravely for their guns, and fell beside them, asking for no quarter. By this time the men of the other column had come up, and, splashing through water which reached up to their knees, forced the left of the position. The rebels, unable to hold their ground, were retreating steadily towards Delhi, when Hope Grant, suddenly appearing, hurled his lancers upon them; the horse-artillery assailed them with a terrible flanking fire; and their orderly retreat was changed into a precipitate rout.

June 8. Battle of Badli-ki-Serai.

The victors were fearfully exhausted, but still eager for more blood; and Barnard resolved to follow up his success, lest the enemy should have time to rally and stop his advance. About half a mile beyond the serai the main road split into two branches. Along the left branch, leading to the cantonments, Barnard and Graves marched with part of the force; while the remainder, under Wilson, was sent along the other towards the city. The mutineers were soon discovered, strongly posted on the Ridge. The entire British army was too small to make a front attack upon the whole length of their position; but it was intended that the two divisions, falling upon either flank, should reunite in the centre, while Reid with his Gurkhas was attacking in front. The left column was harassed in its advance by a heavy fire from a battery which the enemy had established at the Flagstaff Tower, the extreme end of his position: but it held on resolutely; and now Graves was triumphantly leading his men into the cantonments from which, just four weeks before, he had been expelled by his own troops. Presently Wilson's column came up, having fought its way under a still more galling

fire directed against it from the cover of walls and gardens along its route. Then the exhausted troops lay down to rest and eat a mouthful of food; but the tents were not yet pitched when the enemy, emerging from the city, opened a fresh fire. The Gurkhas, the Rifles, the Fusiliers, and some of the 75th had to rouse themselves to repel the attack; and it was not till five o'clock, after sixteen hours' marching and fighting, that the victorious army laid its weapons aside.[1]

The British loss had been severe: but the victory was worth the price paid for it; for the enemy had sustained the third and bloodiest of their defeats; they had been forced to surrender to their conqueror a commanding position from which he could attack them to the greatest advantage while keeping open his communications with the sources of his supplies and expected reinforcements; and they had been driven ignominiously by a force far smaller than their own to take refuge within the walls of the city from which they had but lately expelled every Christian inhabitant whom they had not destroyed.

The British encamp before Delhi.

The sun was still high above the west horizon: but the fierce heat of the day had spent itself; and the soldiers, as they stood upon the Ridge, had leisure to look down upon a scene of glorious beauty. Right in front of them lay the imperial city of India. The long line of wall that fenced it in was broken at intervals by massive gates and bastions half-hidden by clumps of trees. Straight across the city within ran the broad Chandni Chauk, fringed by rows of trees; and here and there, above the labyrinth of streets and lanes on either side, stately houses and graceful mosques gleamed in the sun. On the left, in the midst of a fair garden, rose the lofty red walls and round towers of the palace which Shah Jahán had reared; and on an island to the north of it, the old towers of Selimgarh frowned down upon the blue sparkling waters of the Jumna. In the centre of the city, high above all, soared the swelling white marble domes and tall minarets of the Jumma Masjid; and far away to the south, in the midst of a vast sandy waste strewn with the ruins of old Delhi, rose the gigantic Minar of Kutab.[2]

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Jan. 1858—Article, The First Bengal European Fusiliers in the Delhi Campaign, pp. 123-4; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 618-20; Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 321.

[2] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 81-2;

Exhausted though they were, the British lay down to rest with light hearts; for they did not know how many weary weeks they were to spend outside the walls which they had boasted that they would overpass on the day of their arrival.

J. Medley's *A Year's Campaigning in India*, pp. 43, 45; Turnbull's *Sketches of Delhi*; Forrest's *Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna*; Roberts's *Hindostan*, vol. i. pp. 68, 72, 86.

# CHAPTER IV

## THE NORTH-WESTERN PROVINCES, GWALIOR AND RAJPUTANA[1]

The North-Western Provinces.

Before the glad tidings of the victory at Badli-ki-Serai had been despatched from the British camp, the effects of the outbreak at Meerut had begun to develop themselves through the length and breadth of the North-Western Provinces. The peasant population of this extensive region, who had suffered grievously under the consuming tyranny of the Maráthas, had gone on steadily prospering since the introduction of British rule; but the great landowners had been humiliated and exasperated by the levelling action of the modern revenue system. Moreover, even the poorer classes, though their material welfare had been so improved, disliked and suspected the educational measures of their new masters; abused their civil procedure; complained that the native magistrates and police whom they appointed were unfit to be trusted with power; and bitterly resented their protection of the hateful baniya[2] in his extortion. High and low alike were irritated by the interference of the Government with their customs, and groaned under the steady pressure of its taxation.[3] Thus, when

[1] The Saugor and Nerbudda Territories, though subject to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, are not referred to in this chapter, as the plan of the work requires that they should be dealt with later on. Similarly Meerut and Delhi, Benares and Allahabad, and Cawnpore are treated of in separate chapters.

[2] Grain-dealer or money-lender.

[3] Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, p. 7; *Report on the Administration of Public Affairs in the N. W. P. for* 1857-58, pp. 6, 7, par. 32; H. D. Robertson's *District Duties during the Revolt*, pp. 132-7; M. Thornhill's *Adventures of a Magistrate during the Indian Mutiny*, pp. 87, 114-5; G. W. Williams's *Narrative of Events connected with the Outbreak in* 1857, p. 6.

the storm broke, sagacious administrators feared that the strain would be too great for the loyalty of the people. Their anxiety must have been increased when they reflected that a single regiment and battery at Agra, and the dishonoured troops at Meerut formed the only European force whose aid they could command. In that crisis, however, the personal character of a ruler was a graver consideration than the number of troops at his disposal.

John Colvin.

The ruler of the North-Western Provinces was Lieutenant-Governor John Colvin. With a mind that could master the minutest administrative details,[1] he was esteemed as an able civil officer, a kind friend, a conscientious, brave, Christian gentleman. Yet, with all his gifts of intellect and graces of character, he lacked that robust self-reliance, that unswerving decision, which enabled many men far inferior to him in other respects to pass triumphantly through the ordeal of the Indian Mutiny. Many said that his faith in his own judgement had been shattered when the great disaster of 1841 had exposed the hollowness of the policy which, as Lord Auckland's trusted secretary, he was believed to have advised. Be this, however, as it may, it is certain that some of those who best loved John Colvin regarded him as unfit for the responsible post which he held in 1857.[2]

Agra.

The headquarters of the Government of the North-Western Provinces were at Agra. This city, which is situated on the right bank of the Jumna, a hundred and thirty-nine miles from Delhi, was perhaps the richest of all the cities of India in specimens of the noble architecture of the Moguls. In the midst of a desolate expanse near the left bank was a mausoleum, which the beautiful Empress, Núr Mahál, erected over the body of her father. It was from the minarets of this edifice that the most comprehensive view of the city might be obtained. The blue, rippling waters of the river, over which bright-plumaged birds hovered and skimmed, flowed past over smooth sands. On the opposite bank, close to the water's edge, stood the marble palace of Shah Jahán, its pinnacles and turrets glittering in the sun, and reflected in the clear stream: the three white domes and the gilded spires of the Pearl Mosque peeped out above the grim, red walls of the fort: the bastioned

[1] *Letters of Indophilus to the Times* (3rd edn.), pp. 53-4.
[2] See App. A, and App. C.

walls and gateways of the city were partly hidden by the foliage of many trees; and the eye, as it wandered over the various features of the panorama, was riveted at last by the domes and minarets of the Táj Mahál. On the landward side of the fort stretched the cantonments and, about three miles further northward, the civil station, between which and the river lay the native town.[1]

The news from Meerut reached Colvin on the 11th of May. Alarmed by a false report, which said that the mutineers were on their way from Delhi to Agra, he summoned a representative council of the civil and military officers, clergymen, and Europeans of every class, to discuss the state of affairs. The council met on the 13th. Colvin's own idea, he said, was to abandon the station, and retire within the fort. This proposal was met by a burst of remonstrances; and it soon became clear that the Lieutenant-Governor had no real power over his multitude of counsellors. The meeting was as stormy as that of a French Assembly. Some officers actually rushed uninvited into the room, to ask for instructions, or offer advice. Everyone had his own theory as to the way in which the crisis should be met. At last it was agreed that the best policy would be to secure the fort without betraying any fear, raise a corps of volunteers, and appoint a parade of the troops for the following morning. The parade was accordingly held; and Colvin himself came down to address the men. Turning first to the English soldiers, he begged them not to distrust their native comrades, but added with unhappy impulsiveness, "The rascals at Delhi have killed a clergyman's daughter, and, if you have to meet them in the field, you will not forget this." The men looked as if they would like to fire a volley at the sepoys there and then. Passing to the latter, Colvin assured them of his sincere confidence in their loyalty, and offered to listen to any complaints which they might wish to make. Prompted by their officers to cheer, they uttered a yell, and looked with a devilish scowl at the Europeans.

Policy of Colvin.

Colvin was deaf to that threatening yell, and blind to that devilish scowl. Since the meeting of the previous day, he had suffered himself to be persuaded that there was no real danger; and in the third week of May he sent a series of telegrams to

[1] E. Roberts's *Hindostan, its Landscapes, etc.*, vol. ii. pp. 25-6; Sir W. Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. i. pp. 53-4; H. G. Keene's *Handbook to Agra*, 1874, p. 11.

Canning, assuring him that the worst would soon be over. Still he knew that, though it might be easy to weather the storm, the pilot could not afford to be wholly inactive. He therefore resolved to apply to Sindhia and the Raja of Bhurtpore for the help of their Marátha and Ját troops, believing that the mutiny had been set on foot by the Court of Delhi, and would be effectually opposed by the two races who were the hereditary enemies of the Mogul. Both princes made haste to prove their loyalty; and Colvin, cheered by Canning's hearty assurances of support, and strengthened by his bestowal of full powers, looked confidently forward to the restoration of order.[1]

May 15, 16.

Soon, however, news arrived from Aligarh, which disturbed his serenity. For a week, indeed, after the story of the Meerut outbreak had reached them, the detachment of the 9th Native Infantry which garrisoned that station showed no signs of disloyalty, and even delivered up to justice a Brahmin who had formed a plot for the murder of the British officers. But on the evening of the 20th, when the conspirator had just been hanged in the presence of the paraded troops, a sepoy pointed to the quivering body, and exclaimed to his comrades, "Behold a martyr to our religion." The appeal at once kindled their smouldering passions into flame. They did not indeed lay violent hands upon their officers; but they drove them away, and went themselves to join the rebels at Delhi. The result of this mutiny was not simply the loss of an important station. It stopped the communication between Meerut and Agra, and set an example which was speedily followed by other detachments of the 9th at Bulandshahr, Etáwah, and Mainpúri.

May 21. Mutinies in the Doab.

May 23.

Meanwhile a panic had arisen at Agra. Carts loaded with women, children, furniture, beds, and bedding were to be seen rattling into the fort; carriages and foot passengers swarming along the roads to a large building which had been appointed as a place of refuge; timid citizens running for their lives to their houses, screaming, as they went, that the mutineers were crossing the bridge. Every Englishman carried a sword or a revolver. One civilian was observed to turn ghastly pale, and was overheard warning his underlings to save their lives as best they could. The only unclouded faces were

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 220-1, 228, 236; Raikes, pp. 1, 9-12.

those of the young officers, who bathed, and rode, and played billiards as merrily as ever. It was obviously necessary to take some steps for the protection of the non-combatants. Edward Reade, the senior civilian, prepared a scheme, by which they were to rally, in case of danger, at the principal public buildings, which were to be protected by a cordon of advanced posts: but the effectiveness of the plan was marred by want of unanimity and discipline. The Lieutenant-Governor, persuaded that the great majority of the Bengal army would return to their duty, if once they were assured that they would be leniently dealt with, took upon himself the responsibility of issuing a proclamation, which he intended to be understood as offering forgiveness to all who would give up their arms, except those who had maliciously instigated revolt, or taken part in the murder of Europeans. The English translation, however, was so loosely worded that Canning, who knew nothing of the original, and feared that the proclamation might open a door of escape to many who deserved punishment, ordered his lieutenant to rescind it, and publish in its place a more explicit document which he had himself drawn up. But, though the incident gave rise to much controversy at the time, it is of slight historical importance; for neither proclamation had the smallest effect in restoring order. The sepoys would not have appreciated clemency until they had been taught to fear punishment. This was clearly demonstrated only five days after the issue of Colvin's proclamation. The magistrate of Muttra had begged permission to send the Government treasure into Agra, in order to remove temptation from the sepoys who guarded it; but Colvin replied that he was convinced of their loyalty. On the 30th of May two companies arrived in due course to relieve them. The former guard was to convey the treasure to Agra. Reinforced by the new-comers, they immediately rose; and on the following morning the detachment which the Raja of Bhurtpore had sent in answer to Colvin's appeal, and by the aid of which it had been intended to intercept them on their way to Delhi, followed their example and drove their officers away.[1]

Colvin's proclamation. May 25.

[1] Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 227-8; E. A. Reade's *Narrative*, p. 43; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 370-3, 475-8; Raikes, pp. 14-15; Thornhill, pp. 10, 36-8; Sir A. Colvin's *John Russell Colvin*, pp. 184-6. A company of British soldiers might have been sent from Agra to fetch the treasure.

On the preceding night the news of the mutiny at Muttra had reached the ears of Robert Drummond, the Magistrate of Agra. This officer had gained a decided ascendency over the mind of the Lieutenant-Governor, whose proposal to withdraw within the fort he had strenuously combated, while insisting upon the necessity of showing confidence in the loyalty of the sepoys. Since he had given this advice, however, a series of mutinies had proved it worthless. Moreover, though Agra itself had remained comparatively quiet, nightly fires and secret meetings proved that there, as elsewhere, the poison was working in the sepoys' minds. The English had been living in the misery of suspense. Day after day the judges had been forced to take their seats upon the bench, and listen, with distracted attention, to tedious arguments, which, they had good cause to fear, would soon be settled by violence rather than law. All meanwhile had begun to see in the weak impulsiveness with which their chief gave orders only to countermand them, evidences of an instability of character which disqualified him to rule in troublous times. Drummond therefore hastened to rouse him from his sleep, and, after telling his story, urged that the time had come for disarming the native regiments at Agra. At first Colvin hesitated: but he soon yielded to the firmness of his subordinate. In the morning a general parade was held, and the sepoys were deprived of their arms. The English at Agra could breathe freely once more.[1]

May 30. Drummond.

May 31. Disarming at Agra.

But the safety of the women and children was not yet assured. The position which they occupied was of great extent and wholly indefensible: sooner or later Agra would probably be attacked; and none could tell when the assailants would appear. Colonel Fraser, the chief engineer, implored Colvin to remove the non-combatants into the fort, and to secure the property of the Government and of private individuals within its walls while there was yet time. But the fort, notwithstanding its imposing appearance, was incapable of standing a siege: it was not provisioned; and on sanitary grounds it would have been unwise to allow the large non-combatant population to flock precipitately within its walls. Colvin had made up his mind to reject Fraser's advice; and in spite of insolent remonstrances

Preparation of the fort for defence.

[1] Raikes, pp. 18-9, 38-9.

from various quarters, he adhered to his resolve. As early as the 14th of May, however, he had issued orders for provisioning the fort and making it defensible. But at Agra there was no real head. Disputes and altercations were incessant. Drummond set his face against all measures of precaution. His idea was simply that the British should overawe the natives by a fearless and confident bearing. By untiring vigilance and severe repression, he did indeed maintain order for a time in the city and the Agra district; but his interference went far to render his chief's orders for the preparation of the fort nugatory. Supplies came in slowly: the work of strengthening the defences was left half undone; and sanitary precautions were wholly neglected.[1]

Colvin's efforts to restore order.

Meanwhile Colvin had been trying to recover his hold upon the stations which he had lost. If he had disarmed the sepoys in time, a wing of the European regiment might, without endangering the safety of Agra, have saved much treasure and prevented much disorder: but unhappily it was suffered to remain inactive. Several detachments of the Gwalior Contingent went forth to pacify the country: but, though they did good service for a time, the sight of the villagers rising in revolt and every sign of British authority fading away throughout the districts which they traversed, was a test too strong for their loyalty; and soon one after another rose in rebellion. Moreover, though a corps of mounted volunteers performed enough to show that some vitality was left in the British power, they were not numerous enough to hold the villagers in check; and, after the mutiny of the Gwalior Contingent, even the most resolute of them were obliged to fall back on the capital.

July 1-2.

Far more sad, however, than the tales of mutiny and rebellion which grieved the Lieutenant-Governor was the report that, at a distant station, a British officer had turned his back upon the subject people. Some distance to the north of Meerut lay the station of Muzaffarnagar, where a few sepoys, belonging to one of the regiments that had mutinied at Meerut, were posted for the protection of the treasury. It was hardly to be expected that they would remain quiet a moment after the news from Meerut should reach them. They

Muzaffarnagar.

[1] E. A. Reade's *Narrative*, pp. 42, 47; *Selection of Papers from the Office of Commissioner of Finance* (E. A. Reade), p. 11; Thornhill, pp. 173-4, 178-9, 181-2; Colvin, pp. 190-1, 194-5.

did so, however, until the civil population set them an example of rebellion. And that the civil population rebelled was directly owing to the cowardice of the magistrate, Berford, who, not content with closing the public offices as soon as he heard of the mutiny at Meerut, and thus practically confessing the overthrow of British authority, actually withdrew the sepoys whose duty it was to guard the gaol, for the protection of his own life. It is not improbable that those shrewd judges of character felt that their new charge was less valuable than the one from which they had just been withdrawn. Anyhow they, as well as the towns-people and the villagers, showed their agreement with the magistrate's estimate of his own power of rule by entering upon a course of indiscriminate plunder. But at the more northerly station of Sahâranpur there were worthier representatives of the British power. There the magistrate, Spankie, and his colleague, Dundas Robertson, though they had only a few hundred sepoys and policemen of doubtful loyalty to control a notoriously disaffected population of nearly a million, and though the rising which Berford's pusillanimity had encouraged increased their difficulties, resolved never to acknowledge that their authority could be overthrown. Knowing that the existence of the empire hung, in a manner, upon their conduct, for with the safety of Sahâranpur was bound up that of the neighbouring district of Roorkee, from which alone could be drawn a large portion of the siege material indispensable for the reduction of Delhi, they set out into the district to collect the revenue as calmly as in the most peaceful times, led their half-hearted sepoys against the insurgent villagers, and, when mutiny at last broke out, still continued with the aid of a body of Gurkhas, who had been sent to their assistance, to assert their supremacy.[1]

May 14.

Saharanpur.

June 2.

June 3.

Meanwhile the Lieutenant-Governor had hardly begun to congratulate himself upon the relief which the disarming of the native regiments had given to Agra before ominous news reached him from Rohilkhand. At Shahjahânpur the sepoys, after remaining comparatively quiet for a fortnight after the news from Meerut had reached them, rose on the 31st of May. Some of the English were slaughtered. Others, escaping through the

Rohilkhand.

Shahjahanpur.

[1] Robertson; *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.*, vol. iii. pp. 624-6.

disunion of the mutineers, fled to Pawáyan, and besought the Raja of that place to shelter them. He received them for the night, but, fearing that he would be unable to protect them, sent them away in the morning. Baffled and weary, but still clinging to the hope of life, the fugitives went on their way, and, after tramping for ten miles with naked feet, reached Mohamdi in Oudh. June 1. There they found another party of Europeans. June 4. Three days afterwards the whole body set out for Aurangabad, trusting to the solemn oaths of the native troops belonging to the station which they had just left, that they would not injure them. In mingled hope and fear they pressed on till they June 5. were close to their goal. Looking round, they saw the troops following close behind. Still they pushed on, fearing treachery, but not giving up hope till, when they were within half a mile of Aurangabad, their pursuers rushed forward and began to fire. The fugitives, four of whom were little children, collected under a tree, and the ladies, descending from a buggy in which they were travelling, calmly joined in prayer. That last service was soon over: for the murderers fell upon them, and in ten minutes all but two were lying dead, stripped of everything that they had on.[1]

It was at Bareilly, however, that the progress of affairs was most anxiously awaited; for this town was not only the capital of Rohilkhand, but also the seat Bareilly. of the Commissioner and the headquarters of three native regiments. Long before the outbreak at Meerut, the story of the lascar of Dum-Dum had found its way thither and caused excitement among the sepoys: but, even as late as the close of the third week in May, the Brigadier wrote to Colvin, expressing his belief in their loyalty. His second in command, Colonel Colin Troup, shared his confidence. Till the 29th all went well. On the morning of that day Troup heard that the two infantry regiments were going to rise within a few hours. The remaining regiment, the 8th Irregular Cavalry, was accordingly ordered to get under arms. The men obeyed the order with the utmost apparent zeal; but no mutiny took place after all. That very evening, however, Troup heard that even in the ranks of the Irregulars there were traitors. But their commandant, Captain Mackenzie, would not listen to a word in their disparagement. He had done his duty towards them for years with heart and

[1] Gubbins, pp. 123-5; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 359-60.

soul: he was justly proud of their noble appearance and their proved efficiency; and he could appeal to the readiness with which they had volunteered to go on service to Pegu in 1852, and to their splendid conduct during the campaign, as an irrefragable proof of their loyalty. His confidence was soon to be tested. On the morning of the 31st of May he was informed by one of his native officers that the infantry regiments were going to rise at once. Only half believing the report, he nevertheless resolved to be on his guard. He and his officers had hardly put on their uniforms, when the brigade-major came rushing up to tell them that the mutiny had already begun. The words were only just spoken when the roar of artillery and the reports of musketry were heard confirming their truth. Mackenzie instantly rode down to the lines to turn out his men. The right wing obeyed at once; but Mackenzie, noticing that the troopers of the left wing were less prompt, went among them in person, and was busy forming them up, when suddenly he saw the right wing moving off. Galloping after them, he asked what the movement meant. A native officer replied that Colonel Troup had ordered it. The answer was quite true. The Brigadier had been slain; and Troup, as the senior officer, had resolved to retreat. He knew that there were traitors among the Irregulars; but it was not improbable that the rest might have obeyed Mackenzie, if Troup had not interfered. As it was, when Mackenzie asked leave to take the men back, and attempt the recovery of the guns, Troup replied, "It is no use; but do as you like." Before Mackenzie had finished talking, the senior native officer had ridden off the ground with the left wing. Perceiving their absence, but not at first understanding its cause, Mackenzie told the right wing that he was going to take them to recover the guns. Riding at their head to the parade ground, he there found the left wing drawn up side by side with the mutinous infantry; rode up to them alone to try to win them back; and was apparently just going to succeed when some of the infantry, who had been looking on intently at the struggle of inclinations, as a last resource, summoned the troopers in the name of their religion to join them. The appeal was as magical in its effect as that of the Brahmin sepoy at Aligarh. The left wing yielded to the temptation: the right wing followed their example; and Mackenzie, seeing that the day was lost, rode off with

twenty-three faithful troopers, and, overtaking Troup, who had retreated with a few of the surviving Europeans, escaped with him to Naini Tál.

Khan Bahadur Khan.

In Bareilly a pensioner of the British Government, named Khan Bahádur Khan, was proclaimed Viceroy, and began his reign by ordering all the English upon whom he could lay his hands to be executed. But he could not kill their dauntless spirit. One of them, dragged into his presence before he was taken to execution, proudly defied him to do his worst, and warned him that the worst he could do would not be able to hinder the British from overthrowing his usurped dominion.[1]

June 1.

Budaun.

The loss of Bareilly soon made itself felt. On the very next day the sepoys at Budaun mutinied; and William Edwards, the magistrate, who, without a single white man to bear him company, had held his ground so long as it had been possible to maintain even a show of authority over the disaffected population which surrounded him, was forced to fly for his life. At Moradabad indeed, the bulk of the Native Infantry regiment, influenced by the master-spirit of the judge, Cracroft Wilson, whose strength of character was reluctantly acknowledged by the worst enemies of British rule, not only remained quiet during the fortnight that succeeded the outbreak at Meerut, but, on three distinct occasions, showed the most loyal zeal in checking the attacks of mutineers from other stations. Before long, however, they too succumbed to the contagion of rebellion in the surrounding country and the irresistible influence of the news that the regiments at Bareilly had risen. On the 3rd of June they rose; and the English officials, after looking helplessly on at the plunder of the Government property, reluctantly withdrew from the station which they had so hopefully and so valiantly defended.[2]

Moradabad.

May 18, 19, 23.

Rohilkhand under Mahomedan rule.

With the loss of Moradabad, the downfall of British rule in Rohilkhand was complete. Anarchy took its place; for the rule of Khan Bahádur Khan was never universally acknowledged. Villagers attacked sepoys whenever they had a chance of success. Hindus

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 559-60, 633-6; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 307-21; Malleson's *Indian Mutiny*, vol. i. pp. 305-6, 312-17.

[2] *Narrative of the Escape of W. Edwards from Budaon to Cawnpore*, pp. 1-6; *Narrative of the Mutiny at Moradabad*.

were robbed and murdered by Mahomedans. The Viceroy himself, though he could not keep the peace, was strong enough to repress the Hindu barons who disputed his power, and punished their disobedience with merciless cruelty. Even in a proclamation which he issued immediately after his usurpation, to gain over the Hindus to his cause, he could not help betraying the innate Mahomedan spirit of persecution, by threatening to slaughter the kine of all who would not join him in exterminating the Christians. Such a rule could not but be execrated by all who were unable to protect themselves. For plunder, confiscation, mutilation, and murder were everywhere rife: everywhere the strong preyed upon the weak; and all who cared for peace and security sighed for the restoration of the British power.

The district of Farukhabad still remains to be considered.

Farukhabad.

Though belonging to the Agra Division, it was peopled by a race closely akin to the fierce Patháns of Rohilkhand. The Mahomedans were numerically a small minority; but in no district of the North-Western Provinces were they more turbulent or more antagonistic to law and order as such. Many of them were of good family, and, mindful of the past glories of their ancestors, too proud to work and too poor not to welcome any opportunity of acquiring riches. Though, however, before the end of May the district was surging in rebellion, the 10th Native Infantry at the capital, Fatehgarh, without being wholly obedient, remained quiet longer than any other corps in the Division. On the 16th of June, indeed, they informed their commanding officer, Colonel Smith, that they had been called upon by the 41st, who had lately risen at Sitapur in Oudh, to murder their officers, and promised to fight for the Company, which had so long cared for them, against the mutineers. Yet, only two days later, they told the Colonel that they would obey him no longer, and warned him to retire within the fort.

June 18.

He lost no time in following their advice. A fortnight before, he had sent off about a hundred and seventy of his non-combatants to Cawnpore, to be out of the reach of danger. Forty of these, however, had since returned, and now with some thirty others who were unable to bear arms, and only thirty-three fighting men, took refuge in the asylum pointed out by the sepoys. They had so little ammunition that they were obliged to collect screws, nuts, and bolts for

Siege of Fatehgarh.

grape. Still the sepoys showed no signs of advancing to the attack. They had acknowledged the Nawab of Farukhabad as their ruler, but had refused to give him the Government treasure, which had fallen into their hands; and, when the 41st, who had arrived from Sítapur, demanded a share in the plunder, they too met with a rebuff. Violent dissensions then broke out between the two regiments. Most of the 10th escaped with their ill-gotten gains across the Ganges into Oudh, and dispersed to their homes. The rest were attacked by the 41st. After many had fallen on both sides, the survivors agreed to join in an attack on the fort. It was not, however, till the morning of the 27th of June, that they opened fire. For several days their efforts were of no avail; for, as they were weaker than the garrison in artillery, they contented themselves with discharging their muskets from behind trees and bushes, and ever and anon bringing up ladders, which, in the face of the unerring fire directed against them, they were never able to plant against the walls. On the fifth day, however, finding all their efforts at escalade useless, they occupied a number of houses surrounding the fort, and from their roofs poured a deadly fire into its interior. Still the garrison, though they now began to lose men fast, continued night and day to maintain a noble defence. The women prayed without ceasing for their defenders. Prominent among the men was the chaplain, Fisher, whose frank and manly nature endeared him to all, and who, like Walker of Londonderry, only relaxed his efforts to solace and encourage his people with the words of Christ, that he might join with them in repelling the enemy. Yet even the unsurpassed courage of the garrison could only protract the unequal struggle. The enemy succeeded in exploding a mine under the fort; and, though they were twice hurled back from the breach which it had opened in the walls, they persevered and began to sink another shaft. Then Colonel Smith, seeing no hope of succour, and reflecting that his ammunition was fast failing, that many of his best men had fallen, and that the survivors were worn out by the sleepless labour of the defence, resolved to attempt an escape.

June 27 or 28?

Three boats lay moored beneath the walls of the fort. Into these the garrison descended on the night of the 3rd of July. By two o'clock all were in their places; and the boats, commanded respectively by Colonel Smith, Colonel Goldie, and Major Robertson, began to drop down the river.

July 4, 2 A.M.

But there was already light enough for the sepoys to see that their prey was escaping; and, with fierce yells, they started in pursuit. The current, however, carried the fugitives so swiftly away that their pursuers, stumbling along the uneven bank, could not gain upon them: but presently Goldie's boat ran aground; and, while its occupants were being transferred to one of the others, the sepoys came hurrying up and opened fire. Meanwhile the two remaining boats had been again set in motion, and drifted on, pursued but still untouched, as far as the village of Singerámpur. There Robertson's boat also grounded; and the villagers, taking advantage of the accident, swarmed down to join in the attack. Then Major Munro, Captain Vibart, and Lieutenants Eckford, Henderson, and Sweetenham sprang ashore, charged up the bank and drove the mob away. Returning to the river, they found that every effort to push off Robertson's boat had failed, while the other had drifted far down the stream. The poor people who were left behind were still wondering what was to become of them, when they saw two boats coming down the stream, full of sepoys who, as soon as they had got within range, poured a dreadful fire into their midst. Then Robertson besought the ladies to leap into the river with their children, rather than fall into the hands of their inhuman enemies. Most of them did so; and now their last agony began. Some were shot down by the sepoys or the swarms of rebel villagers. Others were taken prisoners, brought back to the Nawab, and blown away from his guns. Others were carried away by the swift river. Robertson saw his wife torn from his grasp, and drowned, and only escaped himself to die two months afterwards of the wounds which he had received. The gallant Fisher too saw his wife and child drowned in his arms. He and one other survivor, named Jones, alone succeeded in reaching Smith's boat. Jones, who had been cruelly wounded, remained with some friendly villagers who offered him food and shelter. The remainder found their last resting-place in the city of Cawnpore.[1]

Meanwhile the Nawab had persuaded most of the native officials to take service under him, and had murdered every Christian upon whom he could lay his hands.

[1] *Times*, Nov. 3, 1857, p. 7, cols. 1 and 2; W. Edwards's *Personal Adventures during the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 134-5; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 286.

The mutiny at Fatehgarh sounded the knell of British rule in the Doáb, the country between the Ganges and the Jumna. The history of the Mutiny in that country and in Rohilkhand is specially interesting, not only because it describes some of the most tragic scenes of that sad time, but also because it furnishes the most complete and important body of evidence for determining the nature of the purely military and the various other factors of the rising. The hesitating demeanour of many of the mutineers, notably of the Irregulars at Bareilly, in the very midst of the crisis, the practical loyalty of others up to the very day of mutiny, a loyalty which cannot be satisfactorily accounted for on the theory of accomplished dissimulation, the fact that few detachments mutinied until the news that neighbouring detachments had committed themselves, or the infection of civil rebellion overcame their fidelity, and that sometimes a mere accident, like the exclamation of the fanatical sepoy at Aligarh, occasioned the outbreak, prove that, however skilful and elaborate may have been the attempts of the ringleaders to secure concerted action among their dupes, there was nothing like perfect organisation among the various sections of the mutineers even up to the time of mutiny, that is, even up to the completion of the first step only towards the attainment of their objects. It is more than likely that, if we take into account as well the natural tendency of men thrown together in large masses to fling off the restraints of law and order when once the example of successful contempt of authority has been set, the theory advanced by an intelligent Brahmin sepoy, in conversation with that able officer, Julius Medley of the Bengal Engineers, is the true one:—"Sir, there is one knave, and nine fools; the knave compromises the others, and then tells them it is too late to draw back."[1]

Character of the mutinies and disturbances in the North-Western Provinces.

From the point of view of the historian, however, it is more important to learn how the civil population felt and acted during the Mutiny than to analyse the phenomena of the Mutiny itself. It is hard for a reader unacquainted with the characteristics of Indian society to picture to himself the headlong violence with which the floods of anarchy swept over the North-Western Provinces when once mutiny had let them loose. Neither the Hindus nor the Mahomedans generally regarded

[1] See also General M'Leod Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 22-3, 48.

the English with any particular dislike: they acknowledged, notwithstanding all their grievances, the comparative justice and efficacy and the absolute benevolence of English rule: but they were too ignorant to perceive that it was their interest to support it; they knew nothing of the reserve force that was available to rescue it in case of danger; and therefore, when the defection of the sepoy army seemed to threaten it with destruction, they naturally relapsed into the turbulent habits of their ancestors, and prepared to make their profit out of the new order of things. Bands of mutineers and hordes of escaped convicts roamed over the country, and incited the villagers to turn upon the Feringhees. Rajas emerged from their seclusion, gathered their retainers around them, and proclaimed their resolve to establish their authority, as vassals of the King of Delhi. Mobs of Mahomedan fanatics unfurled their green flags, and shouted for the revival of the supremacy of Islam. Rájputs and Játs renewed old feuds, and fought with one another to the death. Swarms of Gujars, starting up on every side, and girding on their swords and bucklers, and shouldering their matchlocks, robbed the mail-carts, plundered peaceful villages, and murdered the villagers. Mobs of budmashes set fire to tahsils, and drove out the tahsildárs.[1] The native police, who had generally been recruited from the dangerous classes, and whom interest, not loyalty, had hitherto kept on the side of authority, felt that there was nothing to be gained by endeavouring to prop up a doomed government, and threw in their lot with the evil-doers. Dispossessed landowners, clutching at the opportunity for which they had long waited, gathered their old tenants together, hunted out the purse-proud upstarts who had bought up their estates, and triumphantly re-established themselves in their ancestral homes. Insolvent debtors mobbed and slaughtered without pity the effeminate baniyas, whose extortion they would have punished long before, but for their dread of the strong arm of the law. Even the Hindu villagers, who, with the exception of those with whom robbery was a hereditary calling, remained quietly in their homes, were not sorry to hear of the overthrow of a Government which they regarded merely as an irresistible engine for the collection of taxes. Suttee and other barbarous customs which benevolent rulers had abolished, were re-established. The mass of the people enjoyed

[1] Tahsildár—the head native revenue officer of a pargana or "hundred."

the excitement and the freedom of the time; and the English officials sadly confessed that their rule, notwithstanding all the good that it had effected, had taken no hold of popular sentiment. In Rohilkhand indeed and in Sahâranpur they reported that the bulk of the Mahomedans displayed an animosity against the British Government, which would have been more formidable if they had not been distracted by racial and religious feuds. How disastrous was the collapse of authority will be understood from the fact that public works, except those undertaken for military purposes, absolutely ceased; that surveys had to be suspended; that civil justice could only be administered in a few isolated and favoured spots; that education was either stopped, or frequently interrupted; and that in fact, with the exception of the administration of criminal justice and a partial collection of the revenue, the organism of Government was paralysed.

On the other hand, many of those who committed themselves to the cause of rebellion, were actuated not by inclination, but by fear. Most of the tálukdárs were shrewd enough to perceive that it would not answer their purpose to join the rebels; and though of the whole body of influential landowners some unquestionably took an active part against us, a considerable number were passively loyal, and some few manfully threw themselves into the breach, and exerted their influence to stem the rush of insurrection. More than one moulvi had the courage to proclaim that rebellion was a sin; and if some Mahomedan notables staked their all upon the success of revolt, others did their utmost to support the Power which protected all creeds. A fair proportion of native officials stood gallantly at their posts, some of them even giving their lives for the alien Government which paid them. Those natives who had been taught English were generally, and those who had been converted to Christianity invariably loyal. Finally, with the exception of the hardened criminals, the professional robbers, and those who knew that the mercy of a long-suffering Government could never be extended to them, even the insurgents themselves learned at last by bitter experience that the evils of anarchy outweighed its advantages, and hailed the British officers who came to re-establish authority, as deliverers.[1]

[1] Major Williams's *Narrative of Events connected with the Outbreak in* 1857, pp. 6-9, 14; Robertson, pp. 31, 48, 108, 189; Dunlop's *Service and Adventure*

Gwalior, Sindhia, Dinkar Ráo, and Macpherson.

While day after day heart-breaking tales of mutiny and massacre were reaching the ears of the Lieutenant-Governor, he was anxiously asking himself what course the native allies of the British would pursue. Was it certain that Sindhia's troops would not follow the example of the Bengal army? Was it even certain that Sindhia would not himself stir them up to follow it? Had the Paramount Power done anything to attach him to its rule; or had it treated him with the insolence of a foreign conqueror? At the time when Ellenborough had been obliged to interfere in the affairs of Gwalior, Sindhia had been too young to take his part in governing; but in 1852 the British Government declared his minority at an end, and appointed as his Díwán, or Prime Minister, a young pundit named Dinkar Ráo, who was afterwards pronounced by the Political Agent to be the ablest and best of the natives of India. The Díwán indeed soon proved himself worthy of this high praise. Within a few years he raised the people, by a series of great reforms, from the abject poverty to which a corrupt system of farming the taxes had reduced them, to a prosperity not inferior to that of the most flourishing districts under British rule. For a time, however, his tenure of power was uncertain. The young Maharaja was surrounded by a group of unprincipled courtiers, who hated Dinkar Ráo for having deprived them of the corrupt sources of wealth which had lain open to them under the old system of revenue. Yielding to their insidious whispers, Sindhia dismissed his faithful minister, snatched up the reins of government with his weak and untrained hands, and within two years undid all the good that had been done, and threw all the affairs of State into the utmost confusion. At last, however, it dawned upon him that he had made a mistake; and, of his own accord, he restored Dinkar Ráo to office. Meanwhile a new Political Agent, Major

*with the Khakee Ressalah*, pp. 69, 71; Raikes, pp. 93, 139, 157-60, 162-3, 175, note; *Report on the Administration of Public Affairs in the N.W.P. for* 1857-58, pp. 5, par. 23, 16, pars. 64-6; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 3, pp. 305, par. 11, 509; H. G. Keene's *Fifty-seven*, pp. 41, 50, 86, 88, 115; Thornhill, pp. 87, 114-5, 323-4; Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, *passim*; F. C. Maude and J. W. Sherer's *Memories of the Mutiny*, vol. i. pp. 160-61, 194; E. A. Reade's *Narrative*, p. 39; *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.*, vol. ii. pp. 116-17, 254-6, 503-4; vol. iii. pp. 331-2, 626; vol. v. pp. 120, 132, 503; vol. viii. (Muttra), p. 169; vol. ix. (Moradabad), p. 163.

Charters Macpherson, had come to his court. Macpherson was one of the noblest of those many noble officers who have led lives of hardship and danger, and courted premature death, in the cause of Indian civilisation, knowing all the while that their countrymen at home felt no interest in their doings or their sufferings. He had laboured for years in a pestilential climate to persuade the hill-men of the Khond country to abandon the hideous rite of human sacrifice, and had at last succeeded. And now he entered upon his new duties in the same devoted spirit. Deeply sympathising with the natives of India, tolerant of, but never acquiescing in their sins, he was just the man to watch over the uncertain efforts of a native government to work out a sound administrative system for itself. He wisely resolved not to interfere obtrusively, but, while ever holding himself ready with suggestion and advice, to encourage Sindhia and the Minister to regard themselves as the responsible rulers. With Dinkar Ráo his task was easy. The Englishman and the Marátha soon learned to know each other's worth; and there grew up between them the familiar intercourse that may subsist between able and high-minded men, however diverse their national characteristics may be. But, while the Agent could regard the Díwán as a friend, towards the Maharaja he felt himself in the position of an anxious father; for he soon discerned that the young prince, though intelligent and well-intentioned, was unstable and impulsive. Gradually, however, Macpherson's tact and firmness prevailed over the influence of the courtiers; and, by the time that the Mutiny broke out, he had established his ascendency. It chanced, moreover, that, a few weeks before, Sindhia had paid a visit to Calcutta; and, while he was strongly impressed by the evidences of British power which he saw there, he was gratified by Canning's assurance that the British Government would always continue to respect the independence of his dynasty.[1]

When, therefore, the storm broke, Sindhia, though he could discern the signs of the times well enough to foretell that the hold of the British upon India would be strained to the utmost, never doubted that they would eventually triumph, never hesitated to declare that his loyalty to them was unshaken. Macpherson saw that it would be his task to keep him steady to

[1] S. C. Macpherson's *Memorials of Service in India*, pp. 299, 301, 304, 307, 311.

this resolve, and prevent the courtiers from working on his well-known love of military display by reminding him of the martial glories of his ancestors and tempting him to assert his family right to the championship of the Marátha people against the British intruders. There was, indeed, cause to fear that Sindhia might listen to their suggestions. For almost the entire mass of his subjects were convinced that the knell of British supremacy had sounded. Presently, however, it became clear that the Agent's influence was gaining the day; for, while promptly responding to Colvin's request for the aid of the detachments from the Contingent, Sindhia also sent the flower of his own army, his cherished body-guard, to protect Colvin's person. But that which most strongly impressed his people with the belief that he had resolved to side with the Paramount Power was his evident determination to be guided by the counsels of his Minister, whom all knew to be a resolute opponent of the rebellion.[1]

Folly of the Brigadier at Gwalior and of Colvin.

Unfortunately, however, not everyone at Gwalior who wished as well to the British cause as the Minister saw so clearly how to serve it. Among the first questions which had to be decided was how to provide for the safety of the women and children. They were then living in cantonments at the mercy of the Contingent, of whose determination to mutiny Sindhia, Dinkar Ráo, and Macpherson were alike convinced. Sindhia earnestly begged that they should be removed to the protection of the Residency; and, on the 28th of May, Brigadier Ramsay, the Commander of the Contingent, hearing that the troops in cantonments intended to rise that night, actually did remove them. In the course of the night they were transferred from the Residency to Sindhia's palace. The Brigadier was annoyed on hearing of this;[2] and listening to the remonstrances of his

[1] Macpherson's *Memorials of Service in India*, pp. 310-12.

[2] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 20 to 29 July 1857, pp. 208, 211. Major Meade thought that it was unwise to send the ladies and children to Sindhia's palace, because the palace was in the heart of the native town. But, as the Brigadier had refused to do the right thing and send them to Agra, the question is whether it would have been wiser to keep them in the cantonments or to entrust them to Sindhia's protection. Now it was certain, though the Brigadier, like other confiding officers, did not think so, that the troops in cantonments would mutiny: so long as Sindhia remained loyal, the ladies would be safe with him; and Macpherson had, as the event proved, good reason to feel absolutely confident that Sindhia would be staunch. Moreover, eight English women, who, *after* the outbreak, went through the town to the palace, were not molested. See Mrs. Coopland's *A Lady's Escape from Gwalior*, p. 130.

native officers, who declared the original removal to be an insult to them and their men, and paying no heed to the warnings of those wiser than himself, ordered their return. He was thus, though he knew it not, signing the death-warrant of many for whose lives he was responsible.

Then began a period of intolerable suspense for these unhappy people. They might perceive, but they could not remedy the insane credulity which had subjected them to a mental agony worse than that of a condemned criminal, for fear of wounding the sensitive honour of intending murderers. One of them afterwards recorded this solemn recollection of the agony she had gone through:—"the words, 'O death in life, the days that are no more,' kept recurring to my memory like a dirge." At last they were allowed to hope that they might be sent to Agra. But the ray of comfort had hardly shone out before it was overclouded. The Lieutenant-Governor telegraphed that they must remain at Gwalior until mutiny should break out there.[1] On the 14th of June they heard the sickening details of a massacre at Jhansi. To many of them the news sounded like a prophecy. That night the prophecy was fulfilled. The nine o'clock gun had just been fired when a bugle sounded; and the sepoys poured out of their huts, and seized their muskets. The officers hurried down to the lines: but they could do nothing to restore order; and four of them were shot dead on the spot. Warned by the reports of musketry, the crackling of flames, the shrill blasts of bugles, and the shriller shrieks that dinned upon their ears, the inmates of every European dwelling fled. The chaplain, with his wife and another lady, hid themselves in a garden. Presently they heard loud shouts of brutal laughter: a number of bayonets, gleaming in the moonlight, thrust aside the bushes behind which they lay concealed; and a mob of sepoys passed within arm's length of them. They were still marvelling at their escape, when a faithful Mahomedan servant discovered them, and took them to a hut close by. There they lay cowering all night. Day had dawned brightly, and the birds were singing, when a number of sepoys rushed up, climbed on to the roof, and, tearing off the beams, fired down at them. Choosing rather to die in the open air, they rushed outside. Instantly the sepoys descended and

June 12.

Mutiny at Gwalior.

[1] See App. W.

surrounded them, and, when the ladies, with clasped hands, cried out for mercy, replied, "We will not kill the mem-sahibs, only the sahib." Then the chaplain was hurried off: his wretched wife was dragged, with two other ladies, into another hut close by; and in a few moments the sound of volley following volley told her that all was over. But the Mahomedan who had rescued her from the first outburst of the sepoys' fury watched over her, and escorted her to Agra, where, after enduring grievous hardships and cruel insults from the people of the country, she and the rest of the survivors found a refuge at last.[1]

Macpherson persuades Sindhia to keep his troops inactive at Gwalior.

Among those survivors was Macpherson. He, however, had not left Gwalior until he had achieved a political triumph without which India could hardly have been saved. Narrowly escaping an attack from a stray party of Mahomedan fanatics, he had made his way to the Maharaja's palace, and, before he left him, had persuaded him to use all his influence to detain the mutinous Contingent and his own army within the limits of Gwalior. It was a signal illustration of the irresistible influence which an English gentleman of strong and elevated character can establish over the mind of a native. For not only was it obviously for Sindhia's immediate interest to rid himself of the rebellious soldiery; but he might fairly think that he had long ago done enough to prove his loyalty, and was now free to follow his own inclination. Yet Macpherson was able to persuade him to undertake a task full of anxiety as well as of positive danger to himself, for the sole object of rendering harmless two powerful armies which must otherwise have gone to swell the numbers of the enemies of the British power. In other words, he so wrought upon Sindhia as to induce him to interpose his own person and power to parry a thrust aimed at the power which professed to protect him. Yet the man who performed this transcendent service for his country was suffered to die without receiving any reward beyond a few words of official commendation.[2]

Rájputána.

Hitherto, in the North-Western Provinces, the course of events had signally falsified the confident anticipations as to the speedy termination of the revolt which Colvin had expressed to Canning in the middle of May. There was one territory, however, not included within those

[1] *A Lady's Escape from Gwalior*, by R. M. (Mrs.) Coopland, pp. 107, 131-44.

[2] Macpherson, pp. 320-21.

provinces, but yet subject to his supervision, for the tranquillity of which he might reasonably have hoped. This was the country of Rájputána, comprising a number of native states, six of which were supervised by British political officers,[1] while all alike acknowledged the general control of an Agent appointed by the Governor-General. The flat, uncultivated, and desolate expanse of this vast region was here and there relieved by spots of romantic beauty; and almost every hill was crowned by an old ruined castle, glorified by traditions of some gallant feat of arms performed against the Mahomedan invaders of a past age, who had never been able to reduce the high-spirited Rájputs to complete subjection.[2] In 1857 the descendants of these patriots had for nearly forty years been under British protection, and were the better able to appreciate the blessings which it had conferred upon them, because they had not yet forgotten what their fathers had suffered at the hands of the Mussulman, the Marátha, and the Pindári. On the other hand, some of the Rajas were on such bad terms with their nobles, the thákurs, that they were not in a position to render efficient support to the Paramount Power in case of need. These very thákurs too hated and feared the Paramount Power because, in its character of guardian of the public peace, it had restrained them from bullying their Rajas; and it seemed certain that, if mutiny were to break out in the army which formed the chief strength of the Government, and compel it to relax the grip of its restraining hand, their hatred would prove stronger than their fear.[3]

George Lawrence.

The Governor-General's Agent was Colonel George St. Patrick Lawrence, a gallant, straight-forward, hard-headed cavalry officer, who, in the course of a most adventurous service of thirty-six years, during the latter part of which he filled a succession of responsible political offices, had given evidence of a strong good sense and a solid ability which had raised him, like his more gifted younger brothers, to the headship of a great province. He was living at the summer station of Mount Abu when the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him. He took in the whole political situation, so far as it affected him, at a glance. He was responsible for the safety of a country more than a hundred and thirty thousand square miles in extent; and, though the rela-

May 19.

[1] Pritchard, p. 6. [2] *Ib.* pp. 8, 9.
[3] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India.*

tions of its inhabitants with the British had not been such as to predispose them to revolt, there was danger in the presence among them of five thousand sepoys, whose inevitable disloyalty there were no British soldiers to check.[1]

Lawrence lost no time in proving to the native princes that he did not despair of the safety of the commonwealth. Four days after the news from Meerut reached him, he issued a proclamation, calling upon them to keep the peace within their respective territories, and to hold their troops in readiness to assist the British Government. His lieutenants ably seconded his efforts by inspiring the princes with the belief that it was their interest to support the power which protected them; and though the troops which they offered to furnish were as little to be trusted as the men of the Gwalior Contingent, the knowledge that they were themselves loyal had a reassuring influence upon the minds of their people.[2]

His proclamation.

May 23.

Meanwhile Lawrence himself had another serious object in view. In the heart of Rájputána was an important stronghold called Ajmere, belonging to the British. This town was to Rájputána what Delhi was to North-Western India. It possessed a well-stored arsenal and a full treasury: it was a venerated resort both for Mahomedan and for Hindu pilgrims; and within its walls was concentrated most of the wealth of the native merchants and bankers of Rajputána. Lawrence foresaw that, if it were to fall into rebel hands, it would become a rallying point for all the enemies of order throughout the country. Yet at that time its sole garrison consisted of two companies of native infantry. Fortunately, however, there was stationed at Beáwar, thirty-seven miles south-west of Ajmere, a regiment of Mairs, who, being hill-men and of low caste, had no sympathy with the sepoys. Colvin sent an order to Colonel Dixon, the Commissioner of Ajmere, to send for two companies of the Mairs, who were to displace the sepoys. This delicate operation was entrusted to Lieutenant Carnell, who, making a forced night-march from Beáwar, relieved the sepoys before they had time to mature any plans of resistance

Colvin and Lieutenant Carnell secure Ajmere.

[1] Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. vii. p. 503; Lawrence's *Reminiscences of Forty-three Years in India*, pp. 278-9. MS. notes sent to me by Sir A. Lyall, K.C.B.

[2] Lawrence, pp. 279, 302-3.

which they may have formed.[1] Thus Ajmere was saved, and with it the whole of Rájputána.

It was not, however, to be expected that there would be no isolated outbreaks. Within a few days after the reinforcement of Ajmere, the troops at Nusseerabad and Neemuch, the two chief military stations under British occupation, mutinied, and, setting their faces towards Delhi, plundered villages, destroyed bungalows, and threw everything into confusion. The Parsees and shop-keepers of Neemuch fell into an agony of alarm. But the stations were almost immediately reoccupied by a mixed detachment of Europeans and Bombay sepoys, whom Lawrence had promptly summoned from Deesa. Moreover, the Raja of Jodhpur placed at the disposal of Lawrence a body of troops, about two thousand of whom were sent in pursuit of the mutineers. Lawrence himself, on hearing of the mutiny at Nusseerabad, had moved from Abu to the more central position of Beáwar. He had noticed on his journey that the country was comparatively quiet; and, on his arrival, he did much to strengthen the confidence of the people in the vitality of the British power by assuming the office left vacant by the recent death of the Commissioner, Colonel Dixon, and carrying on judicial business in open court as calmly as in a time of profound peace.[2]

Mutinies at Nusseerabad and Neemuch.

May 28. June 3.

Thus, in a most critical period of the Mutiny, the Agent and his officers had, with utterly inadequate resources, upheld the authority of their Government, in spite of mutiny, over the vast territory of Rájputána. But, before the end of the month, the mutineers whose malice they had disappointed were on their way to threaten Agra, and throw in their lot with the rebels who were harassing its distracted ruler.

Though the history of the Mutiny in the countries under Colvin's direction is brightened by many individual instances of political courage and personal heroism, yet, on the whole, it is a dismal record of failure.

Shortcomings of Colvin: his miseries: he tries to do his duty.

[1] Lawrence, pp. 279-80; information from Major-General W. Carnell. Lawrence's account of this episode is inaccurate.

[2] *Ibid.* pp. 281-3; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, p. 1025, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, pp. 591-2, 24 Dec. 1857, pp. 178, 343. It must not be supposed that the people were universally well affected. Captain Hardcastle, who accompanied the Jodhpur troops, wrote, "At every station (in Jeypore) through which we passed, the inhabitants cursed and abused us as English."—*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, pp. 1082-3.

For this failure Colvin was in part responsible. It is true that, owing to the paucity of British troops and the evil effects of British legislation, his position was one of unexampled difficulty. It is also true that, owing to the selfishness and faint-heartedness of Hewitt and of Wilson, the powerful force at Meerut did absolutely nothing to support him; and that his lieutenants did not all display the strong self-reliance which enabled Spankie and Dundas Robertson to maintain their hold upon a large and turbulent district. But, on the other hand, there were some high officials at that time who, though they were no better served than Colvin, yet, far from allowing themselves to be disheartened by the failure of erring subordinates, only laboured the more earnestly to inspire them with their own high courage and vigorous resolve, and made up for their want of material resources by acting as though they possessed them. It is impossible indeed to affirm that the most resolute and clear-sighted of Indian statesmen could, if he had been placed in Colvin's position, have preserved entire tranquillity over the North-Western Provinces: but it may confidently be affirmed that to Colvin's feebleness and political blindness was due the unprecedented anarchy which actually prevailed. The truth was that from the outset his burden had been too heavy for him, and that, while he had grown weaker, it had grown heavier. Day after day messages poured in upon him, telling how officers of high rank had been hunted out of their stations, and had fled into jungles, to save themselves from being murdered by men from whom they had been accustomed to receive the most servile obeisance; how ladies and little children had been put to a cruel death, or had escaped only to endure sufferings worse than death.[1] He could not conceal from himself that all over the country the fabric of his Government was falling to pieces; and he bitterly complained that the result of years of conscientious labour had been undone within a few weeks by the very people for whose benefit it had been undergone. But to a man of his kindly nature it was more bitter still to know that his countrymen were crying out for help, and that he could not help them. Yet, though he acknowledged that the misery which their sufferings caused him and the load of his responsibility were greater than he could bear, he continued resolutely to watch every detail of public

[1] See Robertson, pp. 181-2.

business. He would have served his country better by sparing himself this labour, and leaving room in his mind for larger views of state policy. While Agra itself was now almost the only stronghold not submerged by the flood of insurrection, he continued, with unfortunate credulity, to entrust a share in its defence to the native police. It was pointed out to him in vain that these pretended guards were in league with all the rebels in the district. Drummond believed in their fidelity; and he had given himself up to Drummond's guidance.[1]

He removes the women and children at Agra into the fort.

Towards the end of June, however, he heard a report which would have startled the most apathetic of rulers into vigorous action. It was said that the mutineers from Rájputána, invited by the native police, were in full march upon Agra. The mutineers from Jhánsi were in the neighbourhood of Etáwah, and might come to their aid. Hitherto Colvin had refused to listen to the most urgent entreaties for the removal of the women and children into the fort; although the fort had, for at least a fortnight, been ready for their reception,[2] and their removal would have released the adult males for the work of defence. Now, of course, he could refuse no longer. Yet even now he forbade anyone to take into the fort more than a few indispensable articles of personal use, thus exposing much valuable property to the risk of being plundered and destroyed by the mutineers.[3]

The provisional council.

Meanwhile it was necessary to consider what measures ought to be taken to repel the expected onslaught. Besides the European troops, there were available for defence a contingent furnished by the Rájput Raja of Kotah and a small force raised by a native official named Saifulla Khan. It was decided on the 2nd of July to post the Kotah Contingent for the protection of the cantonments, and to send out Saifulla Khan's levies, as a corps of observation, to the western suburb of Shahganj. The day after these

[1] Thornhill, pp. 179-81, 183; Raikes, pp. 52-3, 56; *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.* vol. vii. p. 649. See App. C.

[2] As nearly ready, to speak with strict accuracy, as it was when they were actually admitted. The native Christians, it should be noted, were refused admission till the 4th of July. See Reade, pp. 47, 49, and *Nineteenth Century*, April 1897, p. 562.

[3] Raikes, pp. 52-4; Reade, p. 49.

arrangements had been made, Colvin's health broke down so completely that he was obliged to make over the Government to a provisional council. The members were Brigadier Polwhele, the military chief, Reade and Major Macleod. Next day the council ordered a pontoon bridge over the Jumna, by which mutineers from the Doáb might have entered the town, to be disconnected On another question, however, a difficulty arose. The loyalty of the Kotah Contingent was suspected. The mutineers from Rájputána had halted at Fatehpur Síkri, about twenty miles from Agra. Polwhele had resolved, in the event of their approaching the station, to march out and oppose them. He agreed to allow the horse and foot of the Kotah Contingent to accompany the British force; and with this object they were ordered to take up a position on the road leading to Fatehpur Síkri. Separated from their artillery, they fancied that the British intended to destroy them, and hastened to join the mutineers, who had moved nearer in. Thus reinforced, and encouraged by promises from the police, the mutineers advanced to a village called Sacheta, situated not more than five miles from the cantonments. Further they would not go; for they doubted whether there was much treasure to be got at Agra, and were not really inclined to risk an attack upon the British troops. The same night Saifulla Khan reported that his men were not to be trusted. He was therefore ordered to withdraw them out of harm's way to the neighbouring village of Kerauli. Before sunrise on the following morning Colonel Fraser and other senior officers called upon Polwhele, and begged him to bring matters to a crisis by marching out, and attacking the rebel army. Polwhele decidedly refused. His duty was simply to defend Agra. His cavalry were so few that even if he were to gain a victory, he would be unable to follow it up. He had less than a thousand men all told, many of whom were volunteers; and the European regiment, which numbered little more than six hundred, was composed of young soldiers, who had never seen a shot fired in anger. The mutineers outnumbered his force by five to one; and a large proportion of them were seasoned troops, who had fought at Sobráon and at Mooltan. He believed that if they were left to their own devices, they would go on to Delhi without attacking Agra; and he was determined not to leave Agra at the mercy of the police, the

July 5.

budmashes and the five thousand criminals who were lodged in the gaol. At seven o'clock a young ensign galloped into Agra in great excitement and announced that he had seen the mutineers moving into Shahganj. The report rapidly spread. Presently a score of officers, civil and military, went to Polwhele, and vehemently urged him to go out and fight. He took no steps to test the truth of the report. Two courses, it seemed, lay open to him. He might, in the spirit of his declared intention, keep his troops ready to repel the mutineers, in case they should venture to brave the heavy guns of the fort; or he might march out and attack them, on the bare chance of success, and with the certainty that the convicts and budmashes would take advantage of his absence to rise. For a time he clung to his resolve; and the more experienced of his officers tried hard to keep him firm: but the clamour of the forward party prevailed. He allowed his judgement to be overborne, and issued orders for an immediate advance.[1]

Early in the afternoon the little army quitted the parade-ground. Near Shahganj Polwhele halted and found that, after all, it was not occupied. The youthful ensign had deceived himself. What he saw was only an advanced piquet, which was now falling back, to warn the main body. As it seemed evident that the mutineers had, after all, no intention of attacking Agra, the Brigadier wished to return. But Captain D'Oyly, who commanded his artillery, assured him that he could drive the mutineers from their position. The army again advanced. After a march of about half-a-mile it came in sight of the enemy, who were posted in and behind the village of Sacheta, their guns, which had been placed in front and on either flank, being protected by rising ground and clumps of trees. Presently their left battery opened fire. Polwhele, who had already formed up his line, ordered the infantry to lie down, and directed the artillery, which was divided into two half-batteries, placed, like that of the enemy, on either flank, to reply to the challenge. The officers fought their guns like heroes: but the mutineers, sheltered as they were by natural breastworks, were too strong for them. While the British infantry were suffering from the fire of rifle-

Battle of Sacheta.

[1] March Phillipps's report (*Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 761-2); Thornhill, pp. 177-90; Reade, pp. 19-20, 52; printed (but unpublished) papers by Col. de Kantzow. See App. D.

men perched in the trees and on the tops of houses, the enemy's gunners were leisurely finding the range. A tumbril was blown up; and one of the guns on the left was dismounted. The officers, finding that their ammunition was running short, implored Polwhele to order a general advance. There were the infantry, chafing under their enforced inaction, eager to be allowed to rise and hurl themselves upon the rebels. But Polwhele saw that the artillery had not yet done its work; and he shrank from diminishing the scanty numbers of the defenders of Agra. The mutineers held a strong position; and if the infantry failed to dislodge them, his retreat might be cut off, and then Agra would be lost. He continued to bombard the village until a second tumbril exploded. The brigade might now have fallen back upon Shahganj, and waited for fresh ammunition: but, as there was nothing to be gained by prolonging the battle, the wiser course would have been to retreat. Polwhele adopted neither alternative. Though his artillery ammunition was completely exhausted, though the enemy's cavalry had actually charged the left half-battery, he sent his infantry, in two small columns, to the attack. It was too late,—or too soon. The infantry did indeed penetrate the front part of the village: but the enemy still swarmed beyond a lane which bisected it, and behind the wall of a plantation on its right; the British soldiers, after a fierce struggle, were seen streaming back; and Polwhele, perceiving that the contest was hopeless, reluctantly gave the order to retreat. The retreat was conducted with such coolness and skill that the enemy believed that he was only returning to procure fresh ammunition and renew the combat. Their infantry indeed, which had suffered heavily from the fire of his guns, did not attempt to pursue.[1]

The British forced to retire into the fort.

Meanwhile the women in the fort had been anxiously waiting for the issue of the battle upon which they believed their safety to depend. The distress of those whose husbands were in action was terrible. For three long hours they listened to the roar of

[1] *Times*, Sept. 2, 1857, p. 5, col. 6; Sept. 1, p. 8, col. 5; Colonel White's *Indian Reminiscences*, pp. 117-21; Thornhill, pp. 191-4; account of Mr. March Phillipps, who fought in the volunteer cavalry (printed in Keene's *Handbook to Agra*, 1874, pp. 57-9); printed papers by and personal information from Col. de Kantzow. See App. D.

One company of the mutineers was armed with Enfield rifles; while the British had only muskets.

the contending artillery. At last some of them, unable to bear the strain of suspense any longer, hurried to the flag-staff on the Delhi gate, from which they knew that they would be able to discern the movements of the two armies. Then their suspense was terminated indeed, but by despair; for they could plainly see their countrymen retreating, hotly pursued by the enemy's cavalry. Presently a mob of soldiers, covered with dust and dripping with blood, came rushing into the fort, clamouring for drink. Now that they knew the worst, the women forgot their own sorrows. Some of them went about ministering to the needs of the thirsty soldiers. Others watched over the bedsides of the wounded and the dying. And among the objects of their tender devotion was one whose dying moments Florence Nightingale herself might have been proud to soothe,—Captain D'Oyly of the Artillery, whose last spoken words were, "Put a stone over my grave, and say that I died fighting my guns." [1]

All this time the budmashes of Agra, joined by the convicts, who had escaped from prison, and by those of the police who had not dispersed, were burning the houses in cantonments, destroying the property which Colvin's fatuity had left in their way, and murdering every Christian who still lingered in the city. Clustering on a large plateau within the fort, the refugees were forced to listen to the hellish din, and looked on helplessly at the swift ruin that was overtaking their houses, from which the flames, leaping upward, shed their glow over the maze of streets, over the broad expanse of the river, and upon the snowy wonder of the Táj. No precaution was taken to repel an attack: there was no order and no head: loose horses were galloping about and fighting: wounded gun-bullocks were lying on the ground; and drunken soldiers bivouacking in the rain. For two days after the first outburst in the town had subsided, disorder went on unchecked; for the English were too dispirited by their late disaster to march out and reassert their authority. On the 8th of July, however, Drummond, having heard from a friendly native that there was no serious opposition to be expected, sallied forth with a small escort, and paraded the streets. The rabble instantly dispersed. Thenceforward, although anarchy was rampant in the district, Agra itself was at peace.

[1] Coopland, pp. 181-2; Raikes, p. 62.

Life in the fort.

The fort, within which nearly six thousand human beings were now gathered together, looking forward to a captivity of indefinite duration, was a huge, massive erection of red sandstone, commanding the town and the river. Inside its walls were grouped a vast collection of edifices—plain Government buildings, lofty marble halls, graceful mosques, pavilions, towers, kiosks, and splendid palaces. Within these the captive people had now to find what accommodation they could. In the corridor running round the noble palace of Akbar ladies might have been seen busily trying to impart a look of comfort to the little improvised huts which had been assigned as their temporary homes. Among the fugitives were to be found representatives of many different races, creeds, and professions, —soldiers, civilians, English ladies and their children, Eurasians, native servants, monks, nuns, and even rope-dancers and circus-riders belonging to a travelling French company. At first there was necessarily confusion among such a motley assemblage, huddled together in the narrowest quarters. Signs of defective preparation were everywhere manifest. Heaps of filth lay putrefying in the sun, and emitted sickening smells. But order was soon established by the exertions of those in command. Dirt and confusion gave way to cleanliness and arrangement. Every room, hut, shed, and cell was carefully numbered. Nor were regular official duties suspended. The chief power was practically in the hands of the military authorities, of whom Colonel Cotton was soon appointed the head. Under their vigorous rule measures were promptly taken for the victualling of the garrison and the strengthening of the fort; and all gradually resigned themselves to make the best of their new life.[1]

In that life there was more of dull monotony than of tragic interest. The civil and military officers indeed were occupied from morning till night with their respective duties; and many of the ladies forgot the weariness of captivity in ministering to the wounded, or teaching the young; but some of the inmates found the time hang heavy upon their hands. No one indeed was exposed to any risk of starvation: no one was obliged to crouch within doors for fear of being struck down by shot or

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 190; Thornhill, pp. 193-4, 198, 207; C. C. Seymour's *How I won the Mutiny Medal*, p. 99; Coopland, p. 183; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Sept. 1857, p. 680.

shell; there were no worse hardships to be endured than those which were inseparable from the conditions of over-crowding and want of ventilation. But, as time passed, and the hoped-for news of the fall of Delhi never came, the inmates of the fort became seriously anxious for their own safety. Indeed, though there were many true heroes among them, they were afterwards taunted by some of their countrymen with having displayed a very unheroic spirit. It is true that they more than once had good reason to believe that they were in imminent danger of being attacked by overwhelming numbers: but still there was something ludicrous in the idea of some hundreds of able-bodied men subjecting themselves to all the inconveniences and suffering all the terrors of a besieged garrison, while they were never really besieged at all. It seems at last to have dawned upon them that it was discreditable to remain shut up in a fort instead of boldly marching out, and trying to re-establish their authority in the surrounding country; for, towards the end of August, a small force was actually despatched to Aligarh, defeated there a band of rebels whose chief had set up a government of his own, and thus did something to weaken the general belief that British authority had collapsed.[1]

Correspondence of Macpherson with Sindhia.

That the garrison were in fact spared the miseries of a siege was due to the exertions of Macpherson, who, during the whole period of his captivity, corresponded unceasingly with Sindhia and Dinkar Ráo.[2] If he had not thus inspired them with his counsel, and cheered them by his support, they could never have succeeded, as they did, in carrying out his instructions. Though the reverses which the English everywhere suffered in July and August seemed to warn Sindhia to desert a hopeless cause while there was yet time, his confidence in Macpherson was such that he submitted for four months to the insults, and resisted the entreaties of his troops, and, in turns, defying, flattering, deceiving, and sowing dissensions among them, baffled their evil purposes, and kept them inactive at Gwalior, at the very crisis at which their help might have turned the scale in favour of the rebels. With all his loyal intentions, he would never have been able to do this if

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv., Part 3, pp. 157-9; Coopland, pp. 159, 162-6, 170-5, 184-213.

[2] Colonel de Kantzow thinks that it was also due to the fact that in July, after the battle of Sacheta, the Chambal was in full flood.

it had not been for the marvellous influence which, even from a distance, Macpherson exercised over him.[1]

In other districts besides Aligarh the civil officers were trying manfully to re-establish their authority. It was of course impossible for them to achieve anything like complete success while the natives could point to the glaring failure of the English to reconquer Delhi. Still, something was done. The credit of striking the first effective blow for the restoration of British prestige and of orderly rule belonged to the magistrate and collector of Meerut, Robert Dunlop. This officer was enjoying a well-earned holiday in the Himalayas, when he heard of the massacres at Meerut and Delhi. Instantly he rode down to Simla, and thence drove on to Delhi. Thence again, in obedience to the orders of his Commissioner, Hervey Greathed, he rode to Meerut. The authorities at that station were, as has been pointed out already, absolutely helpless. Since the outbreak not a rupee of revenue had been collected. Dunlop, however, soon showed what one resolute and clear-headed man could do to repair and start again the machinery of Government. He appealed to all loyal men to enlist as mounted volunteers for the restoration of order in the districts. Unemployed officers, high civilians, merchants, clerks, and Sikhs eagerly gave in their names: Major Williams, the superintendent of police, was appointed commandant; and so zealously did the adjutant proceed with the work of drilling, mounting, and arming the volunteers, that in three days one troop was ready for service. From the dust-coloured uniform which it adopted, the corps received the name of Kháki Risála. All the men who composed it could ride: many of them were good shots and practised swordsmen; and the Europeans at least were aflame with a fierce indignation against the ruffians who had outraged and massacred their kinsfolk, that would more than make up for the paucity of their numbers. On the first expedition which the corps undertook, accompanied by two guns and a few dragoons, it burned three villages, which had been occupied by Gujars, killed several of these rebels, and took forty prisoners, of whom thirty-four were promptly hanged. The very next day the collection of the

Exploits of Dunlop.

May 31.

[1] Macpherson, pp. 320-3; Sindhia's chief thákurs and zamíndárs were wrought upon by Dinkar Ráo to support him.—*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 774.

revenue began. But Dunlop and his comrades did not on that account relax their exertions. Supported, as occasion required, by any guns they could procure, and a few policemen, native Christians, armed musicians, dragoons, and riflemen, they swept over the districts; encouraged the friendly portion of the population; rescued terror-stricken baniyas; burned numerous villages; destroyed hundreds of Gujars; slew two formidable chiefs, who, not content with plundering, had actually raised the standard of insurrection; and by these measures taught the astonished natives that there was still some vitality left in the British Government.[1]

July—Sept.

All this time the Lieutenant-Governor had to live in the bitter consciousness that he could achieve nothing worthy of the high place which he filled. Besides all his other trials, he was called upon to endure cold looks, and to read savagely insulting letters from many who ought to have supported him.[2] Gradually his health became more and more feeble: but, though the doctors told him that his life would be sacrificed if he did not rest, he continued to serve his country to the best of his ability. On the 9th of September he died. Only a few days before, conscious that his days were numbered, he had quoted to his secretary the pathetic words,

Death of Colvin.

"Nec mihi jam patriam antiquam spes ulla videndi." [3]

He was not one of the world's heroes. Yet the most brilliant achievements recorded in the history of the Indian Mutiny do not awaken a truer interest than the heroic failure of this man, who continued, faithful to the end, to face a responsibility which, as he knew all along, was too great for him. And, so long as England continues to honour a man who tries to do his duty, there will be some who will cherish the remembrance of his dying words:—"I have not shrunk from bearing the burden which God has called upon me to sustain; I have striven to have always a conscience void of offence towards God and man." [4]

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Sept. 1857, p. 435; Major Williams's *Narrative*, pp. 11-12, 14; Dunlop.

[2] Not long before his death, he received from Calcutta a despatch, containing a reprimand for delay in sending in the administration report of the preceding year, and an elaborate form, to be filled up and returned, regarding the unanswered letters for the past six months. "What manner of men," remarked Thornhill's brother, "must they be in Calcutta, who, at a time like this, when they ought to be straining every nerve to save the Empire, are thinking only of unanswered letters?"—Thornhill, pp. 272-3.

[3] Virg. *Æn.*, ii. 137.

[4] Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 415-6.

# CHAPTER V

## CANNING'S POLICY: EVENTS AT CALCUTTA

IT is now necessary to relate the events that had taken place, during the past few months, at the seat of the Supreme Government.

1857.

For some days after the seizure of Delhi, Canning allowed himself to be buoyed up by delusive hopes. Men whose information and authority he was not strong enough to disregard, kept assuring him that the worst would soon be over. On the 16th of May Colvin telegraphed, "The worst of the storm is past, and the aspect of affairs is fast brightening;" and on the 20th he telegraphed again, quoting the words of Commissioner Greathed, "A very few days will now see an end of this daring mutiny."[1] But Canning ought not to have allowed these comfortable anticipations to put him off his guard. It was high time for him to arise, and show that he was indeed Governor-General of India. Though, however, he set an example of personal courage and manly calmness when some of the English residents of Calcutta were unmanned by the direful news from the North-West, he yet left on the minds of those who were most anxious to believe in him, the impression that he was not equal to the occasion. In the face of new announcements of mutiny and murder, he would not believe that the whole army was infected with the spirit of disaffection, or at least ready to be swayed into mutiny against its inmost convictions. He did indeed hurry up the reinforcements, as they arrived in Calcutta, towards the North-West, and passed an Act on the 6th of June, giving

Canning fails to realise the gravity of the crisis.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 228, 345. On the 25th Canning himself recorded a similar opinion, p. 19.

extraordinary powers to civil and military officers for the summary trial and punishment of all disturbers of the peace:[1] but he took no steps to provide for the safety of Bengal itself, or even of the capital. Not only the English, but the Christians of every class and nation at Calcutta saw the danger. In the third and fourth weeks of May the Trades' Association, the Masonic Fraternity, the Armenians, and the French residents, vying with each other in the loyalty of their addresses, offered their services for the protection of the city. The Government, however, refused their offers. Cecil Beadon, the Home Secretary, replying on the 25th of May to the offer of the French residents, wrote in a tone of confidence which even the recent telegrams of Colvin ought not to have encouraged. "Everything," he said, "is quiet within six hundred miles of the capital. The mischief caused by a passing and groundless panic has already been arrested."[2] This letter was very bitterly criticised by many of the loyal inhabitants of the city. They asserted that, if Canning had availed himself of the services of the volunteers, an entire regiment could have been set free to act against mutineers; and that, if he had promptly disbanded the native regiments still remaining at Barrackpore and those at Dinapore, the Europeans who were detained for the unproductive duty of watching over these disaffected troops could have been spared to march for the relief of Cawnpore. But Canning did not believe that the volunteers would be efficient soldiers. In this belief, as was afterwards proved, he was wrong. Again, he would not disarm the native regiments at Barrackpore and Dinapore, because he feared that such a measure would exasperate the sepoys at other stations where there were no white soldiers to protect the Christians from their vengeance; and also because he trusted the professions of loyalty which several of the regiments in question were careful to make. The former of these reasons was plausible, but it was not sound. Canning afterwards found himself obliged to consent to the disarming of the Barrackpore sepoys; and none of the evils which he had dreaded followed the measure. On the other hand, the fact that the sepoys at Dinapore were allowed to retain their arms did actually produce evils, the magnitude of

He rejects the offers of the Calcutta volunteers, and refuses to disarm the sepoys at Barrackpore and Dinapore.

June 13.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 408-9, 438-40.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 20-3.

which it would be difficult to exaggerate. In his willingness to trust the sepoys' professions of loyalty Canning was not alone. The commandants of sepoy regiments, almost without exception, believed in the fidelity of their men. As they had lived with them for years, interested themselves in their pursuits, received many tokens of their gratitude, and in some cases the most touching proofs of disinterested fidelity, shared with them the hardships of many campaigns, led them to many victories, and sustained their drooping spirits under defeat, it was not strange that only a few officers of rare insight should have discerned the premonitory symptoms of a mutinous spirit. But that experienced colonels, who heard by every post that regiments around them had risen against their officers, and sometimes added murder to mutiny, should have obstinately clung to the delusion that their own particular corps would remain faithful, and often only surrendered their faith when the bullets of their babalogue[1] had lodged in their breasts, is one of the most extraordinary phenomena in the history of the Indian Mutiny. If there is one more extraordinary, it is that Canning, who was unbiassed by the associations which had led the officers to repose confidence in their men, should yet have shared that confidence. While those who condemned him for refusing to disarm the sepoys, and rejecting the offers of the volunteers, took no account of the considerations which influenced him, his advocates, on the other hand, did not see that the necessity of allowing for those considerations proved that at best he erred in company with some respectable statesmen. A well-known historian, who defended his rejection of the offers of the volunteers by the argument that, in the hour of danger, nine out of ten of them would have stayed at home to protect their families and possessions, instead of joining their companies, was forced to admit that when, later on, it became necessary to accept their offer, they rendered excellent service to the State.[2] The same historian, complaining of the unfairness of condemning Canning's early policy after the event had proved it wrong, forgot that there were other statesmen in India who, from the first, adopted a policy which, as they foresaw would be the case, the event proved right. Canning argued that it was unnecessary to disarm

[1] Children—a term of endearment often used by commanding officers towards their sepoys.

[2] Kaye, vol. ii. p. 125, vol. iii. pp. 12, 42.

his regiments, because they had professed themselves loyal. John Lawrence argued that it was necessary to disarm *his* regiments because no sepoy's profession of loyalty could be trusted. If it was unfair to blame Canning after the event had proved him wrong, it was unfair to praise Lawrence after the event had proved him right. Canning had not yet grasped the great truth that a handful of Englishmen could only hold millions of disaffected Asiatics in check by boldly taking the initiative against them, and trusting that they would be too terrified to perceive the absence of a material force sufficient to support the uncompromising assertion of authority. Many reasonable excuses have been made for his failure: but history refuses him the title of a great statesman, because others, who had fewer resources than he, needed no excuses.

It was from no lack of sympathy with the Christians at unprotected stations that he did not send them more succours. He spoke from the depths of his heart when he lamented his inability to help them. Rightly believing that his duty to the empire was more urgent than his duty to suffering individuals, he sent all the troops whom he believed that he could spare to the rescue of the posts the preservation of which was, in a political and military sense, most important. If, however, he had consented in time to the enrolment of the Calcutta volunteers and the disarming of the sepoys at Barrackpore and Dinapore, he would not have had to resist the promptings of compassion: we might never have heard of the well of Cawnpore.[1]

[1] I am aware that the Governor-General in Council wrote, "If all the garrison of Fort William could have been spared, there were no means of sending one more man to Cawnpore in time for its relief."—*Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), p. 98. But he himself supplied the means of disproving this assertion. On May 24 he telegraphed to Henry Lawrence, "The bullock-train can take 100 men a day at the rate of 30 miles a day."—*Ib.* vol. xxx. (1857), p. 353. The distance from Calcutta to Cawnpore is 639 miles. The capitulation of the Cawnpore garrison did not take place till June 26. It is clear then that, if the means of transport were forthcoming along the whole line of road, there was ample time to send troops to their relief. But, it may be urged, after the mutiny at Allahabad on June 6, it was impossible for some days to collect cattle for the journey of more than 120 miles from that station to Cawnpore. This objection is plausible; but it may easily be answered. To say nothing of the fact that the mutiny of June 6 was due to Canning's want of foresight in not garrisoning Allahabad with European troops, as Outram advised him to do, he ought to have sent the 84th up country on the 6th of May instead of on the 20th. Had he done so, the mutiny at Allahabad, if it had occurred at all, would not have interfered with the passage of the troops. This accumulation of proofs will probably be considered

He plays fast and loose with Jang Bahádur.

The citizens of Calcutta were not the only friends whose offers of assistance he set at nought. The kingdom of Nepál was at that time virtually ruled by the famous Jang Bahádur, a very unscrupulous but very sagacious minister, who had visited England eight years before, and had carried back with him to India a firm faith in the resources of the British power Though, however, from the moment when the mutiny broke out, he never doubted that the English would, in the end, re-establish their supremacy, he was far too clear-sighted to be deceived by the momentary lull in the middle of May which deluded the Governor-General. He therefore made an offer to Major Ramsay, the Resident at Khátmándu, to lend a body of Gurkhas to the British Government. Ramsay took a few days to think over the proposal. It had come to his knowledge that the Governor-General had authorised Henry Lawrence to avail himself of the aid of a Gurkha force, in case it should be offered to him. Accordingly he decided to take upon himself the responsibility of accepting the offer, and wrote to Lawrence and General Lloyd, the commander of the Dinapore Division, informing them that he was prepared to send detachments to their aid. On the 15th of June the first detachment, a thousand strong, marched from Khátmándu. Only two days later, however, the Resident received an express from the Foreign Secretary, George Edmonstone, ordering him to recall the Gurkhas, if they had not passed the frontier. Ramsay obeyed. In recrossing the pestilential belt of jungle which stretched along the base of their hills, they suffered grievously from sickness: but the vacillation of Canning condemned them to undergo the same trial again; for hardly had they reached Khátmándu when he ordered the Resident to ask Jang Bahádur for three thousand men to be sent to the aid of Lawrence. It is true that the

June 1.

June 5.

June 6.

June 17.

June 23.

sufficient. But there is another. On May 26 Henry Lawrence urged by telegraph that ekkas (or native pony-carts) should be collected for the more rapid transport of the troops. *Ib.* p. 360. This suggestion was not accepted, apparently because ekkas were not thought suitable for Europeans. *Ib.* p. 358. But John Nicholson used them with the best results. [Sir Hugh Wheeler stated on June 18 that a reinforcement of 200 men would suffice to raise the siege (Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 443), and his opinion was confirmed by trustworthy native testimony. See Nánakchand's *Diary*, p. xvi., and *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 678-9.]

accounts of these transactions published by Canning's opponents[1] were grossly distorted. But the story, told, as it has been here, in strict accordance with the facts, carries with it a fresh proof of his deficiency in statesmanship.[2]

Offers of the volunteers accepted.

Like Jang Bahádur, the loyal citizens of Calcutta had the grim satisfaction of being solicited to renew the offers of help which, when they were first made, had been contemptuously rejected. From the time when Secretary Beadon returned his memorable reply to the address of the French residents, the English newspapers persistently urged Canning to retract his refusal of the offers of the volunteers. But he remained immoveable until John Grant, pointing out, with unofficial directness of language, the dangers to which the capital was exposed from the Mahomedan population, the budmashes, the armed retainers of the King of Oudh, the disaffected native regiments within its precincts or at neighbouring stations, the weakness of the loyal troops, and the untrustworthiness of the native police, and declaring his conviction that the effects of even a street-riot at the capital would be felt not only throughout Bengal, but to the very extremities of India, at length overcame his objections.[3] Accordingly, while he protested that his opinion as to the worthlessness of the volunteers was unshaken, he consented to sanction their enrolment. If they had been hurt by his rejection of their original offer, many of them rose above the littleness of resenting his want of confidence by want of loyalty. Sacrificing all private considerations to the good of the State, heedless of scorching suns and drenching rains, they voluntarily submitted to the labour of drill and discipline, and formed themselves under the able guidance of Orfeur Cavenagh, the Town-Major, into a powerful brigade; and, as they ultimately earned the hearty commendation of Sir Colin Campbell, they could afford to forgive the scepticism of Canning.

June 12.

Though it had been given with an ill grace, the Governor-General's consent to the formation of the volunteer corps might have established a more cordial feeling between himself and the European residents of Calcutta if he had not, on the very next

[1] *e.g.* Mead, who was, in 1857, editor of the *Friend of India*.

[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 575; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, July 4, 1857, pp. 5, 15, 17, 29, 33; 24 Nov. 1857, pp. 704, 706-8; Mead, pp. 6-7; Sir W. Hunter's *Life of Brian Houghton Hodgson*, pp. 255-6.

[3] Kaye, vol. iii. p. 10, note.

day, passed another measure which was sure to provoke a fresh outburst of ill-will against him. He had for some time observed with uneasiness a growing inclination on the part of the native journals to advocate the cause of the mutineers. The English journalists were giving him even more uneasiness in another way. From the very outset of the Mutiny they had, with a keener discernment than the Government, advocated a policy of vigorous repression: but they had fallen into the habit of publishing unguarded statements which, it was feared, might give a perilous advantage to the disaffected; and, though they had at first striven to give Canning credit for the power of dealing with the crisis, they had throughout uncompromisingly denounced his advisers, to whose influence they ascribed the feebleness of his policy.[1] It was natural that members of Council should resent this treatment. They had not learned, like English statesmen at home, to bear the most stinging invectives with equanimity: they had often before smarted under the blows of the Press; and perhaps they now saw in the recklessness of its comments on the political situation a pretext for silencing its attacks upon themselves. They found Canning ready to listen to their arguments, although, only a few days before, he had refused to put the native editors under restraint, on the plea that the remedy would be worse than the disease. On the 13th of June he went down to the Council Chamber, and there, in a sitting of forty minutes,[2] proposed and carried an Act requiring every printer to obtain a license from Government, and empowering the executive to suppress any publication, without warning, whenever it might see fit.[3] Never, since the days when Prynne had his nose slit and his ears cut off for publishing the Histriomastix, had any act of an English statesman been received with a greater burst of indignation than that which greeted the announcement of this measure. Contemporary writers did indeed exaggerate the extent of the feeling, for the general opinion of the lawyers of Calcutta supported the Governor-General: but its depth was revealed unmistakeably by the furious invectives which journalists and pamphleteers of every profession heaped upon the Act. What specially exasper-

The Gagging Act.

[1] *Friend of India*, May 21, 28, June 4, 1857, pp. 482, 506, 531; *Calcutta Englishman*, Feb. 21, April 1, May 16, 18, 19, 25, June 5.
[2] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 103.
[3] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxix. (1857), pp. 164-5.

ated them was that they, the representatives of the free and enlightened Press of England, should be put on a level with treasonable native scribblers. They refused to believe that the Government was sincere in its denunciations of the mischief which their recklessness had produced. They did not hesitate to say that Canning and his advisers, conscious that they had committed great errors of policy, were resolved to prevent information of those errors from being transmitted to England.[1]

The Gagging Act, as this measure was petulantly called, may be criticised from two points of view. As a matter of policy, the worst that can be said of it is that it was unnecessary. It is true that Henry Lawrence, who knew the natives well, told Canning that the disloyal native press was less dangerous than the loyal but headstrong English journalists: but it is not likely that, if the latter had been left unfettered, their leading articles and sensational paragraphs would have seriously increased such disaffection as prevailed.[2] Such a danger, supposing it to have existed, might have been averted if the Governor-General, while thanking the Press for their zealous co-operation, had given them a friendly warning against using their power indiscreetly. On the other hand, it would be absurd to contend that the unpopularity which the Act brought upon the Government weakened in the slightest degree the hands of any one who was concerned in the suppression of the Mutiny.

Again, it would not be true to say that the Act was a blunder simply because it aroused the indignation of the Press. The evil was more deeply seated. If Canning's previous measures had been such as to inspire the Press with confidence, if he had shown a hearty sympathy with the loyal inhabitants of the city, a readiness to work with as well as for them, he might have passed the Act with comparative impunity. If Wellesley had been Governor-General at the time of the Mutiny, he would not have thought twice about gagging the Press if he had believed that it was doing harm; and the Press would have submitted to his will without a murmur. But Wellesley knew the secret of ruling men's hearts.

[1] *Friend of India*, June 18, 1857, pp. 579-80, 583; *Overland Bombay Times*, 1857, p. 235; *Englishman*, June 15, 24, 30; Mead, *Red Pamphlet*, etc.

[2] See Mead, pp. 187-98; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxix. (1857), pp. 159-76; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 566, and *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, July 4, 1857, p. 487.

It has been pointed out that one of Canning's reasons for refusing to disarm the sepoys at Barrackpore and Dinapore had been his trust in the professions of loyalty which they had been careful to make. On the 8th of June Hearsey had forwarded to Calcutta a petition, expressing the wish of the 43rd and 70th regiments to be allowed to use the Enfield rifle.[1] It may be imagined then with what amazement and disappointment Canning read on the 13th a letter from Hearsey, informing him that the Barrackpore regiments intended to rise that very night, and urging that they should be instantly disarmed. He consented sadly. For he still clung to the belief that to disarm was unnecessary; and his consent looked like an admission that when, in his generous eagerness to catch at any sign of repentance and good feeling on the part of the native army, he had thanked the Barrackpore sepoys for their address, he had shown a dangerous credulity.[2] On the 14th, Hearsey telegraphed that the disarming had been successfully performed.[3] At the same time the detachments at the Presidency and at Dum-Dum were deprived of their power to do mischief.

Disarming at Barrackpore, Calcutta, and Dum-Dum.

That day had been a memorable one in the annals of the Mutiny. A rumour of the intentions of the Barrackpore sepoys had reached Calcutta; and many believed that they designed, when they should have murdered their own officers, to march down upon the capital, and, reinforced by the armed retainers of the King of Oudh, to finish their bloody work by the slaughter of the Christian population. The merchants and traders of Calcutta closed their ears against these rumours, and set an example of steadfast courage. But their example was not generally followed. Members of Council and Government secretaries, who, so long as their own persons were safe, had scoffed at the idea of rebellion, and censured brave officers for allowing their men to mutiny, barricaded their doors, or abandoned their homes in terror, to take refuge on board the ships in the river.[4] Inferior officials, scampering wildly across

Panic Sunday.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 468, inc. 86.

[2] Colonel Ramsay tells us that, when the 70th volunteered, "Lord Canning was much pleased, and said it was the first ray of sunshine he had felt."—*Recollections of Military Service and Society*, vol. i. p. 242.

[3] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 481, inc. 113.

[4] Kaye (vol. iii. p. 34) refuses to accept the charges of cowardice made against high officials by contemporary writers as proved; but Malleson, on whose

the plain from Chowringhee to the Fort, besieged the commandant with demands for admittance. Eurasians rushed out of their houses in the suburbs to seek refuge from an imaginary foe. The streets were thronged with the carriages and palanquins of the fugitives, while their deserted homes lay at the mercy of the budmashes; but no thieves came to disturb the silence of the forsaken houses; for the natives themselves, not less terrified than the Europeans, lay cowering in their dwellings, expecting every moment to be searched out and cut down by the white soldiers of whose coming they had heard. Thus passed the morning and afternoon of Panic Sunday: but towards evening the terror began to subside: the fugitives sneaked back to their houses: the night set in and passed off quietly; and in the morning the city once more wore its accustomed aspect.

June 15. Arrest of the King of Oudh.

Before the close of Monday, however, another memorable event occurred. The Barrackpore sepoys, whose designs had excited such dread, had indeed been disarmed; but it was still probable that the King of Oudh's men would work mischief. The Government had in their hands proofs that some of the King's dependents had tried to corrupt the fidelity of the native sentries at the Fort; and it was impossible to say that their machinations had not spread much further. Canning, therefore, acting on Grant's advice, sent Edmonstone to secure the person of the King and his chief advisers. Starting on his mission in the early morning, Edmonstone entered the palace after posting a strong detachment of soldiers round the walls, to cut off the King's escape. When he had arrested the Prime Minister and the chief courtiers, he sought for admittance to the presence of the King himself. After some delay he was ushered into the royal apartments, and courteously informed the King that the Governor-General, having heard that plots were being carried on in his name, desired to remove him, by way of precaution, to Government House. The King, protesting his innocence with unwonted energy of manner, suffered himself to be led off. For a while he bore himself firmly; but on the way to Fort William he burst into tears, and, contrasting the misery of his

authority I have made the statement in the text (*Red Pamphlet*, p. 105), says that "he was prepared then, as he is now prepared, to name, had he been called upon, the individuals to whom he referred."—*Hist. of the Indian Mutiny*, vol. i. p. 24.

own lot with the glory of his ancestors, exclaimed that, if General Outram had been there, he would have borne witness to the submission with which he had obeyed the British Government. Edmonstone, however, could only carry out his orders; and the King and the ministers who had made him their tool were handed over to the custody of Colonel Cavenagh. Thus deprived of their leaders, the Oudh plotters were rendered powerless.[1]

June 17. Sir Patrick Grant.

Two days later Sir Patrick Grant, the Commander-in-Chief at Madras, came to Calcutta, to assume temporary command of the Bengal army. His career had been one of smooth and unbroken success; but, though he had proved himself a cool-headed soldier in the bloody combats with the Sikhs, Charles Napier had said of him that he was only fit to command a division.[2] He was now called upon to command an army, and to suppress a rebellion. But he declined the honour which was thrust upon him. If he had believed that he was not the fittest man that could be found to command the army in the field, and had on that account resolved to remain in Calcutta, his resolve would have been worthy of all honour. But there is no evidence to show that he thought so humbly of his own powers. No doubt he acted up to his lights: but the reasons which he gave for his action were unsound, if not frivolous. While Delhi was still in the hands of triumphant mutineers, while from a hundred stations his countrywomen were uttering a despairing cry for help, he declared that he could best serve his country by taking up his abode in Government House, and there directing on paper the movements of the troops whose glory he refused to share. He would not take the field in person, he said, because, as Commander-in-Chief, he would require a numerous staff and extensive office establishment, with an entire regiment to escort them, an entire regiment of those British soldiers, of whom the whole force then in India, by the expenditure of all their energies, could not yet hold revolt in check. Above all, he had a great work to perform, to which even the suppression of the Mutiny must be postponed. Others might have ability enough for crushing the rebellion of the native army: he had to meditate

[1] *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 106-7.
[2] *Life of Sir C. Napier*, vol. iv. p. 282.

on its reorganisation and regeneration.[1] But, in declining to take the field, he performed a service which his countrymen appreciated more than his designs for the direction of the campaign or the reorganisation of the army. For the officer whom he selected to act against the rebels and mutineers was Brigadier-General Henry Havelock.

June 18. Gloomy announcements.

On the day after Grant's arrival, it was reported in Calcutta that Delhi had fallen: but the joy which this announcement created was succeeded by disappointment when authentic information was received that only the cantonments on the Ridge had fallen into Barnard's hands. A succession of gloomy messages, only varied by the occasional announcement of an isolated success, poured in upon the Governor-General; and early in July he heard the first rumours of an awful tragedy at Cawnpore. But with all these troubles coming upon him, and a load of personal odium to oppress him, he bated not a jot of heart or hope. While waiting for the coming of the China regiments, he had been labouring to supply the lack of military material which had been so apparent when the first attempts at retrieval had been made, sending to Madras for supplies of clothing and camp equipage, collecting horses for the cavalry and artillery, and preparing the means of carriage for the sick and wounded.[2]

The Clemency Order.

Yet he had to suffer the bitter punishment of the ruler, who, having once lost the confidence of his people, finds that even his good measures are ignored or condemned. The news of the sufferings of their countrymen had excited in the hearts of the Europeans at Calcutta a savage desire for indiscriminate revenge. Canning was determined not to listen to their clamours. Among his many noble qualities were a calm love of justice, a scrupulous respect for the rights of others, which were only misunderstood by his contemporaries because they were not balanced by decisiveness. On the 31st of July he passed a Resolution providing that no native soldier belonging to a regiment that had not mutinied, should be punished, unless he were taken with arms in his hands, but should simply be handed over to the military authorities, or imprisoned until the orders of Govern-

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 528; see also Malleson, vol. i. pp. 29-32.
[2] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 527-8.

ment respecting him should be declared; that mutineers or deserters belonging to regiments that had mutinied, but had not murdered their officers, should, when taken without arms in their hands, be dealt with by the military authorities; and lastly, that mutineers or deserters belonging to regiments that had committed any outrage on Europeans, should be judged by the civil power, but not punished until the Government had decided upon any extenuating circumstances connected with their offences.[1] Though the Resolution offered no mercy to those who did not deserve it, though Canning had insisted as sternly as any one on the duty of inflicting condign punishment on the murderers of Europeans, the public would listen to no defence of the measure; for in their eyes Canning could do nothing right. Nor was the distrust in his statesmanship confined to India. Even in England the press and the public alike condemned the Resolution, and nicknamed its author "Clemency Canning."

The Arms Act.

Another bill, drafted at the same time as the Clemency Resolution, but not finally sanctioned until the 11th of September, intensified the popular indignation. Struck by the danger of allowing the vast mixed population of the capital to go about armed at such a time, the Governor-General resolved to take away from them the right of carrying arms without a license.[2] Here, muttered the British residents, was the blunder of the Gagging Act repeated in another form. They refused to listen to the argument that the necessary license would not be refused to them if they asked for it; for their hatred of the Government was now too firmly fixed to be shaken by any argument.

Aug. 21. Canning refuses to establish martial law in Bengal.

Not less unpopular than this Act was the refusal of the Governor-General to agree to a memorial signed by a number of influential residents of Calcutta, praying for the establishment of martial law throughout Bengal.[3] The clamours which his refusal stirred up were not the less loud because he justified it by the argument that ample powers had already been granted to the executive authorities for the punishment of offenders, and that, even if it were desirable to establish martial law, it would be impossible to spare the European troops whom the

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 8-10.
[2] *Ib.* Part 3, pp. 544-8.
[3] *Ib.* Part 1, pp. 7, 8.

memorialists desired for its enforcement. So bitterly indeed did the European community hate him that, before the close of the year, they actually petitioned the Queen for his recall.[1]

But, in the midst of his troubles, he was not altogether without consolation. On the 1st of August Outram appeared in Calcutta, fresh from his Persian triumphs, and ready to render the State any service in his power. A few days later another officer arrived, who was destined to win a lasting fame in the suppression of the revolt, Captain William Peel, with his Naval Brigade. On the 13th of August Sir Colin Campbell, with his Crimean honours thick upon him, came and took up the office of Commander-in-Chief, with the warm approval of the army, who knew him as "the war-bred Sir Colin," Charles Napier's lieutenant and friend. Moreover, reinforcements were now fast flowing in; and, as the transports steamed up the river, the people on the course stood up in their carriages, and, taking off their hats, cheered and cheered again the soldiers who were coming to save them.[2]

Arrival of Outram, Peel, and Sir Colin Campbell.

Aug. 8.

Nearly a year and a half of Canning's administration had passed away; and in the last six months of that period he had had such an opportunity of winning distinction as had fallen to the lot of no other Indian statesman. He had indeed been severely tried; but, if he had endured the trial, his glory would have been proportionately dazzling. But he had made it evident to all men that he was not strong enough for the work that he had to do. No ruler could indeed have shown a more calm and dignified courage, a more conscientious devotion to the State. When, five years afterwards, he lay upon his death-bed, worn out in his prime by the incessant labour and the galling anxieties of this baleful summer, he might have told himself, if his humility had not been equal to his self-sacrifice, that he was dying for his country as honourably as the bravest soldier who had perished on the field of battle. But these qualities were not sufficient to make a Governor-General of India. Nor is it possible to draw a strict line of demarcation between the moral qualities of a statesman and the qualities that constitute fitness for rule. None can tell how far Canning's indecision, his morbid

Review of the first year and a half of Canning's administration.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), pp. 94-103.
[2] Mead, p. 85.

scrupulousness, his excessive deference to the opinions of his advisers were congenital qualities, how far they were due to failures of his own in building up his character in earlier years. Men judge each other by results; and, if the method is a rough one, it generally leads to as correct a conclusion as a more subtle analysis. The English at Calcutta judged Canning hardly; but they erred less in the direction in which they drew their conclusions than in the extent to which they pushed them. At bottom, it is not true that what roused their anger against him was his clemency: fear and wounded pride had made many of them savage, but not dead to the feelings of humanity. If a Hastings or a Wellesley had ruled them in those days, he would have forced them to realise the dignity of mercy: for he would have made it very clear to them that he could afford to be merciful because he was strong. Those who justified Canning on the ground that he was biassed by the erroneous advice of his counsellors, forgot that they were thus denying his title to the chief glory of the statesman, the power of penetrating through the mists of prejudice and error which surround him. When the storm burst upon his vessel, he never left the helm, though the seas dashed over him: but, when his crew saw that he gave the wrong words of command, and that he had no firm hold upon the wheel, the ablest of his lieutenants pressed forward to support his feeble grasp, and made their voices heard above his.

# CHAPTER VI

## BENGAL AND WESTERN BEHAR

1857.
Macdonald at Rohni.

WHILE Canning had been labouring on, and striving to bear up against the news of calamity in Upper India and the undisguised hatred and contempt of the English inhabitants of Calcutta, events had occurred in Bengal itself which pronounced a pitiless condemnation on his policy. On the evening of the 12th of June, Major Macdonald, who commanded the 5th Irregular Cavalry at Rohni, and, like his comrades at other stations, had never doubted the loyalty of his men, was surprised, with two of his brother officers, by three troopers, and cruelly wounded. At first he would not believe that the traitors belonged to his own regiment; but, when a few days afterwards he discovered his mistake, he arrested them; had them tried; assumed the responsibility of carrying out their sentence without orders from Government; came out, though still suffering acutely from his wound, to superintend their execution himself in presence of the whole regiment; silenced a cry for rescue which one of them made to his comrades, by threatening to blow out his brains; and, standing his ground alone till all three were swinging lifeless from the gallows, proved by his splendid decision that the unaided moral force of a single Englishman could subdue the brute strength of a thousand mutineers.[1]

Halliday and Tayler.

The presence, however, of an able officer at an isolated station was not enough to secure the safety of the vast Presidency of Bengal. The danger to which that Presidency was exposed was very differently estimated by the two civilians upon whom lay the chief burden of providing for its security. These were Frederick Halliday, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and one of his local represen-

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 519, 521.

tatives, William Tayler, the Commissioner of Patna.[1] The former, who had already gained a strong influence over Canning, was a hard-working administrator and a very able man of business. But, though his outward appearance impressed many with the idea that he was a born leader of men, he was not universally respected even by the members of his own order. Some of them complained that he had treated them with Oriental duplicity; and Dalhousie's private secretary had openly accused him of falsehood without eliciting any repudiation of the charge.[2] No doubt he had his good points: but the part which he played in the suppression of the Mutiny was too insignificant to make it worth while to attempt any elaborate analysis of his character.

William Tayler was a man of culture, keen sense of humour, and wide sympathies. His spirits were marvellously buoyant and elastic for his years; and withal he was by nature so combative that he could not always bring himself to work submissively under a superior whom he could not respect. This temper, however, though it was injurious to his prospects of official success, did not weaken his efficiency as a public officer. Deploring the want of sympathy which prevented the average English official, in spite of the conscientious industry with which he fulfilled his duties, from becoming familiar with the habits of thought of the natives and their real feelings towards British rule, he had not contented himself with working for the material prosperity of his people, but had tried, like Henry Lawrence, to reach their hearts as well. But the tenderness which moved him to make allowance for their weaknesses, was balanced by a stern resolution which would never allow them to dispute his supremacy. He was not a man of iron, however, but a man of tempered steel. The sympathy and the kindli-

[1] The authorities that I have consulted for my account of Tayler's administration are *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Parts 1 and 2; Tayler's Memorial presented to the Duke of Argyll, *Ib.* vol. lv. (1878-79); Halliday's Minute presented to Parliament in 1879, *Ib.*; Tayler's Reply to Halliday's Minute, *Ib.* vol. lii. (1880); *Papers connected with the Removal of Mr. W. Tayler from the Commissionership of Patna*; *Calcutta Englishman*; *Papers regarding the Patna Industrial Institution*; Tayler's *Patna Crisis*; Dr. Duff's *Letters to Dr. Tweedie on the Indian Rebellion*; and the following pamphlets by Tayler,—*The Injustice of* 1857, *Veritas Victrix*, *Fact* v. *Falsehood*, *What is Truth? Further Disclosures*, *A Narrative of Events connected with my Removal from the Patna Commissionership, etc.*

[2] Mr. Halliday and Mr. Courtenay (Copies of correspondence published in the *Calcutta Englishman*).

ness of his nature were allied with a keen sensitiveness. He felt that the duty which lay before him was a grave one, that his responsibility was appalling.

The districts under his charge contained about twenty-four thousand square miles, and a population of more than ten millions. These numbers, however, give only a faint idea of the stake which depended upon his power of dealing with the crisis. Great mercantile interests were in his keeping; for within his Division lay many of the estates of the wealthy indigo-planters of Bengal; and at Patna itself a well-stored opium godown tempted the avarice of the enemies of order. Still more important and no less exposed to danger were the political interests over which he had to watch; for the city of Patna, with its hundred and fifty thousand[1] inhabitants, was a hot-bed of Mahomedan intrigue; and the memory of a great conspiracy which had been discovered some ten years before, remained to warn the English that they were surrounded by a population among whom there were many restless spirits, secretly longing to overthrow their power, and re-establish a Mahomedan dynasty. When the first symptoms of revolt appeared, there was hardly a man in Behar who did not look to Patna as the head-centre of disloyalty.[2]

Dangerous situation of the Patna Division.

To meet these appalling dangers, Tayler had few resources but the strength of his own character. At the outlying station of Segauli, indeed, was quartered the 12th Irregular Cavalry, under Major James Holmes, an officer upon whom he knew that he could depend for enthusiastic support. But he had not a single European soldier in Patna itself; he could not rely confidently upon his native police; and the British soldiers at Dinapore, condemned by the Government to the unprofitable task of watching the sepoy regiments, could give him no help. To crown all, he knew that he would have neither encouragement nor support from the

Resources of Tayler.

[1] In the *Patna Crisis*, p. 21, it is stated that the population "is estimated at 400,000." According to the census of 1872 the number was only 158,900. Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, vol. vii. pp. 330-1. The population of the Patna Division in 1881 was 15,063,944; according to the census of 1872, the estimate of which was rather too low, 13,120,817. *Ib.* 2nd ed., vol. xi. p. 91.

[2] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 21-2, 24; Dr. Duff's *Letters*, p. 10; Letters in *What is Truth?* and *Fact v. Falsehood*. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 562-3; Part 2, p. 92.

Lieutenant-Governor. A dispute had lately arisen between them on a question of educational reform. The general opinion was that Tayler had been in the right, and that the Lieutenant-Governor had treated him badly. Moreover, it was notorious at Calcutta that the Lieutenant-Governor, fearing perhaps lest unpleasant revelations might be made, if Tayler were suffered to continue the controversy, had resolved to put an end to it by seizing the first plausible pretext for transferring him to another post.[1]

When, therefore, the news of the mutiny at Meerut revealed to Tayler the extent of the danger which threatened him, he knew that he would have to meet it alone. And he did meet it. Spurning the timid suggestions of the judge, who tried to persuade him that it was best to flee from Patna, he at once proceeded to make arrangements for protecting the lives of the people under his charge, and securing the Government property.[2] Before going on to see how he succeeded, the reader must pause for a moment, and survey the city of Patna.

May 20. His early measures.

Patna is situated on the right bank of the Ganges, three hundred and eighty miles north-west of Calcutta, and ten miles east of Dinapore. It was a busy and thriving centre of commerce, but possessed none of those architectural glories which lent such interest to the chief cities of the North-Western provinces. One street, running the whole length of the city from the eastern to the western gate, was tolerably wide; but the others were merely narrow, crooked, filthy alleys, lined with mean houses, most of which were built of mud. Viewed from the river, however, the city had a more attractive appearance. The houses of the wealthier citizens, with their flat roofs and carved balustrades, lined the bank, and, with scattered trees, turrets and spires, and old gateways of dark red stone, were mirrored in the water. Emerging from the western gate, the traveller found himself approaching the European houses, which were scattered along the banks of the river. The Commissioner's house stood by itself in spacious grounds close to the south-western corner of the race-course, which lay south of the line of houses on the right bank.[3]

Patna.

[1] See App. E.

[2] *Correspondence connected with the Removal of Mr. W. Tayler from the Commissionership of Patna*, pp. 5, 6, 33-5.

[3] Roberts's *Scenes and Characteristics of Hindostan*, vol. i. p. 171; Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. vii. pp. 325, 332; *Patna Crisis*, pp. 19-20.

On the evening of the 7th of June, while driving on the race-course, Tayler was informed that the Dinapore regiments were expected to rise that night. He at once drove to the nearest European houses, warned the inmates, and offered them the shelter of his house, sending messengers at the same time to warn those of the Europeans who lived farther off. In less than an hour all except a few who had found a refuge elsewhere came hurrying up to avail themselves of his offer. Soon afterwards, while he was busy making arrangements for their accommodation, he was called out of doors. It appeared that one of the native police had just shown his commanding officer two letters, which he had received from the Dinapore sepoys, announcing that they were going to rise at once, and wished the police to seize the treasury at Patna, and then march out to meet them. The officer handed the letters to Tayler. Tayler saw at a glance that, however loyal the individual policeman might be, the letters proved the existence of a previous understanding between the force generally and the sepoys. But he had absolutely no instruments for the preservation of order, except these very police and a few of Holmes's Irregulars. In this extremity his heart did not fail him. All night long, weighed down but not crushed by the burden of his anxieties, he kept watch over the safety of his guests, while his wife ministered to their comfort, and a body of the suspected police and some of the irregulars mounted guard outside. In the morning, however, instead of the expected mutineers, who had postponed their rising,[1] there arrived a reinforcement of Sikhs, under an officer named Rattray, whom Tayler had lately summoned to his assistance. Then the fugitives returned, with lightened hearts, to their homes; but they knew that, so long as the crisis lasted, the shelter of the Commissioner's house would be open to them.[2]

The 7th of June at Patna.

June 8.

While, however, the arrival of the Sikhs removed Tayler's immediate anxiety, it added another. For Rattray reported that his men had been constantly insulted

Affairs in the districts.

[1] Fortunately the letters had been ignorantly delivered to a man for whom they had not been intended; and the sepoys who had brought them from Dinapore, on discovering the mistake which they had made, hurried away with all speed from the station. To this mistake was probably due the postponement of the rising.—MS. Correspondence.

[2] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 27-31: *Correspondence connected with the Removal of Mr. W. Tayler from the Commissionership of Patna*, p. 6.

on their march by the population. Most of the zamíndárs indeed were believed to be well disposed: but the magistrates generally expressed a conviction that the Mahomedan portion of the population was thoroughly disaffected, and that, if any disturbance occurred at Patna, the infection would probably spread throughout the province. Moreover the fear that prevailed at Patna naturally communicated itself to the surrounding districts. Everyone laboured under a vague but oppressive sense of danger. Some of the Europeans so far yielded to their fears as to desert their posts: but Tayler vehemently exhorted them to return. On the day following the alarm at Patna, he had sent Halliday a full report of the dangers which threatened that city. The reply which he received a few days later was in itself enough to stamp the Lieutenant-Governor as unfit for his post. For, in the face of the evidence which Tayler's letter contained, he wrote that "he could not satisfy himself that Patna was in any danger," and that "the mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys was inconceivable." But Tayler's opinions were not to be shaken by the utterances of his chief, notwithstanding the air of infallibility with which they were delivered. He knew precisely the extent of the danger and the conditions upon which it depended. He believed that he could hold Patna in check so long as the Dinapore sepoys remained quiet; but he knew that the sepoys would mutiny unless they were disarmed. He therefore strongly urged General Lloyd to disarm them. Lloyd replied that he could keep them down without disarming them. Tayler, whose insight detected the timidity which lay behind this assumed air of confidence, could now only do his best to avert the probable results of Lloyd's weakness. And he saw that the only possibility of doing this lay in resolutely repressing the Mahomedans of Patna, and in preventing all communication between them and the Dinapore sepoys.[1]

June 8.

June 13. Halliday will not believe that Patna is in danger.

Tayler in vain urges General Lloyd to disarm.

To effect the former of these objects, he devised an expedient of which Warren Hastings might have felt proud to be the author. The most dangerous inhabitants of Patna were the Wahábis, the Puritans of Islam, whose close organisation, widely extended com-

His measures for the preservation of order.

[1] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 35-7, 42-4; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1,

munications, and Jesuit-like submission to their rulers gave them a formidable power. Tayler knew that, if he could secure the persons of the three Moulvis who directed the Patna branch of the sect, he would obtain a certain pledge for the good behaviour of their disciples; for no Wahábi would venture to commit any act that could endanger the safety of his venerated leaders.[1] He therefore determined to arrest the Moulvis; but, as he knew that Halliday had long ago resolved to believe that the Wahábis were mere harmless enthusiasts, in spite of the clearest proofs of their disloyalty, he did not inform him of his design. This was one of the very few occasions on which he did not send his chief full reports of his circumstances and of his intentions;[2] and, if he had not made these exceptions to his rule, if he had shrunk from acting on his own responsibility, he would not have been allowed to save Patna. Reflecting that any attempt to effect the arrests by ordinary means would only cause a riot and perhaps loss of life, he felt obliged to resort to stratagem. Accordingly, on the 18th of June, he invited the Moulvis and a few of the most respectable native citizens to his house to discuss the political situation. Next morning all were assembled in his dining-room,[3] and took their seats round the table. Presently the Commissioner, accompanied by Rattray, a few other Englishmen, and a native officer, entered the room. Two of the Moulvis looked very uncomfortable when Rattray, with his sword clanking, sat

June 19.

pp. 5, 6, pars. 6-10; Part 2, p. 102; *Correspondence connected with the Removal of Mr. W. Tayler from the Commissionership of Patna*, p. 2, pars. 6-8, p. 10.

[1] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 45-7, 51. "The dangers," wrote General Le G. Jacob to Tayler, "that you so admirably nipped in the bud were not confined to your quarter of the world . . . they were part of a network of conspiracy, spread over the length and breadth of India." Colonel Colin Mackenzie wrote: "When you laid bare the conspiracy of the Wahabees, the ramifications of which extended throughout nearly all India, and when you arrested their chiefs, you cut the tap root of that upas tree."—*Selection of Letters from distinguished Indian Statesmen.* See also *Punjab Mutiny Report*, p. 61, par. 40, which proves that a treasonable correspondence went on between the Mahomedans of Patna and those of Peshawar.

[2] Proof of this will be found in *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. Part 2, in Mr. Tayler's pamphlet *Further Disclosures*, in the copy of his Memorial to the Secretary of State for India, pp. 25-9, and in his reply to Halliday's Minute, pp. 48-9, 66-8. The other measures which Tayler carried out without informing the Government *beforehand*—though he reported them fully after their accomplishment—were those recorded in the next paragraph.

[3] It ought to be mentioned that the dining-room was used at the time as an office.

down beside them: but their leader, Moulvi Ahmad Ulla, soon began to take part in the conversation, and made some sensible suggestions for the defence of the city. At length the conference was over; and all the native guests, except the Moulvis, were told that they might go. Turning to the Moulvis, Tayler informed them that he was obliged to detain them as hostages for the good behaviour of their followers, and handed them over to the custody of Rattray. "Great is your Excellency's kindness," said Ahmad Ulla, joining his palms, "great your wisdom: what you order is the best for your slaves; so shall our enemies be unable to bring false charges against us." "What is pleasing to you," smilingly replied Tayler, "is agreeable to me." Just as the three were about to be led away, he said significantly to Ahmad Ulla, "Remember, I have not arrested your father; but his life is in your hands, yours in his." The Moulvi looked as if he understood the hint.[1]

Now that he had checkmated his most formidable enemies, Tayler felt that he was master of the situation,

June 20.

Next day he followed up his victory by the arrest of the patrolling darogah,[2] who, he knew, would use his power to prevent investigation of the designs of the disaffected if, as seemed probable, he was himself a sharer in them.

June 20.

Finally, he required the citizens to surrender their arms, and to remain indoors after nine o'clock at night.[3] The obedience that was paid to these orders was a striking illustration of the homage which mankind yield to moral force. In Calcutta men asked each other in amazement how it was that, while from other stations news of massacre and rebellion was constantly arriving, from Patna came week after week the news that tranquillity was maintained and British prestige vindicated.[4] Perhaps even Halliday could have answered, Because Patna is ruled by William Tayler.

Tayler's success was not, however, wholly unbroken. On the 23rd of June Wáris Ali, a native police-officer, was

Conspiracy and sedition.

arrested, and found to be in possession of letters which convicted Ali Karím, a wealthy Mahomedan who lived near Patna, of treasonable intentions. The magistrate

[1] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 44-51.
[2] Native Superintendent of Police.
[3] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 53-4. *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 20, 44, 58-9.
[4] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 174.

of Patna was sent to seize the criminal, but, after a long and wearisome chase, returned unsuccessful. On the 3rd of July a riot broke out in Patna itself. As, however, the bulk of the malcontents had been too thoroughly frightened by Tayler's measures to join in it, it was easily suppressed by the Sikhs, while the ringleaders were seized and brought to trial. Chief among them was a Mahomedan bookseller named Pír Ali. A number of letters inviting various persons to join in organising an anti-Christian crusade were found in this man's house. From the fact that these letters, having all been found in the house of a single man, were evidently a mere sample of others, that Pír Ali would never have kept men in his pay except for a regular plot, and that Wáris Ali had been ready to give up his lucrative situation in order to join Ali Karím's enterprise, Tayler argued the existence of an extensive conspiracy which his own anticipatory measures had alone prevented from issuing in an appalling calamity. Pír Ali himself bore the most emphatic testimony to Tayler's vigilance by confessing that his strong measures had forced the conspirators to strike before they were ready. They and twenty-one of their associates, convicted of having taken part in the riot, were summarily hanged.[1]

The natives who supported Tayler.

But Tayler would not have been able to procure the evidence which he required against these men, if he had not been helped by three loyal natives, Syad Wiláyat Ali Khan, Moula Bakhsh, the deputy magistrate, and Hidáyat Ali, the subahdár of the Sikh corps. Throughout the crisis these men laboured day and night to support him, helping him to patrol the city, and furnishing him with all kinds of valuable information, which only a native could obtain, though their loyalty exposed them to the hatred and ridicule of their fellow-citizens. Aided by their investigations, he was able to discriminate between the countless accusations against influential Mahomedans which were put into his hands, so that he could afterwards assert that he had never moved against a soul, except in the way of precaution, till suspicion had been corroborated by many concurrent circumstances.[2]

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. Part 2, pp. 6-13, 15-23; *Patna Crisis*, pp. 65-72. It is important to notice that this was not a Wahábi plot. The Wahábis were now powerless. Pír Ali was a native of Lucknow, and had been corresponding treasonably with one Museeh-oos-Zuman of Lucknow *ever since the annexation of Oudh.*

[2] *Ib.* pp. 57, 65, 72-3.

Red tape.

While Tayler was working with heart and soul for the safety of his Division and his people's lives, Halliday was carping at his measures and warning him against doing anything illegal or irregular. The littleness of the man's mind appeared in such words as these:—"It is impossible that you should have anything to do of greater importance than keeping the Government informed of your proceedings."[1] No indeed! The saving of a province was a trifling matter compared with the sacred duty of writing detailed official reports. How different was the spirit in which John Lawrence directed his subordinates!

May 25. Major Holmes.

It was not only within the limits of Patna that Tayler's example made itself felt. As soon as danger began to threaten Behar, his friend and ardent admirer, Major Holmes, wrote to Canning, expressing with great freedom and plainness, the view that stern and instant repression was the only policy for the times. Canning told him in reply that he was entirely wrong, and that his "bloody, off-hand measures" were not the cure for the disease. But Holmes cared nothing for the rebuke. "I am determined," he rejoined, "to keep order in these districts, and I'll do it with a strong hand."[2] His method was simple, but very effective. On his own responsibility, he actually placed the whole country between Patna and Gorakhpur under martial law.[3] His only instrument for enforcing it was his single native regiment: but he thoroughly trusted his men; and, if they were not loyal to him in their hearts, they were so carried

May 30.

June 15.

[1] *Correspondence, etc.*, p. 11.

[2] Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 7, 101.

[3] On July 29, Halliday, in a rebuke which he administered to Tayler for taking upon himself to praise this unauthorised act, remarked, "At the time when Major Holmes declared martial law in Behar, nothing whatever had occurred to justify that step, and the moment it was known by Government, his act was set aside and cancelled." On the very next day Halliday himself proclaimed martial law in the districts of Sháhabad, Patna, Behar, Sáran, Champáran, and Tirhút. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, p. 145, par. 3, p. 146.

It is quite true that, in the view of a purblind statesman, nothing whatever had occurred to justify Holmes in declaring martial law when he did. But Holmes was a man of clear mental vision. The principle upon which he acted was one that never failed in the Mutiny, the principle of taking the bull by the horns while it was hesitating whether it should lower its head or not; in other words, of acting against men who were known to be disaffected *before* they had time to commit overt acts of disaffection. Halliday, on the other hand, put off declaring martial law until *after* the Dinapore mutiny, which he had declared "inconceivable," had broken out.

along by his daring spirit that they could not choose but do his bidding. Sending out parties of them to seize evil-doers and protect the civil stations, and declaring that he would visit with instant death anyone who showed the slightest sign of disaffection, he soon established such a terror of his name that none dared to stir a finger in the cause of rebellion. Canning had argued in his letter that the sepoys who had not yet rebelled were mad with fear: but Holmes knew that fear might well hurry men in their position, like frightened beasts, to turn upon their masters, and that, until they were thoroughly cowed into submission, it would be useless to attempt to reason with their fears.

In spite, however, of all that Holmes and his irregulars could do, it was impossible for Tayler to guarantee the safety of his Division, so long as there was danger of a mutiny at Dinapore. During the three weeks that had elapsed since he had tried in vain to persuade Lloyd to disarm, he had indeed still maintained order; but he knew that, if Lloyd persisted in neglecting his advice, the rising must sooner or later take place, and, by letting loose an army of mutineers through Behar, undo all the good which he had done. At last the English merchants resolved to try whether their arguments could not induce the Government to order the General to take the step which he dared not take on his own responsibility. A favourable opportunity for stating their views had just presented itself. Canning had originally excused himself for refusing to disarm the Dinapore sepoys on the ground that the reinforcements which would give him the power to do so had not yet come. Now, however, they had arrived, and had been ordered to call at Dinapore on their way up the Ganges. By his own confession, the Governor-General now had the game in his own hands. But, while many of his lieutenants were assuming the responsibility of executing great measures without consulting him, he shifted the responsibility which naturally belonged to himself on to the weak shoulders of the poor old General at Dinapore. Well knowing that Lloyd had only promised that his men would remain quiet if "some great temptation" did not assail them, well knowing that a great temptation was even then strongly assailing them, well knowing that Lloyd would never have the courage to use his own discretion, he yet left it to him to decide whether he would employ the newly-arrived reinforcements to

Shall the Dinapore sepoys be disarmed?

deprive his regiments of the power of doing mischief.[1] The merchants, to whom this decision was privately made known, saw its imbecility, and resolved to make a last effort to induce Canning to change it. Accordingly, on the 20th of July, they sent a deputation to implore him to consider what vast commercial interests were imperilled by the threatening attitude of the regiments at Dinapore, and to urge him to secure the safety of those interests once for all, and restore public confidence by commanding Lloyd to disarm. He curtly refused their request.

The natural results of his blind obstinacy followed. On the 22nd of July a body of the 5th Fusiliers reached Dinapore. Lloyd shrank from using his authority to detain them, and let them go by. Of course he regretted his decision. But he was still to have another chance of setting himself right. Two days later two companies of the 37th touched at Dinapore, awaiting his commands. His remorse was strong enough to make him order their disembarkation; but it was too weak to make him turn them to good account. If it is true that *Nemo repente fuit turpissimus*, it is equally true that a weak man cannot suddenly become strong. Lloyd writhed under the responsibility so cruelly cast upon him. Afraid to crush the nettle in his grasp, afraid to leave it alone, he just touched it; and, when it stung him, he cast the blame on others. As he could not brace himself to disarm his men, he thought he would take away their percussion-caps instead. Next morning accordingly the European troops were drawn up, by way of precaution, in the barrack-square, close to the native lines; and the caps were carted away from the magazine. Many of the sepoys showed great indignation when they saw the carts moving towards the barracks: but they feared, with the British soldiers close at hand, to give full vent to their feelings. Lloyd, however, was not content with the success of his half-measure. He ordered his officers to hold a second parade of the sepoys in the afternoon, while the European troops would be busy eating their dinners, and then require them to surrender the contents of the cap-cases which they carried on their persons. It is difficult to gauge the depths of the folly which prompted his resolve. For the measure which he now ordered would exasperate the sepoys far more than that

July 24.

July 25.

[1] The Commander-in-Chief's letter to Lloyd, written at Canning's request, will be found in *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), p. 103.

which had been with difficulty carried out in the morning; and the absence of the British troops would deprive the officers of the only means of crushing the mutiny which seemed certain to follow. An attempt was made, however, to obey the order. The parade was held. The sepoys were ordered to empty their pouches. They answered the demand by firing on their officers. The noise warned the European soldiers and the General that mutiny had broken out. The General, having given certain vague instructions to his officers how to act in case of a difficulty, did not think it necessary to do more than go on board a steamer in the river, from which he hoped to be able to shoot a few stray mutineers.[1] The soldiers turned out and formed up on the parade ground; but their officers, who could not have understood the instructions which they had received, dared not assume the responsibility of acting in the General's absence; and not till two staff-officers hurried up from the steamer, bringing his orders for an advance, was any attempt made to retrieve the fortunes of the day. It was then too late. Only a few sepoys, who rashly attempted to cross the river, were destroyed by the guns of the steamer, or drowned. The rest, after re-possessing themselves of the caps that had been taken from the magazine, went off in the direction of the river Soane. As that river was then greatly swollen by the rains, Lloyd had only to lead his Europeans in pursuit, in order to overtake and destroy them before they could effect a passage. He afterwards recorded in his own defence the extraordinary opinion that such a step would have been of little use. But it is not extraordinary that he did not attempt it. A general who had shown such feebleness in the morning was not likely to prove an able commander in the evening. The wonder is that next morning it did occur to him to send a party of riflemen in a steamer[2] up the river, to intercept the passage of the mutineers. But his attempt failed; for the steamer, after running a short distance, stuck fast on a sand-bank. Even before it had returned, however, he received a startling piece of news, which led him to resolve to entrench his position at Dinapore, and leave the surrounding country to the fate which he had brought upon it, thus imitating with the

Mutiny at Dinapore.

July 26.

[1] See his letter to the *Daily News*, referred to on p. 190.

[2] It should be mentioned that, when travelling by river in India, passengers were generally carried in what is called a flat, towed by a steam tug.

closest fidelity the line of conduct which Hewitt had followed after the mutiny of the 10th of May. In many respects, indeed, this shameful story of the mutiny at Dinapore resembles the story of the mutiny at Meerut. The strength of the British force at hand to crush resistance, the imbecility of the General, the dread of responsibility manifested by the officers, and the amazement of the mutineers at their own success, were all points common to the two disasters. And for the weakness of Lloyd, as for the weakness of Hewitt, the only excuse that can be pleaded is the infirmity of old age.[1]

Kunwar Singh.

There was a man, however, in Behar, who, though several years older than Lloyd, still retained the vigour of his youth, and was resolved to use it to effect his own aggrandisement, and complete the humiliation of the English. This man was a Rájput noble, named Kunwar Singh, who, formerly a staunch adherent of the English power, had lately cooled in his friendship from resentment at the hard usage which he, in common with many other great landowners, had received from the Revenue Board of Bengal. As, however, he had a strong personal friendship for Tayler, he might even now have thrown in his lot with the English, if he had not heard at the critical moment that an important law-suit in which he was engaged had gone against him. Tayler had earnestly interceded for him with Halliday, but in vain.[2] The result was, that Kunwar Singh determined to join the Dinapore mutineers with his retainers, and regain his lost wealth by the sword. This was the news that made Lloyd resolve to shut himself up in Dinapore. But, more fortunate than Hewitt, he had a strong and wise adviser at hand, who would not let him do so cowardly an act. As soon as he had heard of the mutiny, the Commissioner, true to himself still when others were false to him and to themselves, had sent out a body of Sikhs, volunteers, and police, to cut off the retreat of the stragglers; but on the next morning he heard of an event which, letting loose a fresh multitude of

[1] I am not aware that Lloyd has ever had any defender but himself. Anyone who wishes to read his defence will find it in the *Daily News*, Oct. 30, 1857, pp. 4, 5. He "thought," he says, "that the men would feel it quite madness to attempt resistance with only fifteen caps per man." There was method in their madness.

[2] *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 243-5, pars. 51-7 (letter from Mr. Samuells). Letter from Tayler to Secretary to Government of Bengal (April 5, 1858), pars. 34-52; *Parl. Papers*, vol. lv. (1878-79).

enemies against him, forced him to recall this little force for the protection of Patna. The 12th Irregulars, catching the infection of disloyalty from the Dinapore mutineers, had murdered his dear friend and strong supporter, Major James Holmes. Still his counsel might effect something. Accordingly he wrote to the General, imploring him even then, at the eleventh hour, to go in pursuit of the mutineers. Suddenly the alarming news arrived that they had already crossed the Soane, and were actually besieging Arrah.[1] Lloyd had now no choice but to accept Tayler's advice.

July 25.

July 26.

July 27.

Arrah, the chief town of the most turbulent district in the Division, was situated twenty-five miles west of Dinapore. The European residents had been duly warned of their danger. The warning, however, would have availed them little if Tayler, with rare foresight, had not already sent fifty of Rattray's Sikhs to help them in case of an attack. Even with this reinforcement, the whole garrison were only sixty-eight in number; and their fortress was nothing but a small building, originally intended for a billiard-room, belonging to Vicars Boyle, the railway engineer, who, regardless of the jeers of his friends, had fortified and provisioned it to resist the attack which he had all along deemed possible. His dwelling-house was about seventy yards off; and, to deprive the enemy of the cover which it would have afforded, he had demolished its front parapet. On the evening of the 26th the Europeans, after writing letters to their friends, went into the billiard-room, and bricked themselves up. Boyle, whose foresight had rescued the others from instant destruction, was naturally one of the leading spirits in the crisis; and associated with him was Herwald Wake, the magistrate, who assumed command of the Sikhs. Next morning the sixty-eight were standing at their posts behind their improvised defences; and, when the mutineers, after releasing the prisoners in the gaol, and plundering the treasury, advanced to the attack, as to an assured victory, they were hurled back in astonishment and discomfiture by a well-directed fire. From this moment they only ventured to discharge their muskets from behind the cover of the walls and trees that surrounded the house; and anyone who ventured into the open was sure to be struck down by a bullet from the garrison,

Siege of Arrah.

July 27.

[1] *Patna Crisis*, pp. 76-8; *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 110, 112.

who aimed securely from behind the sand-bags which they had thrown up on the roof. Baffled in fair fight, the assailants began to try a succession of foul stratagems for the destruction of their foe. They strove to corrupt the fidelity of the Sikhs by threats, by appeals to their religious feelings, and by offers of a share in the plunder. But the Sikhs, confident in the resources of their commandant, were proof even against this last argument. Then the rebels tried to suffocate the garrison by setting on fire a heap of chillies outside the walls: but a favourable wind arose and blew the stifling smoke away. The same wind carried off the disgusting stench arising from the rotting carcases of the horses belonging to the garrison, which the rebels had killed and purposely piled up around the house. Finally, Kunwar Singh unearthed two guns, which he had kept hidden ready for emergencies, and prepared to batter down the little fortress. If he had had a good supply of ammunition, he might have forced the garrison to attempt to cut their way out; but, having no round shot at first, he was obliged to use the brass castors belonging to the pianos and sofas in Boyle's house, as projectiles.[1] Yet Wake and his little band knew that, if help did not come soon, time must conquer them; for their provisions were beginning to run short. At midnight on the 29th they heard the sound of distant firing in the direction of the Soane. Could it be that their relief was at hand?[2] They were not kept long in suspense.

July 28.

Influenced by the alarming news that Arrah was being besieged, Lloyd had yielded to Tayler's entreaties, and sent off a force of Europeans and Sikhs to the rescue. But the steamer that carried them ran aground in the darkness of the night; and Lloyd, overwhelmed by this fresh disaster, would have recalled the detachment and left the garrison to their fate, if Tayler had not once more shamed him into action. Another steamer had opportunely come up; and in it a hundred and fifty men of the 10th, with a few volunteers, were sent, under Captain Dunbar, to reinforce the stranded detachment. On the afternoon of the 29th the united force, amounting to four hundred and fifteen

Dunbar's expedition for the relief of Arrah. July 27.

[1] Afterwards he procured some 4lb. shot for one of the guns. V. Boyle's *Brief Narrative of the Defence of the Arrah Garrison*, pp. 13-14.

[2] *Ibid.*; J. J. Hall's *Two Months in Arrah in* 1857; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, pp. 333-4.

officers and men, disembarked. A small party was sent on to procure boats for the passage of a stream which crossed the road to Arrah. Soon afterwards the main body, who were cooking dinner, heard the rattle of musketry. They at once fell into their ranks, and, after a few minutes' march, saw their comrades firing at a number of sepoys on the opposite bank of the stream. Two or three hours were spent in getting the boats; and it was seven o'clock before the whole force had crossed. Tired and hungry, but eager to rescue their beleaguered countrymen, they immediately began their march. About an hour before midnight the moon went down, and Dunbar was urged to halt for the night; but, trusting to a report that the mutineers had raised the siege, he insisted on going on.[1] A few minutes later the advanced guard was entering the suburbs of Arrah, when a blaze of light flashed forth from a dense mango grove on the right of the road, and a fearful discharge of musketry ploughed through the whole length of the column. A second volley followed, and a third. The enemy could only be momentarily discerned by the flash of their muskets: but the British soldiers, conspicuous in their white summer dresses, were falling fast; Dunbar himself was slain; and the survivors, bewildered and losing all discipline, fired helplessly into space, or into each other. At last a bugler, running to a field close by, sounded the assembly, and thus gathered his comrades round him. Presently they found a tank in which they could take shelter; but they foolishly continued to discharge their muskets, and revealed their position to the enemy, who, invisible themselves, assailed them, as they lay crouching in the tank, with continual volleys. In this desperate situation the officers held a council of war, and resolved to attempt a retreat to the Soane at day-break. The day broke; but no joy followed the heaviness which had endured throughout the night. Wearied and famished as they were, the soldiers had a march of fifteen miles before them; and for every foot of the way they had to run the gauntlet of an enemy who had cleverly availed himself of the cover afforded by the woods and jungles that lined the road. Sharp reports echoed: puffs of smoke curled up through the trees; and man after man dropped down. Ever and anon some of the survivors, infuriated at the loss of their comrades, charged aimlessly right and left: but the mutineers, safe in ambush, laughed at their impotent rage. Among the

[1] Hall says that Dunbar sent out no scouts, though the night was dark, p. 47.

British there was little order or discipline; but there was much heroism. Two privates of the 10th carried a wounded officer of their regiment the last five miles of the road; and young Ross Mangles of the Civil Service, with none to help him, rescued a wounded private in the same way. When at last the poor beaten force reached the river, they found nearly all the boats stranded; but many still retained their presence of mind, and, pushing the boats into the stream, would not enter them themselves till they had helped their weaker brethren on board. One of the boats, under a freight of thirty-five men, was drifting helplessly down the stream with its rudder tied up and useless, when a volunteer, McDonell of the Civil Service, climbed on to the roof, and cut the lashings under a hail of bullets. Many, however, as they strove to cross the stream, fell under the enemy's fire: others, who had plunged into the water to escape the bullets, were drowned; and few indeed reached the steamer that was waiting to carry the detachment back in triumph to Dinapore. But worse than all the sufferings that the enemy had inflicted upon them must have been the misery and the shame of that poor remnant, as they approached the landing-place at Dinapore, and saw their countrymen standing upon it, waiting to congratulate them on their victory, and knew how soon they would be undeceived. As the steamer hove in sight, the crowd grew breathless with excitement: they looked in vain for some sign of triumph on her deck: their hearts sickened as they saw her run past her moorings and make for the hospital; and, as she eased up and blew off her steam, the soldiers' wives rushed down, beating their breasts and tearing their hair, to the water's edge, and screamed out curses against the General who had brought this calamity upon them.[1]

The garrison of Arrah still holds out.

But there were stout hearts still beating in the province of Behar. The little garrison of Arrah, listening eagerly from the roof of Boyle's house to the sound of firing on the night of the 29th, soon heard it die away, and knew that no help had yet come. But they could still help themselves. Their provisions were nearly gone; but, when the besiegers were asleep, they sallied forth, and brought in four sheep as the reward of their daring. Thirst

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 185-9; *Times*, Sept. 21, 1857, p. 6, col. 1; Nov. 7, p. 7, col. 6; *Patna Crisis*, pp. 82-3; Hall, pp. 88-94.

began to afflict them; but the Sikhs dug a well, and procured an abundance of good water. Ammunition threatened to fail; but Boyle had laid in a supply of lead, and new bullets were cast. Mining was repelled by countermining. Every expedient that the ingenuity of the besiegers could contrive was baffled by the ingenuity, but still more by the resolution of the besieged. Thus four more days passed away. On the morning of the 2nd of August the sound of distant firing once more threw the garrison into suspense.[1] And this time too the suspense did not last long.

Among those whose sympathies had been roused by the story of the leaguer of Arrah was a major of the Bengal artillery, named Vincent Eyre. This officer had been in the army for nearly thirty years; but, though he had seen much hard service, and had made many efforts to smooth the rugged lot, and elevate the moral condition of his men, whom he had honourably refused to forsake for the lucrative arena of civil employ, he had not yet found an opportunity of showing what he could accomplish as a leader in the field. Fifteen years before, however, in the disastrous winter of 1841, he had found and used a more glorious opportunity. The Afghán chiefs had demanded four British officers with their wives and children as hostages; and the British commander had asked for volunteers to undertake the cruel risk. Every officer refused to expose his family to danger except Eyre, who, in the words of Lady Sale, "said, if it was to be productive of great good, he would stay with his wife and child."[2] He who reads this record of heroism will not ask for any further comment on Eyre's character.

Vincent Eyre.

On the 10th of July he started with his battery from Calcutta, under orders to join the British force at Allahabad. Touching at Dinapore on the 25th, he of course heard of the mutiny which had just taken place. Re-embarking next morning, he reached Buxar on the 28th. There he was informed that the Dinapore mutineers were besieging Arrah. Hearing later in the day that some of them were marching up the country to destroy the Government stud property at Buxar, he detained the steamer for the night. Next morning, as there appeared to be no imminent danger,

[1] Hall, Boyle.

[2] See an article on Eyre in Colonel Malleson's *Recreations of an Indian Official*, p. 276.

he pushed on towards Ghâzipur, intending, if he should find that station safe, to return to Buxar, and thence march to the relief of Arrah. Finding that Ghâzipur, though still quiet, was not out of danger, he landed two of his guns for its defence, and took in exchange twenty-five Highlanders of the 78th, to aid him in his projected expedition. Returning to Buxar in the evening, he was rejoiced to find that one hundred and sixty men of the 5th Fusiliers had just arrived from Calcutta; and, as he felt that, with their aid, he would be strong enough to begin his march for Arrah at once, he asked their commander, Captain L'Estrange, to join him. L'Estrange promptly agreed, bargaining only that Eyre should take upon himself the entire responsibility of the expedition. That Eyre did this for L'Estrange as unhesitatingly as he had done it already for himself, is his great title to the honourable mention of history. Many officers would have gone cheerfully with two hundred men to attack five thousand: but few would have turned aside from the instructions of their Government, and risked dismissal from the service, to do so. Fifteen years before, however, Eyre had dared to risk even the safety of his wife and child in his country's service; and he was not likely now to shrink from risking his commission. He therefore sent back the Highlanders to Ghâzipur, which had now greater need of them, and, appointing as his staff officer, Captain Hastings, the superintendent of the Buxar stud, by whose energy and enthusiasm the needful supplies were collected within a single day, started to relieve Arrah in the spirit of Montrose's favourite verses:

He resolves to relieve Arrah.

July 30.

> He either fears his fate too much,
>   Or his deserts are small,
> That dares not put it to the touch,
>   To gain or lose it all.

All through the long summer evening and the night the force marched on, not halting till day-break; for but slow progress could be made along heavy roads, and with bullocks unused to the labour of dragging artillery. But at his next encamping ground Eyre heard for the first time the news of Dunbar's disaster, and, burning to efface it, pressed on till, on the evening of the 1st of August, he reached the village of Gujrâjganj, close to Arrah.

July 31.

Aug. 1.

Hardly had he broken up his encampment on the following morning, when bugles were heard sounding the assembly a short distance ahead. Evidently the enemy had come out from Arrah to dispute his advance. They were soon discerned lining a large wood which extended in front of the British force and on both its flanks. Seeing that he was in danger of being surrounded, Eyre caused his guns to open fire on their front and flanks. Presently they took shelter behind some broken ground in front of the wood and opened a heavy fire of musketry. Soon, however, unable to stand against the accurate discharges of the skirmishers whom Eyre had sent against them, they fell back to the wood. Eyre, rapidly following up his advantage, brought all his guns to bear upon their centre: they scattered to right and left; and the British, keeping up an incessant fire of musketry, hurried over the vacant space, and plunged into the wood. The rebels were momentarily baffled; for the British, moving out of the further side of the wood, were protected from attack by inundated rice fields which surrounded the road along which they marched. But, two miles further down, the road was intercepted by a river, on the opposite side of which lay a village called Bíbíganj; and the rebels now hastened to seize this point, hoping thus to render Eyre's further advance impossible; for they had broken down the bridge, and thrown up breastworks to command the approaches. Unable to find a ford, Eyre began a flank march to the right, towards a railway embankment, along which a road ran direct to Arrah, and, to mask this movement, caused his artillery at the same time to play upon the village. Close to the embankment, however, there was another wood; and the rebels now hastened to occupy it, in the hope of intercepting Eyre before he could gain the road. Then began a desperate race between the two armies. The rebels won, and, when Eyre's force came up, opened fire upon it from behind the shelter of the trees. Thus attacked in front, the British were sorely harassed by a simultaneous fire which Kunwar Singh's levies poured into their rear. Eyre must now carry the wood, or be vanquished. His fire could make no impression upon the enemy. Twice within an hour they rushed up to the muzzles of his guns; and by the end of that time they were clearly forcing his infantry to retire. But Eyre had still one resource left, a resource which has often saved British soldiers from imminent defeat at the hands of a superior

Aug. 2. Battle of Gujrájganj.

force. He ordered his infantry to charge with the bayonet. Forming rapidly, the little company of Fusiliers sent up a glorious cheer, and, bounding across the stream, which, though still deep, was here pent up within a narrow space, drove their four thousand enemies before them in utter rout, and did not pause until the guns, opening on the fugitives, had made the victory complete. Meanwhile the garrison of Arrah had been listening anxiously to the sound of the battle. In the afternoon they saw the beaten rebels come hurrying up, collect their property, and go away. They knew now that their deliverance had been wrought at last: but there was a still greater joy in store for them. For, when the morning came, they saw and welcomed their deliverers.

Arrah relieved.

Aug. 3.

Eyre had no thought, however, of resting on his laurels. He had baulked the mutineers of their prey: but he had not yet deprived them of all power to do mischief; and other stations in Behar still lay at their mercy. He resolved, therefore, to follow up his victory by striking a decisive blow at Jagdíspur, a village belonging to Kunwar Singh, to which the rebels had retreated. The old chief's asylum was very strongly placed, and the roads which led to it were difficult: but Eyre knew that his men would now follow him on any enterprise, and what he had already achieved had fairly entitled him to ask for reinforcements. While he was waiting for them, he occupied himself in restoring order in the neighbourhood. Martial law was proclaimed; and thirty wounded sepoys who were brought in, as well as a number of native officials who had entered Kunwar Singh's service, were hanged. On the 8th and 9th of August the expected reinforcements arrived, two hundred men of the 10th and a hundred of Rattray's Sikhs. Strengthened by these and by some of the defenders of Arrah, Eyre set out on the 11th for Jagdispur. About half-past ten on the following day he caught sight of the faces of the enemy peeping through a dense belt of jungle on the opposite side of a stream which crossed the road. The position which Kunwar Singh had chosen was, in all respects but one, faultless. His stronghold lay sheltered behind the jungle, the mazes of which, familiar to him and his men, were unknown to his opponents: the stream protected his front; and in his centre stood a village, which he had fortified. But he had made the fatal mistake of weakening his force by sending a

Eyre follows up his success.

2 P.M.

detachment to occupy another village on the opposite side of the stream.[1] The British skirmishers began the battle by dislodging this detachment, and driving it across the stream. The rest of the enemy lay concealed in the jungle, until the continued advance of the skirmishers provoked them to fire. Then Eyre, at last detecting their exact position, brought his artillery to bear upon them, and forced them to huddle in confusion further to the right. Now was the time to decide the battle by a bayonet rush. The men of the 10th, seeing the enemy wavering, were almost breaking loose from control in their burning desire to avenge their comrades who had fallen with Dunbar; and, before their leader, Captain Patterson, had finished speaking the word of command, they answered him by a ringing cheer, and dashed forward to the attack. Nothing could have resisted that avenging charge: but the 10th were cheated of half their desire; for, as at Bíbíganj, the enemy dared not look at the British bayonets, but fled headlong into the jungle. Meanwhile, Kunwar Singh's irregulars on the left had fought a gallant battle with the Fusiliers, the Sikhs, and the volunteers: but at last a howitzer was brought up against them; and then they too fled. Driving the enemy before him, Eyre entered Jagdíspur early in the afternoon. It was not till the following day, however, that he could learn in what direction 1 P.M.
Kunwar Singh had retreated. Then L'Estrange, Aug. 13.
and afterwards Eyre himself, went in pursuit: but the old chief was never caught. He had evidently looked forward to a victorious campaign; for in his stronghold was discovered an abundance of ammunition, and enough grain to feed an army of twenty thousand men for six months, to obtain which he had mercilessly robbed the peasantry in the neighbourhood. But the re-establishment of the British power brought relief to the sufferers; for Eyre allowed them to carry off the grain.[2] Finally, after blowing up all the principal buildings in Jagdíspur, he started on the 20th of August for Allahabad. In his campaign of three weeks he had effected far more than the original object of his expedition. Not only had he relieved the be-

[1] Malleson, vol. i. pp. 128-9.

[2] *Recreations of an Indian Official*, pp. 301-17; Account of the Relief of Arrah dictated by Major Eyre, printed in Gubbins's *Mutinies in Oudh*, App. No. 10, pp. 474-84; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 127-8, 130-1, 143-7. The British loss in the first action was two killed and fifteen wounded, in the second six wounded.

leaguered garrison of Arrah. He had quelled the insurrection which had threatened to spread from Behar throughout the whole of Bengal; and he had restored the safety of river communication between Calcutta and the North-Western Provinces. In other words, he, a simple major of artillery, had prevented the achievements of Tayler from being neutralised by the weakness of the Government and the incompetence of Lloyd.

Dangers which encompassed Tayler after Dunbar's failure.

Before, however, this result was attained, the character of the Patna Commissioner had been subjected to a trial more severe than any which it had yet endured. The mutiny of the sepoys at Dinapore had been bad enough: but the defeat which Dunbar had sustained at their hands was far worse. For it now seemed absolutely certain that Arrah must soon fall; and then the besiegers would be free to overrun the whole province of Behar with fire and sword. Many of the villagers of Shahabad, the district of which Arrah was the capital, were in open revolt. Kunwar Singh's success would be sure to encourage others to follow his example: in fact the Raja of Dumráon was said to have already joined the rebels. The mutiny of the 12th Irregulars aggravated the danger. Moreover, the native police and even the Sikhs would not be likely to remain loyal when they saw that their masters could no longer hold their ground. The Europeans scattered at the stations under Tayler's control, who had been secure under his protection till his policy had been endangered by the weakness of Lloyd, were almost destitute of the means of resistance.[1] For their lives and for the Government treasure under their care he was responsible. And he had to bear this grievous burden of responsibility by his own unaided strength: for his Government had never sympathised with him; Lloyd was an encumbrance rather than a help; and the gallant Holmes was dead. But Tayler met the crisis without flinching. He sent off the European ladies and children to Dinapore: and, feeling that now, when things were at their worst, it behoved him to be most stern and uncompromising in asserting his supremacy, he had the gallows shifted from the gaol to the middle of the race-course, where it would be in full view of all who meditated rebellion, and sent another batch of conspirators to execution. This, however, was not enough. He knew that to save the lives of the Europeans at the out-stations, prudence

[1] *Patna Crisis*, p. 85; *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 115, 119-20, 140-3, etc.

was needed as well as boldness. Accordingly, after a few hours of earnest consideration, he issued an order directing the district officers at Gaya and Muzaffarpur[1] to come in to Patna, and to bring their treasure with them, unless their personal safety should be endangered by the attempt to remove it. No measure of his administration had been more sagacious than this. For, though he knew that Eyre intended to attempt the relief of Arrah, he could not prophesy that Eyre, with a force only half as large as that with which Dunbar had been disastrously beaten, would show the moral strength and the military skill that could alone achieve success in so hazardous an enterprise: he knew that, if Eyre should fail, the province must be lost; and he therefore resolved to sacrifice the out-stations for a time to the great object of saving his people's lives, holding Patna, and securing his treasure, rather than risk the loss of the whole by clinging vainly to a part.[2] Far more admirable, however, than the statesmanship which dictated this measure was the moral courage which dared to carry it out in spite of the probable disapprobation of an unfriendly Government.

July 31. His withdrawal order.

Lautour, the magistrate at Muzaffarpur, acted at once upon Tayler's order, and, as he had no troops to escort his treasure, left it behind. But the magistrate at Gaya, Alonzo Money, unlike Lautour, had forty-five Europeans, a hundred Sikhs, and a body of police to rely upon, besides a detachment of the 64th, stationed a few miles off, which he could summon to his aid. It is true that he was exposed to danger from the Dinapore mutineers: but this danger, though serious enough to vindicate the withdrawal order, and to justify him in taking measures for obeying it, was not sufficiently imminent to justify him in abandoning his treasure. Only three days before, he had written to Tayler, saying that he had nothing to apprehend from the townspeople, and that, if not more than three hundred or three hundred and fifty mutineers attacked him, he had "no doubt of giving them a good thrashing." His courage, however, had since oozed out; for, a few hours after he received the order, he hurried away from the station

How Lautour and Money acted upon it.

July 28.

July 31.

[1] The officers belonging to Chapra and Motihári had already come in. The remaining station was Arrah. It is unnecessary to mention the sub-divisional stations.

[2] *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 114-16; *Patna Crisis*, pp. 85-7.

under an escort, accompanied by the other Christian residents, leaving eighty thousand pounds in the treasury at the mercy of the enemies of Government.[1] He thus flatly disobeyed the orders of the Commissioner; for, as his own letter proved, his personal safety would not have been endangered by removing his treasure. When, however, he had proceeded a few miles, one of his companions, Hollings, of the Opium Agency, came up to him, and said that he could not endure the remorse which he felt at having been a party to the abandonment of the Government property. Money listened, and resolved to go back and repair the wrong which he had done. But, instead of taking his companions and his escort with him, as common sense would have suggested, he impulsively bade them continue their journey, and went back alone with Hollings. Soon after

Aug. 2. his return, he called in the detachment of the 64th,

Aug. 4. and, when it arrived, removed the treasure under its escort, having already done his best to arouse the enmity of the native officials by openly burning the Government stamped paper, an act which they could only regard as implying a suspicion that they meditated plunder. After quitting the station he would naturally have taken the road to Patna, if he had not been misled by false reports which said that a body of the Dinapore mutineers was advancing to dispute his passage. As it was, he resolved to take the longer but safer road to Calcutta instead. On his way, he received letters from the Governor-General and the Lieutenant-Governor. When he opened them, he was probably somewhat astonished to find himself congratulated as a hero. That Canning should have accepted Halliday's view of Money's conduct was natural enough: but that Halliday, acquainted as he was with the terms of the withdrawal order and with the way in which Money had carried it out, should have praised the latter as he did, might well startle those who were ignorant of the circumstances that had tended to warp his judgement. Nor did he content himself with bestowing empty praise upon Money. The man who had fled

[1] He excused himself for not removing the treasure by saying "The treasure could not be carried away; I had neither carts nor elephants." *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, p. 227. He omitted, however, to add that there had been nothing to prevent him from remaining to collect carts, as he was urged to do by some of the English residents. Moreover, his brain must have been extraordinarily confused, if he did not see the glaring inconsistency between his apology and his own subsequent conduct.

in panic from his post was rewarded by promotion to a more lucrative appointment.[1] Of Money himself it is not necessary to speak so severely. Though his whole conduct from the time that he received the withdrawal order had been a series of mistakes, yet it is impossible not to feel sympathy for a man who, when his conscience told him that he had done wrong, tried, however awkwardly, to amend his fault.

Review of Tayler's conduct.

As, however, Money had been substantially rewarded for the defective discharge of an easy duty, surely Tayler might reasonably look forward at least to the approbation of his Government. If some great disturbance had broken out in Patna, and he had suppressed it, his praises would have been sung as loudly as those of anyone else: but, as he simply prevented disaffection from breaking out at all in one of the most disaffected cities of India, there was too little of the sensational in his achievements to excite general enthusiasm. The English inhabitants of his province, indeed, and the natives who remained loyal to his Government, respected and trusted him absolutely.[2] But Halliday had an old grudge against him. Halliday had repaid his services by a withdrawal of the support which each one of his subordinates had a right to claim: he had vouchsafed not a word of praise to encourage him in his labours: he had once before suggested a frivolous pretext for removing him from his post; and now, eagerly clutching at the withdrawal order as an excuse for carrying out his resolve, without waiting for explanation or defence, he stigmatised this last and noblest measure of his lieutenant as an act of disgraceful cowardice, and summarily removed him from his post, thus depriving his country of the services of the ablest, the most successful, and the most trusted civil officer in Bengal, and blasting all his hopes, his aspirations, and his ambitions. Nothing could exceed the sympathy which the loyal inhabitants of Behar showed to him in his trouble. "When," wrote the non-official Christian residents of Patna, "the whole of Patna was nearly shipwrecked, at the moment when the rebels rose at Dinapore, and before that, when the

Halliday dismisses Tayler.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, pp. 154-6, 227-32, 327-8, 412; *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 119, 122, 137-8.

[2] Except a "small clique" mentioned by Dr. Duff. See numerous letters in *What is Truth?* Also letters in the *Englishman*, July 4, 10, 11, 17, Aug. 8, Sept. 8, 9, 12, 14, 16, 21, 30, Oct. 1, 2, 8, 12.

mischievous machinations of Pír Ali and his accomplices had endangered not only our own city, but nearly the whole province, who opposed and braved the storm? Whose were those wise, far-seeing, and statesmanlike plans which saved us then? and who so kindly and considerately threw open his house to receive the Christian populace at the hour of the greatest peril? With one voice we answer it was you; and were it not for you, and for your exertions, which cost you many an anxious day and sleepless night, . . . Behar would ere this have become a scene of anarchy and confusion."[1]

Subsequent conduct of Halliday.

It was not, however, to be expected that public opinion would induce Halliday to admit that he had been in the wrong. He had already misrepresented the purport of the withdrawal order to the Governor-General and Council, who, on garbled and one-sided evidence, were led to record a censure upon Tayler.[2] In a Blue Book which he published upon the case, he suppressed a letter written on the 8th of June, 1857, in which Tayler had given him full information of the danger to which Patna was exposed from the intended mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys, and another written by himself in reply, in which he had declared, in the face of

[1] See *What is Truth?* If Halliday had not been in such a hurry to get rid of Tayler, he might have reflected on the inconsistency of condemning him for issuing the withdrawal order, and praising Money for the way in which he had acted upon it. If the order proved cowardice on Tayler's part, it was equally cowardly of Money to run away from his station as precipitately as he did. If the danger to which Money was exposed was so great as to justify him in running away without his treasure, the existence of that danger furnished an unanswerable proof of the wisdom of Tayler's order.

For the benefit of anyone who wishes to investigate independently the question of the withdrawal order, I give the following reference: *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 114-26, 128-50, 154-5, 162-8, 186-9; Tayler's *Memorial*, pp. 4, 5, 9-16; and his Reply to Halliday's Minute, pp. 31-5. I may mention that the majority of the district officials, including McDonell, whom Halliday would hardly have accused of cowardice, were grateful for the order. The gist of Halliday's arguments was that there had been no immediate probability of an attack upon Gaya and Muzaffarpur. He forgot that it had been probable that the attack would take place as early as the apparently imminent fall of Arrah would allow. The whole question lies in a nut-shell. If Eyre had failed to relieve Arrah, even Halliday would not have ventured to question the wisdom of the order. And did Halliday venture to say that Tayler would have been justified in staking his people's lives and the Government property on the bare chance, as it seemed, of Eyre's succeeding? No,—for he never attempted seriously to grapple with Tayler's arguments.

[2] *Correspondence, etc.*, pp. 123-7; *Narrative of Events*, pp. 200-18; Tayler's *Memorial*, pp. 33-5.

this information, that Patna was in no danger, and that the mutiny of the Dinapore sepoys was inconceivable. Lastly, in a minute which he despatched to the Directors in 1858, he implicitly denied that Tayler had ever sent him the information which the letter of the 8th of June contained.[1]

Nemesis.

Though, however, for the moment he had gained a triumph condemned by every honest man in India who knew the facts of the case,[2] there was a Nemesis in store for him. Time gave judgement between him and his victim. For a few years the latter could only submit with what patience he could command to the cruel injustice which he had suffered. The differences between himself and his Government remained as yet within the sphere of opinion. Long ago, indeed, the Dinapore mutiny, which Halliday had pronounced "inconceivable," had taken place: but he could still plausibly assert that Tayler was absurdly wrong in maintaining that there

[1] These are grave charges. They will be found fully substantiated in Tayler's Reply to Halliday's Minute, pp. 25-9, 48-9, 66-8, in his *Memorial*, pp. 17-20, and in Halliday's Minute, pp. 29-31 (821-3). Anyone who wishes for further proof need only compare the special Blue Book already quoted, entitled *Correspondence, etc.*, with the *Parl. Papers.* Among the letters omitted from the special Blue Book was one written on the 28th of May to Tayler by Halliday, in which he said, "As soon as the telegraph is open I request you will send me a daily message, brief, just to say 'All's well,' till further notice." In accordance with the desire thus expressed, Tayler sent short demi-official and official letters and telegrams for some weeks. About the 30th of June he received an order (dated the 25th) to write official letters regularly. He obeyed. But the letters in the special Blue Book are arranged with such marvellous ingenuity, such convenient disregard for the sequence of dates, as to make it appear to any but the most careful reader that he contumaciously persisted for some time in writing demi-officially.

It is not my business to describe the various measures by which Halliday completed his victory. It ought, however, to be mentioned that, after Tayler had refuted the charge on which he had been ostensibly removed from his post, Halliday sent a long list of *ex-post-facto* charges against him, without allowing him to see them, to the Directors. Although their minds were prejudiced by the concealment of evidence mentioned in the text, and still more by the fact that Tayler had not been allowed the opportunity of defending himself, they acquitted him of all the charges but two, and expressed their cordial approval of his general administration. Halliday published the unfavourable and suppressed the favourable portion of their despatch. The two remaining charges were refuted by Tayler: but Halliday secretly withheld his refutation, on the plea that it was contumacious, until it was too late to send it. See Halliday's Minute, *Narrative of Events*, and Tayler's *Memorial.*

[2] See letters from General Le Grand Jacob, Sir Arthur Cotton, General Colin Mackenzie, Dr. Duff, Hon. E. Drummond, R. Vicars Boyle, General Sir Sydney Cotton, Sir Vincent Eyre, etc., and extracts from articles from Indian newspapers, published in Tayler's pamphlets.

had been danger at Patna; for had not Patna remained quiet when every other station was disturbed? The very perfection of Tayler's administration gave Halliday a handle against him. But in 1864 and 1865 an extraordinary series of events occurred, which proved indisputably the sagacity of Tayler and the blindness of Halliday. In 1863 a frontier war broke out, which was generally considered the result of a secret anti-Christian crusade preached by the Wahábis of Patna. An elaborate trial, held at Umballa in the following year, proved the justice of the suspicion; and three of the prisoners were sentenced to death. But this was not all. In 1865 the notorious Ahmad Ulla, the chief of the three Wahábis whom Tayler had arrested in 1857, was brought to trial at Patna on the same charge, and convicted. The arch-traitor, whom Tayler's successor, with Halliday's approval, had called an innocent and inoffensive "bookman," against whom there was no cause of suspicion, and whom Halliday himself had openly petted and made much of, was sent to the Andaman Islands as a convicted felon.[1]

1864.

Tayler's struggle for redress.

Now that at last he had the evidence of hard facts to support him, Tayler began a struggle for redress, which successive disappointments only made him more resolute to maintain. In 1878 his loyal supporter, Syad Wiláyat Ali Khan, who, like him, had been visited with Halliday's displeasure, was decorated with the Order of the Indian Empire.[2] He might fairly hope that now justice would be at last done him. For not only had the Court of Directors cordially praised him; not only had the Press unanimously supported him; not only had two successive historians of the Indian Mutiny warmly eulogised his administration; not only had a great company of Indian officers and civilians declared to him their conviction that his resolute statesmanship had saved Behar; but two ex-members of Canning's Council had written to him, in generous repentance, to retract the censure which they had joined in passing upon him, and to add their testimony to the value of his services.[3]

[1] There is good reason to believe that he solaced himself in his captivity by contriving the plot to which Lord Mayo fell a victim. *Fact* v. *Falsehood*, pp. 32-6.

[2] *Army and Navy Magazine*, vol. viii., 1884, p. 232.

[3] The letter from Sir John Low is to be found in the *Selection of Letters from Distinguished Indian Statesmen*; an extract from the one from Dorin in *What is Truth?* p. 46.

But he underrated the forces of officialism, of misrepresentation, and of intrigue. So long as life and strength remained, he persevered; and when at last it became apparent that victory was hopeless,[1] he still had a strong consolation of which no injustice could rob him. For he knew he had saved Behar.

[1] On June 15, 1888, Sir Roper Lethbridge moved in the House of Commons that a Select Committee should be appointed to enquire into Mr. Tayler's case. The motion was defeated, owing to a most serious mis-statement by Sir John Gorst, which was refuted by me in a letter to the *Times* (June 25, 1888, p. 5, col. 5), and in a pamphlet, written, I believe, by Mr. Tayler's son, the late Mr. Skipwith Tayler, and entitled *Sir J. Gorst's Statement in the House of Commons of June* 22, 1888, *refuted*. [The date June 22 in the title of the pamphlet should be June 15.] See also *Times*, Aug. 15, 1888, p. 3, col. 3.

# CHAPTER VII

## BENARES AND ALLAHABAD

The line between Calcutta and Delhi.

WHILE Canning, in the days that followed the outbreak at Meerut, was preparing to strike the great blow at Delhi which, he believed, would instantly paralyse the revolt, he could not but feel anxious for the safety of the vast tract of country that lay between that city and Calcutta. For, while dense masses of sepoys were crowded at the stations along the Ganges and the Jumna, a single British regiment at Agra, another at Dinapore, which the irresolution of the Government condemned to inaction, and a few invalided soldiers were the only force available to hold them in check. If the sepoys had known how to use their opportunity, they might have prevented the passage of the reinforcements destined to succour Cawnpore and Lucknow: nay, they might have swept down the valley of the Ganges, seized Allahabad, Benares, and Patna, and, gathering strength on their way till their numbers had become irresistible, destroyed every trace of European civilisation, and massacred every European till they had reached the frontiers of Eastern Bengal. But, during the three precious weeks that followed the 10th of May, they remained absolutely passive. Perhaps, as has been suggested,[1] the outbreak at Meerut frustrated a carefully matured plot for a simultaneous rising on the 31st of May, and thus disconcerted them. Perhaps they simply lacked the sagacity or the resolution to strike in time.

Benares.

The first important point on the line of the Ganges beyond the Bengal frontier, was Benares. The troops who were being conveyed up the river from Calcutta to grapple with mutiny and rebellion were in no mood to look out

[1] See Appendix F.

for the beauties of the scenery: but even their grim thoughts must have been distracted for a moment by the first sight of the Holy City. Shooting past a little promontory, the steamer entered a broad crescent-shaped reach, which, sparkling in the sunlight, washed the curved shore like a miniature bay. For two miles along the left bank a succession of broad flights of steps descended into the water; and upon them swarmed multitudes of preachers, pilgrims, worshippers, loungers, and bathers clad in dresses of many colours. The mellow music of a hundred bells resounded above the hum of human voices. From the steps rose, tier above tier, pagodas, mosques, round towers and arches covered with fantastic decorations, long pillared arcades, balustraded terraces, noble mansions with carved balconies, and gardens rich with the dark green foliage of tamarinds and banians; and high above the highest, perpetuating the humiliation which their founder had inflicted upon the idolatrous city, soared the two stately minarets of the mosque of Aurangzeb.[1]

Although the dynasty of the persecuting Emperor had been humiliated in its turn, the Hindus of the city were as ready as they had ever been to resent the slightest rumour of an insult against the sanctity of their religion. The influence of an army of priests made Benares as dangerous a stronghold of Brahminical as Patna was of Mahomedan fanaticism. Moreover, a rise in the price of corn unfortunately occurred at this very time to exasperate the habitual discontent of its inhabitants; and it was to be feared that the state prisoners of every nation who had been condemned to pass their lives within its walls would seize the first opportunity to sow sedition against the English. While, therefore, the geographical position of the city, its wealth, and the fact that it was the capital of a large Division, caused general anxiety to be felt for its safety, it was seen that no place was more exposed to danger. The military force, which was quartered at the cantonment, about three miles from the city inland, consisted of a mere handful of English artillerymen, and three native regiments, the 37th Native Infantry, the Ludhiána Sikhs, and the 13th Irregular Cavalry. The native infantry were of course distrusted: but the Sikhs were believed to be staunch; and here, as elsewhere, it was hoped that the irregulars, better disciplined and officered than the rest of the army, would remain true to their salt.

[1] I. Prinsep's *Benares Illustrated*; Roberts's *Hindostan*, vol. ii. pp. 54, 56.

Among the English officials there was fortunately a man who had an extraordinary power of dealing with Asiatics. This was the Judge, Frederic Gubbins. Entering upon his office six years before, he had rapidly introduced a new system of draining and lighting the squalid streets, in spite of the prejudices of the priest-ridden inhabitants, who feared that his measures portended an attack upon their religion.[1] By thus successfully accomplishing what other officers had attempted in vain, Gubbins had established once for all such a dread of his power in the minds of the people that he was able now to attempt conciliatory measures which, coming from a weaker man, would have been attributed to fear. Noting the discontent which the high price of provisions was arousing, he exerted himself to convince the merchants that it would be their interest to avoid a riot by selling corn at as low a rate as possible. He succeeded so well that a reduction of fifteen per cent was soon effected. Henry Tucker, the Commissioner, was a man of a different stamp. His strength lay rather in passive fortitude than in aggressive activity. With a perversion of that reliance upon a Higher Power which supported the noblest heroes of the Mutiny, he seemed to suspect a want of faith in the active precautions which ordinary political wisdom suggested to others.[2] It was not in this spirit that Havelock offered up his prayers to the God of battles. But, if Tucker forgot the maxim, *Aide toi et le Ciel t'aidera*, he did not forget to aid his brethren in misfortune. With a noble self-sacrifice in which his colleagues cheerfully supported him, he sent on every detachment of British troops which the Government had destined for the relief of Benares, to reinforce the garrison of Cawnpore. Moreover, he hoped that, by refusing to avail himself of these succours, he would impress the people of Benares with the belief that he felt confident in the sufficiency of his existing resources. And for a time, indeed, his hope seemed likely to be realised. For three weeks after the news of the outbreak at Meerut reached him, he was able to report that all was quiet in his Division. On the 4th of June, however, he learned that the Sepoy regiment at Azamgarh, sixty miles to the north, had mutinied, and that the civil officers of the station had confessed by their precipitate retreat that they were unable to

Frederic Gubbins.

Tucker.

Mutiny at Azamgarh.

[1] *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 86-7. [2] Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 209-10.

uphold British authority.[1] But by this time an officer had come to his support who knew that the Indian Mutiny could only be quelled by the most stern and instant action.

Among those who arrived in Calcutta towards the end of May in answer to Canning's appeal, was Colonel James Neill of the 1st Madras Fusiliers. In a military career of thirty years, most of which had been spent in India, this officer had given many proofs that he was a born ruler of men. Serving against Russia with the Anglo-Turkish Contingent, he had shown that it was possible to rough-hew savage Bashi-Bazouks into disciplined soldiers[2]; and the splendid regiment which he now brought with him to Calcutta owed its efficiency to his devotion. Canning recognised him at once as a man for the crisis, and entrusted him with the work of securing Benares and Allahabad, and relieving Cawnpore. Indeed it required no subtle power of analysis to understand the nature of Colonel Neill. Tender and loving to those dear to him, merciful to the weak, and ever ready to sacrifice his own comfort for the well-being of his soldiers, he was a staunch friend, but a terrible enemy. No responsibility could appall him. No obstacle could stop him. No perplexities could dazzle the clear mental vision with which he instantly discerned the true bearings of every question of immediate action. When, in his quarters at Madras, he heard of the first beginnings of mutiny, and thought that God might call him to take his part in its suppression, he startled a brother officer by saying that he "felt fully equal to any extent of professional employment or responsibility which could ever devolve upon him." But, when his friend looked up into his eyes, and saw the quiet but earnest expression of his stern face, he knew that there was no arrogance, but well-founded self-reliance in the words which he had heard.[3]

James Neill.

Their truth was signally proved, even before Neill had left Calcutta. It was arranged that a detachment of the Fusiliers should proceed up the Ganges by steamer, while Neill himself should follow with the rest by train. Arriving at the station with a few

How he dealt with the railway officials at Calcutta.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 25; vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 344-6, 348, 352, 354, 357, 359, 362, 365, 368, 380, 385, 392, 395; *Times*, Aug. 6, 1857.

[2] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 361-3.

[3] *Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 366-7.

of his men some minutes before the main body, which had been unavoidably detained, he was told by the station-master that the train was already late, and would be started at once without waiting for the absentees; and, when he remonstrated, a crowd of other officials came up, and did their best to silence him. But he soon showed them what manner of man they had to deal with. Putting the station-master, the engineer, and the stoker under arrest, he waited till all the Fusiliers had arrived, and did not release his prisoners until he had seen every man safe in his place.[1] This single incident satisfied the Christians whom Neill was hastening to succour. They knew that the right man had come at last.

He arrives at Benares.

On the 3rd of June Neill arrived in Benares with a detachment of his regiment. About sixty more, and a hundred and fifty of the 10th from Dinapore had preceded him. On the following day the news of the Azamgarh mutiny arrived; and, as it was certain that the sepoys at Benares would catch the infection, Brigadier Ponsonby, who commanded the station, went to Neill's quarters, to consult him on the expediency of disarming the 37th. Fifteen years before, Ponsonby had won his spurs in the wonderful onslaught on Dost Mahomed's cavalry at Parwan-darra. It is easier, however, to lead even a Balaclava charge than to quell a mutiny. Ponsonby wished to put off the business of disarming till the morrow. But delay was an abomination to Neill. He persuaded Ponsonby that the thing ought to be done that very evening. Accordingly Colonel Spottiswoode, who commanded the 37th, proceeded to turn out his men, and ordered them to lay down their arms. They were quietly obeying when suddenly the European troops were seen coming on to the ground, and a panic seized the whole regiment. Those who had laid down their muskets ran to take them up again, and, with the others, began to fire upon the British. Some men of the 10th fell: but the rest returned the fire; and the artillery, under Captain William Olpherts, poured in a shower of grape among the mutineers. And now, as Ponsonby, who had throughout been suffering grievously from the fierce heat of the sun, appeared to be losing all power of mind and body, Neill went up to him and said, "General, I assume

June 4.

The crisis.

[1] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 366-7.

command." At this moment the Sikhs, who were reluctantly advancing from behind to support the Europeans, were startled by the noise of firing in their rear. One of the Irregulars had fired at his commanding officer; and the Sikhs, some of whom were positively disloyal, while the rest were confused and apprehensive of treachery, rushed wildly against the artillery-men. Olpherts had but just time to wheel his guns round, and fire. His swift action saved Benares; for the Sikhs, staggering under a fearful discharge of grape, broke and fled after the 37th; and Neill, promptly pursuing them, completed the victory.[1]

The din of battle, resounding from the parade-ground, warned the Christian residents that mutiny had broken out, Most of the missionaries fled. A motley throng of civilians, women, and children took refuge on the roof of the Collector's cutcherry. Even after the mutiny had been suppressed, danger was still to be apprehended from the townspeople and from the revengeful fury of a detachment of Sikhs, who had been placed as a guard over the Government treasure. That

[1] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, pp. 368-70; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857) pp. 179-80; vol. xviii. (1859) p. 32; *Times*, Aug. 18, 25, 1857, p. 6, col. 4; MS. correspondence. Tucker informed the Governor-General that the disarming had been very badly managed; and some of the officers of the 37th complained that their men had been foully used. Montgomery-Martin goes further, and maintains that to disarm at all was a mistake. The disarming was certainly mismanaged, probably because it was undertaken without due preparation; and, as Ponsonby asserted in a letter to the *Times* (Aug. 18, 1857), that he conducted the whole business, he must bear the blame. But those who were best qualified to judge believed that, if the regiment had not been disarmed, it would have mutinied on the night of June 4. It is to be regretted, of course, that well-intentioned sepoys were slaughtered; but, when once they had thrown in their lot with their comrades, their slaughter was inevitable. See Montgomery-Martin, vol. ii. pp. 233-5; Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 226-8; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 32.

[It has been asserted that the Sikhs were provoked to mutiny by Olpherts's opening fire on them without provocation. On this point the testimony of General Sir D. S. Dodgson, K.C.B., and of Major-General W. Tweedie, C.S.I., who were both present, is conclusive. "I am most positive," wrote Dodgson in an unpublished letter to Olpherts, "you did not open fire on the Loodianah Regiment until they had fired on your men and on the infantry (European), and had fired on their own commanding officer and adjutant, and had actually mortally wounded Ensign Hayter, and most severely wounded Ensigns Chapman and Tweedie. I saw them shot down by the Sikhs . . . I know a good many of the Sikhs were loyal, but a great many were disloyal . . . Gordon had evidently the greatest difficulty in getting the Loodianah Regiment to move up in front of the 37th; else why should Ponsonby have ordered me twice to go and urge him to come up at once? And when he did get the regiment to move, it wavered and stopped more than once during the advance."]

this danger was averted was partly due to the active loyalty of a knot of influential natives. Foremost among these was a Sikh sirdar, Súrat Singh, who, during a long residence as a state prisoner in Benares, had learned to appreciate the character of Gubbins, and now, accompanying him to the cutcherry, which was in danger of being burned by the infuriated Sikhs, not only quieted them by explaining that the attack on their comrades had been unpremeditated, but even won them over to a loyal discharge of their duties. Not less faithful to Gubbins were his Nazir,[1] Pundit Gokal-Chand, a rich Hindu noble named Deonarain Singh, and the titular Raja of Benares himself, who all did good service in allaying the excitement of the populace, and rescuing Christians from their fury. About two o'clock in the morning, the party at the cutcherry was removed under an escort to the Mint, which was better fitted for defence. Huddling together on the roof, they fell asleep at last from sheer exhaustion. The first sight that met their eyes when they awoke was a row of gallows, on which Neill was busily hanging batches of mutineers as fast as they were brought in.[2] Soon afterwards he received a message from the Government, ordering him to hurry on to Allahabad. Instantly he telegraphed back—"Can't move: wanted here."[3] But though he could not stir himself, he sent on one of his subalterns with fifty of the Fusiliers. By the 6th he was able to report that the cantonments were safe.[4] Thus within Benares itself order was re-established and maintained. Tucker, who knew that he at least had contributed nothing to this result, ascribed it to miracle: but the baffled rebels would have told him that it was due to the vigour of Neill and Gubbins, and the loyal co-operation of four native gentlemen. Anyhow, no miracle was vouchsafed to keep the country population quiet. The story of the slaughter at Benares drove another detachment of the Sikhs at Jaunpur to rebel on the following day, and stimulated the villagers to fling off and trample under foot every vestige of British authority. Then Tucker bestirred himself to ask Canning for leave to give his chief civil officers power of life and

June 5.

Mutiny at Jaunpur. Anarchy in the districts.

[1] An official who issues processes, keeps the roll of witnesses and announces their arrival, makes out lists of unclaimed property and stray cattle, and carries out public sales by the Court's order, just outside the cutcherry.

[2] *Times*, Aug. 25, 1857, p. 6, col. 4.

[3] Mead.

[4] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 480.

death. The Governor-General, however, had already issued an order placing the Division of Benares under martial law. Some of the officers used their power with indiscriminate ferocity. Lads who had been guilty of nothing worse than waving rebel colours and beating tom-toms, were summarily executed. Gentlemen volunteered to serve as hangmen, and gloried in the skill with which they disposed of their victims. But mere executions, however severe, were not enough to restore British authority. Landholders plundered each other and robbed travellers on the roads: bands of dacoits began to infest the country; and parties of dispersed sepoys continued to attack isolated posts.

June 9.

On the 9th of June[1] Neill found himself able to push on for Allahabad. Standing at the south-eastern point of the Doáb, where the sparkling stream of the Jumna loses itself in the turbid waters of the Ganges, that city commanded both the river and road communication between the upper and lower provinces of Northern India; while its grand, massive fort, stored with ammunition, and bristling with guns, offered an invaluable prize to the daring of the mutineers. Moreover, its natural importance had of late been greatly increased by the annexation of Oudh, to the southern frontier of which it served as a protection. Thus it is not too much to say that the safety of the entire North-West hung upon the preservation of Allahabad. Ellenborough and Charles Napier, recognising its importance, had always kept it strongly garrisoned by Europeans: but their successors had neglected it; and, though Outram had warned Canning to provide for its safety, there was not a single British soldier within its walls at the outset of the Mutiny.[2] It was not till the Christian inhabitants had been roused by the outbreak at Meerut to point out the defencelessness of their position that sixty invalid artillerymen were sent from Chunar to reinforce them.[3] The news which startled the English residents stirred up the latent disaffection of the discontented Mahomedan population, many of whom were fallen nobles who cursed the Government which

Allahabad.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 455.

[2] "Had the precautions I proposed been adopted," wrote Outram, "a European regiment must have been retained at Cawnpore to supply the Allahabad garrison, and General Wheeler's party would have been saved."—Sir F. J. Goldsmid's *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. p. 123.

[3] *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 93-4.

had brought them to the dust.[1] Here, as elsewhere, there were rumours of treacherous designs of the Government against the religion of their subjects. Yet here too, as elsewhere, the native troops were trusted by their commanders. One regiment especially, the 6th Native Infantry, was the pride and delight of the colonel and his officers, who had ever shown an affectionate interest in all that concerned the welfare of their men. And now the men in their turn seemed eager to show themselves worthy of their officers. On the 19th of May the entire regiment volunteered to march against Delhi. Meanwhile the excitement of the populace, though it became more intense after the great Mahomedan festival of the Eed, had not developed into insurrection. Yet all this time the chief civilians felt ill at ease; for they knew that the populace would rise at once if the sepoys should mutiny, and they could not regard the sepoys with that confidence which old associations had fostered in the hearts of the officers.[2]

May 25.

On the 4th of June the telegraph brought the news of the events that had just passed at Benares. Feeling sure that the mutineers whom Neill had driven out of that station must be marching against Allahabad, the magistrate begged Colonel Simpson of the 6th to send a company of his regiment with two guns to guard the bridge by which the rebels would have to cross the Ganges. Simpson consented, and at the same time detached a party of irregular cavalry to defend the cantonments. The magistrate, who had never trusted the native troops, may have only advised the former measure as a forlorn hope: but even now, with the story of the Benares mutiny before him, Simpson retained his faith in his own regiment. Nay two days later, he paid no heed to a warning which he received from a non-commissioned officer of his regiment, telling him that the news from Benares had dangerously excited the men. At sunset on that day he paraded the troops in order to read them a letter from the Governor-General, thanking the 6th for their offer

June 6.

[1] "The existence of a Mahomedan conspiracy to exterminate the English was now (May 31) a matter of notoriety." *Calcutta Review*, July to Dec. 1858. Article, "A District during a Rebellion," p. 59.

[2] *Calcutta Review*, July to Dec. 1858. Article, "A District during a Rebellion," p. 59; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 306.

to march against Delhi. The sepoys listened with apparent satisfaction, and cheered like British soldiers. More than ever convinced of the loyalty of their model regiment, Simpson and his officers rode off the parade-ground to mess. But the men did not feel that their day's work was over. An order had just been issued for the removal of the guns stationed at the bridge to the fort, where they might be more needed; and, when Lieutenant Harward, the officer on duty, was preparing to move them, the sepoys chosen to form their escort defiantly asserted their resolve to take them to cantonments instead. Harward hastened to warn Lieutenant Alexander of the Oudh Irregulars to intercept the mutineers on their way to cantonments. Alexander led out his men. As soon as he saw his enemy, he called upon them to follow him and recover the guns: but only three rode to the attack: the rest went over to the sepoys; and the gallant Alexander fell, shot through the heart. Then the sepoys marched with their new friends to the lines; and, when the deluded officers hurried up to recall their men to obedience, they were answered by a volley of musketry, beneath which five fell. Among the other victims of the model regiment were seven young cadets, who had only just arrived from England. Night had now set in; and the mutineers sallied out into the city, to seek new fields of crime. First they broke open the gaol, and let loose a swarm of miscreants to aid them in their work. And now the magistrate's fears were realised. The populace followed the example of the sepoys; and mutiny was merged in sedition. Every Christian who had not found refuge in the fort was murdered: every Christian home was plundered and burned: the timid Bengali pilgrims, who had come to worship at the famous shrine of the Prayág, were robbed and threatened by the Mahomedans, to whom they were scarcely less odious than the Christians themselves: the shops and the warehouses were rifled: the railway works were destroyed: the telegraph wires were torn down; and the locomotive engines, which the ignorant rebels feared to approach, were bombarded. Worst of all, sixteen hundred bullocks, which the Commissariat had collected for the transport service of the column destined for the relief of Cawnpore, were driven off. Within a few hours the authority of the English in Allahabad was overthrown; and a green flag, waving over the Kotwáli, proclaimed the restored supremacy of Islam.

The mutiny and its consequences.

But the fort still sheltered a few Europeans, and told the Mahomedans that their authority was not universally recognised. Yet even the fort must have fallen, if it had not been for the great qualities of an infantry captain who had once been a private soldier. The garrison consisted of the invalid artillerymen, about a hundred European volunteers, a company of the sepoy regiment which had just mutinied, and a detachment of Sikhs who had lately heard of the slaughter of their countrymen at Benares. It seemed almost certain that the sepoys and the Sikhs would now unite and turn upon their masters. In this extremity Captain Brasyer of the Sikhs forced his men to support him in disarming the sepoys; while the artillerymen, port-fires in hand, stood at the guns, ready to destroy the first man who disobeyed orders. The sepoys saw that they must give way, and, piling their arms at Brasyer's order, trooped out of the fort to join their comrades.[1]

Brasyer saves the fort.

All night long the English, standing on the ramparts of the fort, were forced to listen to the yells of the budmashes, who were making havoc of their possessions, and watch the flames and lurid smoke ascending from their ruined homes. Next day they were cheered by the arrival of the detachment of Fusiliers, whom Neill had sent on in advance. Even with this reinforcement, however, they were still too weak to re-establish their authority in the town. And now the example of the townspeople was being followed by the people of the surrounding country. The infection of mutiny and rebellion travelled westward to the station of Fatehpur; and Robert Tucker, the judge, standing his ground alone after every other European had fled, refusing to purchase life by apostatising to Mahomedanism, was murdered on the roof of the cutcherry after he had himself slain some fourteen of his assailants. On the western bank of the Jumna, indeed, a few influential rajas found their interest in keeping the people submissive to British rule:[2] but the villagers on the eastern side of the Ganges, and the Brahmins and Mahomedan landowners of the Doáb openly

June 7.

[1] Marshman's *Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock*, p. 270; *Times*, Aug. 25, 1857, p. 6, col. 3; Aug. 26, p. 7, col. 2; Mead, pp. 131-3; *Calcutta Review*, July to Dec. 1858, p. 60; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 401-28.

[2] "They were wise enough to see that a servile war, an uprising of the lower against the higher classes . . . would not answer their purpose."—*Calcutta Review*, July to Dec. 1858, p. 64.

flung off the yoke. The state of things was much the same as that which has been described as prevalent in the districts round Agra and Meerut, and in Rohilkhand. Every man did that which was right in his own eyes. Old grudges were avenged. Boundary marks were removed. Rich capitalists were driven out of the estates which they had bought under the Sale Law. Villagers impartially robbed each other and the Government. Internecine war raged. Meanwhile in Allahabad itself a Mahomedan, who had presented himself to the people as a prophet endowed by heaven with miraculous powers, was keeping alive the awakened hatred of the English name. Even in the fort the demon of disorder was rampant. The Sikhs found abundant stores of wine, brandy, rum, and beer in the cellars of the merchants, and sold all that they could not drink themselves to the Europeans. Men supposed to be on duty were to be seen staggering on the ramparts, so drunk that they could not hold their muskets. Many of the volunteers soon became as demoralised as the Sikhs, and joined them in plundering the houses of inoffensive traders, and smashing their furniture. But the reign of anarchy was doomed. For Neill was fast hurrying up from Benares; and on the 11th of June he entered the fort with forty of his men. "Thank God, Sir," said the sentry who admitted him, "you'll save us yet."[1]

Neill arrives and restores order.

The sentry was right. "On assuming command," wrote Neill a few days later, "I at once determined to drive the enemy away, and open up some communication with the country." Accordingly, on the morning of the 12th, he bombarded the suburban village of Daráoganj, expelled the mob of insurgents who occupied it, burned part of it to the ground, and won back the bridge, which the rebels had seized. The Fusiliers were so exhausted by their rapid journey from Benares and the intense heat that they could hardly walk: but the force of their passions sustained them; and, with reckless ferocity, they destroyed every native whom they could catch. Reinforced on the following day by a fresh detachment, a hundred strong, Neill resolved to put a stop to the disorder in the fort. Directly after his arrival, he had paraded the

June 13.

June 14.

[1] *Calcutta Review*, July to Dec. 1858, pp. 63-4; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, July 4, 1857, pp. 569-70; *Times*, Aug. 25, 1857, p. 6, col. 3; *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 373; Montgomery-Martin, vol. ii. pp. 296-7, 316.

volunteers, and, severely reprimanding them for their disgraceful misconduct, had threatened to eject from the fort the first who should offend again. He now proceeded to buy up all the plundered liquor, and destroyed the rest. He found it less easy to dispose of the Sikhs, who had passed entirely beyond the control of their officers: but Brasyer, who knew the ruling passion of his men, with great tact persuaded them that, by taking up their quarters outside the fort, they would be in a better position for plundering the rebel zamíndárs.

Now that order had been restored within the fort, Neill had a secure base for his operations against the city and the surrounding country. Causing the fort guns to open fire on the suburban villages, he sent out parties of Fusiliers, Sikhs, and Irregulars, who swept over the country, and scattered rebels and mutineers in all directions. A detachment of Fusiliers went up the river in a steamer, throwing shot right and left, and firing every village that they passed. A portion of the native town was set on fire; and volleys of grape and canister were showered into the inhabitants, as they ran from the flames. Meanwhile another detachment had started from Benares to reopen the line of communication, and was burning rebel villages, and hanging rebel zamíndárs as it pursued its way. By the 18th the districts were absolutely mastered. The work of retribution, however, was not over; and some of those who took part in it, maddened by the outrages which had been inflicted upon their countrymen, recked little whom they slew, so long as they could slay someone. Volunteers and Sikhs sallied out of the fort into the streets, and slaughtered every native who crossed their path. A civilian boasted that a commission of which he was chief had hung eight or ten men a day, and wrote home a graphic account of the disgusting details of their execution.[1] The system of burning villages, right and politic when pursued with discrimination, was in many instances fearfully abused. Old men who had done us no harm, helpless women with sucking infants at their breasts, felt the weight of our vengeance no less than the vilest malefactors; and, as they

June 15.

[1] Abundant proof of all that I have said in the text about the nature of our reprisals is to be found in letters to English and Indian newspapers written by men who acted in or witnessed the scenes which they described, in the *Parl. Papers*, and in the pages of Montgomery-Martin, who devoted special attention to the subject.

wandered forth from their blazing huts, they must have cursed us as bitterly as we cursed the murderers of Cawnpore. But to the honour of Neill let it be recorded that to him the infliction of punishment was not a delight, but an awful duty. "God grant," he wrote on the 17th, "I may have acted with justice. I know I have with severity, but under all the circumstances I trust for forgiveness."[1] On the same day the magistrate returned to the Kotwáli. Not a finger was raised against him. In fact, Neill had inspired the populace with such terror that a rumour arose that the English were going to bombard the city; and many of the citizens fled with their families into the country.[2] At no epoch of history has individual character achieved more extraordinary results than in the course of the Indian Mutiny.

The cholera.

By this time, however, toil and privation, incessant excitement, bad and scanty food, and intemperate drinking, had told upon the health of the British soldiers. On the 18th cholera broke out among them. There were no means of mitigating its horrors. Punkahs and medicines were almost entirely wanting. Eight men were buried before midnight. Twenty more died next day. The shrieks of the sufferers were so appalling that two ladies in a room over the hospital died of fright.[3]

What Neill had done, and what he hoped to do.

Still, the first of the great objects for which Neill had left Calcutta had been gained. Within a few days he had paralysed the insurgent population of a crowded city and a wide district, and had rebuilt the shattered fabric of British authority. He had done this while labouring under a physical weakness that would have prostrated many energetic men. But nothing could overcome the resolute heart of Neill. When he arrived in Allahabad, after a week of ceaseless activity and anxiety at Benares, he had felt almost dying from complete exhaustion; but "yet," he wrote to his wife, "I kept up heart." Unable to move, barely able to sustain consciousness by taking repeated draughts of champagne and water, he had had himself carried into the batteries, and there, lying on his back, had directed every opera-

[1] Kaye, vol. ii. p. 269, note.

[2] *Ib.* p. 298; *Daily News*, Aug. 25, 1857; *Times*, Aug. 25, 1857, p. 6, col. 3; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 545-6, 583.

[3] *Ib.* pp. 544, 555; *Times*, Aug. 26, 1857, p. 6, col. 6.

tion.[1] And now he felt that his work was only begun. For he knew that Lucknow was even then threatened by a mutinous soldiery, and that Cawnpore was hard pressed by the army of the Nana Sahib.

[1] *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 373-4.

## CHAPTER VIII

### CAWNPORE

EVER since the news of the seizure of Delhi had reached him, Canning had felt specially anxious for the safety of Cawnpore. That city was the headquarters of a Division; and, though its importance as a military station had been diminished by the annexation of the Punjab, it was still a position of considerable value. Four native regiments, the 2nd Cavalry, and the 1st, 53rd, and 56th Infantry, were assembled within its lines. Yet the entire British force consisted of only fifty-nine artillerymen and a few invalids belonging to the 32nd Queen's Regiment. To add to the difficulties of the position, the station was crowded by an unusually large non-combatant population.

Cawnpore.

Cawnpore was situated forty-two miles south-west of Lucknow, on the southern bank of the Ganges. The native town, with its dilapidated houses and narrow twisting streets swarming with busy traders and artisans and roving budmashes, lay about a mile from the river. Around it stretched a dull, sandy plain. South-east of the town, and separated from it by a canal, were the native lines, long rows of mud hovels, thatched with straw. Here, after morning parade, dusky warriors were to be seen loafing about in groups and gossiping; while others, squatting on the ground in the cool linen drawers which they had put on after flinging off their tight, uncomfortable uniforms, were placidly eating their rice. Moving on, and skirting the north-eastern quarter of the town, the traveller would have come to the theatre, near which, on rising ground, stood the assembly rooms and the church with its white tower soaring above a clump of trees. Looking down the strip of country

that lay between the river and the town, and stretched for some miles beyond the latter, he would have seen the cantonments, a long, straggling line of brick houses coated with white paint, each standing in its own compound, a sort of paddock some three or four acres in extent, shut in by an untidy, crumbling mound and ditch. The country was broken by ravines; and here and there among the bungalows native temples peeped out above clumps of trees. The treasury, the gaol, and the magazine stood near the further extremity of the line. Pinnaces with light, taper masts, and unwieldy country boats, looking like floating hay-stacks, lay moored close to the landing-steps on the sacred river; and across the bridge of boats which spanned its broad flood, travellers were continually passing on their way to or from Lucknow.[1]

In the spring of 1857 the English residents were leading the ordinary life of an Anglo-Indian community. Morning rides, work in cutcherry or on parade, novel-reading, racquets, dinners, balls filled up the time. Pretty women laughed and flirted, as they listened to the music of the band in the cool of the evening, and talked perhaps of the delightful balls which the Nana had given in his palace up the river, before he had started on that inexplicable tour. Suddenly the news of the great disasters at Meerut and Delhi arrived; and the life of the little society was violently wrenched into a new channel.[2]

Sir Hugh Wheeler.

The commander of the Division was General Sir Hugh Wheeler. When the mutiny broke out, it was generally believed that, whoever else might fail, he would be equal to the occasion; for, though he was an old man, he had not lost his bodily vigour or his activity of mind; he had proved himself on many hard-fought fields to be a brave and determined soldier; and he was known to be acquainted with the character and to possess the confidence of the sepoys in an especial degree.[3] And in one respect at least he did stand out from the great mass of British officers. He was not long beguiled by the pleasing fancy that his men would remain faithful, though all around them should prove traitors. On the contrary, soon after he received the news of the outbreak

[1] Mowbray Thomson's *Story of Cawnpore*, pp. 18-23; Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. vi. p. 81; Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i. p. 179; Miss Roberts's *Hindostan*, vol. ii. p. 44; G. O. Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*, pp. 5, 11-16, 65.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 13, 65, 74-5.

[3] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 140-1; *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 123-4.

at Meerut, he saw that his regiments, though they did not slacken in the performance of their duty, were becoming possessed by an insane fear of the monstrous designs which the prevalent fables ascribed to the English, and might sooner or later be driven by sheer panic to revolt. He therefore determined to lose no time in securing a place of refuge for those under his charge. The most natural position to select was the magazine, a strong, roomy building, which, being surrounded by bullet-proof walls, and protected on one side by the river, was well fitted for defence. Wheeler decided against it, however, on the ground that, before occupying it, he would be obliged to withdraw its sepoy guard, and thus inevitably precipitate a rising. Moreover, though he feared that the native regiments would eventually mutiny, he had good reason to believe that they would hasten at once to join their comrades at Delhi. Thinking, then, that he would only have to repel the possible attacks of a mob of undisciplined budmashes until succour should reach him, he contented himself with throwing up a weak entrenchment close to the native lines. If, however, he had waited for the reinforcements which he was soon to receive, he might have seized the magazine with small loss, perhaps with none at all; for numberless examples have shown that the sepoy always bows down before the man who has the courage to take the initiative against him. On the other hand, his apparently well-founded belief that, after the first outbreak of mutiny, the sepoys would hasten to Delhi as the focus of rebellion, instead of waiting to attack him, was a strong argument in favour of the course which he pursued. Not many Anglo-Indian generals would have shown more judgement than this gallant veteran.[1]

*His selection of a place of refuge.*

While making these preparations for defence, he applied for reinforcements from Lucknow; and Henry Lawrence, though he himself had no superfluity of European troops, generously sent fifty men of the 32nd and a half battery of guns under Lieutenant Ashe.[2] Unhappily, about

*Reinforcements arrive. May 21.*

[1] Trevelyan, pp. 74-5, 115-6; *Cawnpore Massacre*, by W. J. Shepherd (one of the garrison), pp. 8, 9; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 348; *Red Pamphlet*, pp. 123-4. The question is fully discussed in App. G. See Plan facing p. 417.

[2] Mowbray Thomson, p. 30; Gubbins, p. 28; Trevelyan, p. 68. Kaye (vol. ii. p. 29) says that 84 men of the 32nd were sent, but mentions in a note that Lawrence's military secretary set the number down at 50. So did Lawrence himself in a telegram dated May 23.—*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India.*

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the same time Wheeler stooped to court the good offices of another and less trustworthy ally. The Government treasure at the suburb of Nawábganj was at the mercy of a guard of sepoys whom he distrusted, but who, he felt sure, would resist any attempt to withdraw it from their keeping. He therefore resolved to ask the Nana to lend a body of his retainers for the protection of the treasury. In vain was he warned by Lawrence and Martin Gubbins that it would be the height of folly to put any trust in one whose recent movements had laid him open to such grave suspicion. He might, indeed, have retorted with some show of reason. For he had been led to believe that it would be possible to win the cordial support of the Nana by offering to procure for him that pension which had been so long withheld. Besides, had not the Nana always lived on the most friendly terms with the English residents at Cawnpore? Had he not invited British officers to his table, played billiards with them, chatted with them, smoked with them? What reason then was there to regard him with suspicion? Might it not even be judicious to entrust the women of the garrison to his care? This last idea was not carried out; but on the 22nd the treasury was placed under his protection.[1]

The treasury placed under the charge of the Nana Sahib.

On the same day there was a general migration of non-combatants from the English quarter to the entrenchment. The confusion and alarm which prevailed among them[2] were enough to suggest the idea of mutiny to men so quick to perceive and so ready to take advantage of any sign of fear as sepoys have always shown themselves to be. On the 23rd, Wheeler telegraphed to Lawrence:—"It is almost certain that the troops will rise to-night." When, however, the Eed had passed by without an outbreak, he began to feel that the danger was over, and, in the warmth of his gratitude, even repaid the generosity of Lawrence by sending on to him a portion of the reinforcements which he had received from Benares. The danger was not over. There was sore anxiety in the hearts of the Christians. Ladies whose husbands were required to sleep in the lines, hardly dared to hope, as they said good-bye to them at night, that they would ever see them again. The letters

The agony of suspense.

May 24.

June 3.

[1] Gubbins, p. 31; Mowbray Thomson, pp. 32-3.
[2] Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 300-1.

that were sent off towards the end of the month to catch the homeward mail, were full of dark forebodings.[1] Outwardly the sepoys remained comparatively quiet; but they were secretly plotting among themselves, and intriguing through the medium of their leaders with the Nana. Nothing but the procrastination of the infantry, who were less eager, or at any rate less impetuous than the cavalry, delayed the crisis so long.[2] At last, on the night of the 4th of June, it came.

The mutiny.

The cavalry rose first, and galloped to Nawábganj. The 1st Infantry soon hurried after them. Then the two regiments, making common cause with the Nana's retainers, burst open the gaol, destroyed the public offices, rifled the treasury, and made themselves masters of the contents of the magazine. In the midst of their revels, however, they wondered why they had not been joined by the other two infantry regiments. The sequel proved that the latter could have had no fixed purpose of rising, if they were not actually loyal in intention. All through the night they remained quiet. At two o'clock in the morning they went on parade. When the parade was over, they were dismissed to their lines, and proceeded to cook their breakfasts. Soon afterwards messengers from the mutineers rode up and urged them to come and take their part in the division of the plunder. The 56th yielded to the temptation. The bulk of the 53rd were still standing their ground when, with unhappy want of judgement, Wheeler ordered Ashe to open fire upon them. Then all broke and fled, except some eighty men, who remained persistently faithful to their salt.[3]

June 5.

Meanwhile, the mutineers had sent a deputation of their officers to sound the intentions of the Nana. Introduced into his presence, the spokesman addressed him in these words, "Maharaja, a kingdom awaits you if you join our enterprise, but death if you side with our enemies." "What have I to do

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 33-7; Letter of May 28 to the *Times*, Oct. 22, 1857, p. 7, col. 1.

[2] "The 53rd and 56th N. I. showed great lukewarmness until the mutiny actually broke out. The 1st N. I. and 2nd Cavalry were the instigators." *Depositions taken at Cawnpore under the direction of Lieut.-Col. G. W. Williams*, p. 75.

[3] *Depositions*, pp. 30, 32; Trevelyan, pp. 95-8; Mowbray Thomson, pp. 39-41; *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.*, vol. vi. p. 169, note 1. Besides the 80 men, the native officers of the 53rd remained faithful, having been already called into the entrenchment.

with the British?" replied the Nana; "I am altogether yours." The officers went on to ask him whether he would lead them to Delhi. He assented, and then, laying his hands upon the head of each, swore that he would observe his promise. The delegates returned to their comrades; and next morning the four regiments marched as far as Kaliánpur, on the road to Delhi. But the idea of going to Delhi was by no means pleasing to the advisers of the Nana. Chief among them was a crafty young Mahomedan, named Azimulla, who had gone to London, as his agent, to lay his petition before the Court of Directors, and had consoled him for its rejection with the tale that England had fallen from her high place among the nations of Europe. This man exerted all his eloquence to dissuade his master from yielding to the wishes of the sepoys. The Nana was easily convinced. Why should he, a Brahmin, place himself under the orders of a Mahomedan king? Why should he commit political suicide by going to a place where he would be lost among a crowd of greater men? Why should he not return to Cawnpore with his new allies, overpower that handful of Englishmen collected in their miserable entrenchment, and establish, by the right of conquest, the claim so unjustly denied by their detested Government? There was no time to be lost. Riding with all speed to Kaliánpur, he urged the sepoys to give up the idea of marching on Delhi, and held out to them high hopes of the glory and the plunder which they might acquire by going back with him to attack the English. The sepoys listened, and were persuaded. At sunrise on the 6th the whole brigade was marching down the Delhi road towards Cawnpore. Early in the morning Wheeler received a letter from the Nana, warning him to expect an attack. The news was indeed a cruel disappointment to all his people. They had been spared the horrors which accompanied mutiny at so many other stations; they had been allowed to hope that they would soon be relieved, and be free, some perhaps to do good service against the enemies of their country, others to rejoin their friends, to wait in some secure abode for the restoration of peace, or to return to their own land. And now their hopes were shattered. Not all, however. There, within those miserable defences, they could still bear themselves in a manner worthy of their motherland. Sadly then, but resolutely they waited for the threatened attack. For a time there was no sign of its coming; for the rebels were busy

June 5.

gorging themselves with the plunder of the city, insulting respectable natives, and murdering the stray Europeans who had not put themselves under Wheeler's protection. But towards ten o'clock flames were seen rising here and there above the nearest quarter of the city: presently the crack of musketry was heard, and now again more plainly: armed men were descried hurrying confusedly over the canal bridge: nearer and nearer they came, and now they were pouring into the lines: a puff of smoke arose; a round shot came crashing into the entrenchment; the garrison were swift to answer the challenge; the bugle sounded; the defenders fell in at their appointed posts; and the cries of terrified women and startled children, mingling with the roar of the contending artillery, proclaimed that the siege of Cawnpore had begun.[1]

The siege.

It was indeed a tragic moment in the world's history; for never, since wars began, had a besieged garrison been called upon to do or to suffer greater things than were appointed for the garrison of Cawnpore. The besieging army numbered some three thousand trained soldiers, well fed, well lodged, well armed, and supplied with all munitions of war, aided by the retainers of their newly-elected chief, and supported by the sympathies of a large portion of the civil population. The besieged were few in number, and had to contend against almost every disadvantage that could conceivably have been arrayed against them. Besides a few civilians and a small band of faithful sepoys, they could only muster about four hundred English fighting men, more than seventy of whom were invalids.[2] Wholly insufficient in itself, this small

[1] Mowbray Thomson, p. 65; *Depositions*, pp. 34, 40, 51, 54, 62, 65, 67, 76; Trevelyan, pp. 103-7, 114, 120, 123-4; Diary of Nánakchand, p. vii.; Shepherd, pp. 20-1.

[2] Shepherd gives the following statement of the numbers:—

| | |
|---|---|
| European soldiers | 210 |
| Native musicians (belonging to native regiments) | 44 |
| Officers, about | 100 |
| Non-military, about | 100 |
| Loyal native officers and sepoys, about | 20 |
| Servants, about | 50 |
| Women and children, about | 376 |
| Total, about | 900 |

Most of the faithful sepoys were ordered to occupy a hospital, about six hundred yards east of the entrenchment. They defended it until June 9 or 10, when it was set on fire.

force was encumbered by the charge of a helpless throng of women and children. Combatants and non-combatants alike experienced now for the first time the unmitigated fierceness of a tropical summer. Men who, with every appliance at hand for counteracting the depressing effects of the climate, had been wont to regard a morning parade at that season of the year as a hardship, had now to fight all day beneath the scorching rays of an Indian summer sun. Women who had felt it an intolerable grievance to have to pass the long summer days in luxurious rooms artificially cooled, with delicious iced drinks to slake their thirst, and exciting novels to distract their thoughts, were now huddled together, without the most ordinary comforts, in two stifling barracks, which offered the only shelter to be found within the precincts of the entrenchment. In comparison with the entrenchment itself, the defences of Londonderry, which appeared so contemptible to Lewis's lieutenants, might have been called formidable. It was in fact merely a weak mud wall, about four feet in height, and constructed of earth so dry and friable as to be unable to resist the shock even of a bullet. Perhaps even the heroes of the Cawnpore garrison might have despaired of defending so frail a barrier against the overwhelming numbers of their enemy, if they had had to trust to it alone. There was, however, one element of strength in their position. Close to the western corner of the entrenchment lay a row of barracks, two of which they had contrived to occupy. One of these, known as No. 2 barrack, they regarded as the key of their position.[1] Yet even this advantage was not wholly their own; for the enemy took care to avail themselves of the cover which the unoccupied buildings offered. Such were the desperate odds against which the doomed garrison now steeled their hearts to contend.[2]

From the moment when the crash of that first shot gave the signal, the struggle was maintained, almost without a pause, by day and night.[3] Day and night the enemy hurled a continuous shower of shot, and shell, and bullets into the entrenchment: day and night the defenders, with ever lessened numbers, sent back a feebler discharge. Soldiers, civilians, and loyal sepoys

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 69, 70.

[2] Nánakchand, pp. ix. xii. xiv. xv.-xviii.; Trevelyan, pp. 117-20, 135, 143-6.

[3] *Depositions*, p. 34; Diary of an Opium Gomashta at Cawnpore (*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, pp. 643-54); Shepherd, p. 25.

stood side by side; and, while the artillerymen replied, as best they could, to the crushing fire of the Nana's heavy batteries, the infantry, each man with a pile of loaded muskets before him, astonished the rebels by the swiftness and accuracy of their fire. Meanwhile the barracks, compassed about by a swarm of enemies, were defended with desperate tenacity by a handful of men, who had as stern a battle to maintain and as heavy a load of weariness to endure as their comrades in the trenches, though, more fortunate than those, they were spared the agony of beholding the sufferings of their women and children. Day and night all fought on alike; for there was no rest for any but those to whom the sleep of death was vouchsafed; or, if a man sank down exhausted under the heel of his gun or the shelter of the wall, he was soon roused by the noise of musketry, and awoke from dreams of home or of coming relief to a life-in-death within the entrenchment of Cawnpore. The number of those who thus awoke grew smaller day after day. Within the first week fifty-nine artillerymen, all that the garrison could muster, were killed or wounded at their posts. Women as well as men fell victims to the enemy's fire. A private was walking with his wife, when a single bullet killed him, broke both her arms, and wounded an infant whom she was carrying. An officer was talking with a comrade at the main-guard, when a musket-ball struck him; and, as he was limping painfully towards the barracks to have his wound dressed, Lieutenant Mowbray Thomson of the 56th, who was supporting him, was struck also; and both fell helplessly to the ground. Presently, as Thomson lay woefully sick of his wound, another officer came up to condole with him; and he too received a wound from which he died before the end of the siege. Young Godfrey Wheeler, a son of the General, was lying wounded in one of the barracks, when a round shot crashed through the wall of the room, and carried off his head in the sight of his mother and sisters. Little children, straggling outside the barracks, were deliberately shot down.[1] The record of these horrors is only a page torn from a volume of tragedy. Yet not a murmur was heard. The acutest sufferings were patiently, and by some even cheerfully endured.

The siege had barely lasted a week when an event occurred which the garrison had long regarded as inevitable, June 11.

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 596; Mowbray Thomson, pp. 64-71, 84-5, 136, 140.

and which warned them to prepare for sufferings far heavier than any they had yet endured. A red-hot shot struck the thatched roof of one of the barracks, within which the women and children, the sick and wounded were lying; and in a few minutes the entire building was enveloped in flames. Then ensued the most awful, yet, for some who took part in it, the most glorious scene of this dreadful siege,—the fire illuminating the darkness of the night; the helpless sufferers within the burning building mingling their shrieks for help with the ceaseless boom of the artillery and the continuous swift roar of the flames; the soldiers running from their posts, and, though girt about by two deadly perils, on the one side the infernal fire from the enemy's batteries and musketry, on the other the downward crash of glowing masses of masonry and burning rafters, yet striving to extinguish the flames, and rescuing their friends from an agonising death; while, outside the entrenchment, the unrelenting rebels, taking full advantage of the distraction of the garrison, worked their guns with feverish energy, as though they hoped, with the aid of the conflagration, at one stroke to complete the ruin of their victims. When the flames had subsided, the men of the 32nd, regardless of the fire which their enemies continued to direct against them, began diligently to rake the ashes in search of their lost medals.[1] It was a bright example of the romantic sensibility of the British soldier.

During the earlier days of the siege the enemy, conscious of their moral inferiority to the men whom they had driven to bay, and relying on the strength of their artillery, contented themselves mainly with the safe process of bombardment: but on the 12th of June, thinking perhaps that they had by this time broken the spirit of their opponents, they mustered courage to attempt a general assault on the British position. They could see their handful of victims within; they had but to make one resolute charge, and in a few minutes they might have borne down every man by the crushing weight of their numbers. At first they moved confidently forward; but they could not nerve themselves to face the stern resistance which they encountered; and soon the survivors, terrified by the sight of their falling comrades, turned and fled.[2] They knew that they

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 92-5.

[2] *Ib.* p. 93; Nánakchand, p. xii.; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, p. 677.

had failed, and confessed their failure by returning to their old tactics.

The most trying period of the siege had now begun. There was so little food left that the daily ration of each person had to be reduced to a handful of flour and a handful of split peas. If the enemy were afraid to assault, their firing was as incessant as ever. Round shot plumped and bounded over the open ground, hurled down masses of timber from the remaining barrack, and sent bricks flying in all directions; bullets pattered like hail against the walls, and broke the windows to atoms. On the 14th a chosen band sallied forth, spiked several guns, and inflicted heavy loss upon their astounded persecutors: but more guns were soon brought to bear upon the devoted garrison. They were far less able to reply than they had been at the beginning; for one of their guns had lost its muzzle, two had had their sides battered in, and a fourth had been knocked off its carriage. While fresh hosts of rebels and mutineers were daily swarming up to swell the ranks of their enemies, their own numbers were greatly diminished. Some were struck down by the sun, or wasted by fever; others pined away from exposure, from hunger, or from thirst; others went mad under the burden of their sufferings. More wretched still was the fate of the wounded; for the fire had destroyed the surgical instruments and the medical stores; and death, which came too slowly, was their only healer. But most to be pitied of all were those women who still survived. The destruction of the barrack had robbed them even of the wretched shelter which they had had before; and now their only resting-place was the hard earth, their only protection the crumbling mud wall beneath which they lay. They were begrimed with dirt; their dresses were in rags; their cheeks were pinched and haggard, and their brows ploughed with furrows. There were some even who, while stunned by horrid sounds, and sickened by foul or ghastly sights, had to suffer the pains of labour, and gave birth to infants for whose future they could not dare to hope. A skilful pen might describe the acuteness of their bodily sufferings: but who can imagine the intensity of their mental tortures? They lacked the grim consolation of fighting an unyielding battle against desperate odds, which may even then have sustained the heart of the soldier. Yet they never despaired. They gave the artillerymen their stockings for grape-cases; they

handed round ammunition to the infantry; and they cheered all alike by their uncomplaining spirit and their tender, gracious kindness. The return which the men made for their devotion was the most acceptable service that they could have performed. They saw little children around them dying of thirst; and they resolved to relieve them. There was only one well within the entrenchment; and, to reach it, they had to pass over the most exposed part of the position. But they could not bear to hear the children's piteous cries; and, at the cost of many heroic lives, the labour of love was performed.[1]

About the middle of the siege the grim irony of fortune sent a solitary stranger to reinforce the enfeebled garrison. The men were standing, as usual, at their posts, when they were amazed to see an English officer galloping towards the entrenchment, and presently leaping over the barrier which had defied every attack of the enemy. It was a young lieutenant of the 7th Cavalry, named Bolton, who had been sent out on district duty from Lucknow, and who, turned adrift by the mutiny of his men, was fain to share even the desperate fortunes of the garrison of Cawnpore.[2] His was the only aid that Wheeler ever received. Two hundred men, he knew, would suffice to raise the siege; for the mutineers were greatly dispirited; and most of them had more zest for plunder than for fight. On the 14th he wrote urgently to Lawrence for help; and sometimes the men, hearing a sound of distant cannonading, brightened up for a moment in the hope that relief was coming; but presently the old look of care would steal back again over their faces.[3] At last a letter came, which Lawrence
June 16. had written with a breaking heart, saying that it was impossible for him to spare a detachment from the weak force which was all he had for the protection of his own people. The garrison received the news with manly resignation. Captain Moore of the 32nd, a man to whom common consent has
June 18. assigned the first place among the defenders of Cawnpore, wrote, in the name of his chief and of his comrades, that, since no help could be afforded them, it was the fixed resolution of all to hold the position to the last.[4]

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 78-84, 99, 100, 104, 113-4, 136-7; Shepherd, pp. 45, 52-3.

[2] Mowbray Thomson, p. 120.

[3] *Ib.* p. 114.

[4] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 593; Gubbins, p. 443.

From the beginning he had cheered on the men by his hopeful face and gallant example, and consoled the women by his courteous, tender sympathy; he had illuminated even the glorious record of the 32nd by his surpassing valour; and now, when hope had all but vanished, he was still, though enfeebled by a wound, the life and soul of the defence. Under him fought the survivors of a band of officers, each one of whom was a hero, besides those private soldiers who, though their names find no mention here, are not forgotten by the army, or by the people of England. Not less brave than they, though by profession a man of peace, was Moncrieff, the chaplain, whom all loved for his constancy and self-denial, and who, going from post to post, spoke words of hope and consolation, which were all the more solemn and impressive because none of those who heard them could tell whether he would be spared to listen to another service. No wonder that the hosts of the enemy could not prevail against men like these. No wonder that when, on the 23rd of June, they came on, fortified by solemn oaths, and stimulated by malignant hatred, to attempt another assault, they were hurled back, as before, in ignominious rout. But the end was not far off. Two more attempts were made to obtain relief. On the 24th a Eurasian soldier left the entrenchment in disguise, hoping to procure reinforcements from Allahabad, but returned unsuccessful. On the same day a commissariat official named Shepherd, went out, disguised as a native cook, but was soon taken prisoner. Next day a woman came into the entrenchment, with a letter from the Nana, offering a safe passage to Allahabad to every member of the garrison who had not been "connected with the acts of Lord Dalhousie." The offer was vehemently resisted by the younger officers, who could not bear the thought of surrendering the position which had been so nobly defended; and even Wheeler, suspicious of the Nana's sincerity, was inclined to return a refusal, until Moore, whose jealousy for the honour of his country and of his profession could not be questioned, pointed out that, as succour could not possibly arrive in time, an honourable capitulation held out the only chance of saving the lives of the women and children. An armistice was accordingly arranged. An hour after dusk the Nana gathered together in his tent five or six of his advisers, and arranged with them a

June 25.

plan the execution of which will be presently described. Next morning the representatives of the besieged and of the besiegers met to discuss terms of surrender. It was proposed that the garrison should give up their position, their guns, and their treasure; and that in return they should be allowed to march out with their arms and a certain proportion of ammunition, and be provided with boats and provisions for the voyage to Allahabad. One hitch occurred. The Nana required that the position should be evacuated that night. Wheeler replied that he could not possibly march out until the following morning. Then the Nana threatened to renew the bombardment, and boasted that in a few days he would put every one of the garrison to death. He was told in reply that he might fulfil his threats if he could, but that there was enough powder still left in the magazine to blow him and the two armies together into the air. The bare suggestion was enough to bring him to his senses. The treaty was forthwith signed: the guns were delivered over to the enemy; and the garrison lay down for their last sleep within the entrenchment of Cawnpore.[1]

June 26.

The capitulation.

Early in the morning they marched out, and looked for the last time on that battered and crumbling wall of clay, which they had defended for nearly three weeks against the assaults of an enemy ten times as numerous as themselves. Some of them may have felt a vague foreboding of coming danger; for it was whispered that one of the delegates, who had gone to see whether the boats were ready, had overheard the sepoys pronounce the ominous word "massacre." But even the most anxious must have ventured to look forward to a time when, sitting over the fireside in their English homes, they would tell to awe-struck listeners the story of the great siege. Even now some were found to sympathise with them in what they had done and suffered. As the wan and ragged column filed along the road, the women and children in bullock-carriages or on elephants, the wounded in palanquins, the fighting men on foot, sepoys came clustering up round the officers whom they had betrayed, and talked, in wonder and admiration, of the surpassing heroism of the defence. About three-quarters of a mile from the entrenchment a ravine, spanned by a wooden

June 27.

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 105-6, 126-8, 130-2, 141-2, 148-56; Nánakchand, p. xviii.

bridge, ran, at right angles to the road, towards the river. Arriving at the bridge, the procession turned aside, and began to thread its way down the ravine. And now the banks of the Ganges were close at hand. The unwieldy boats, with their thatched roofs, were seen drawn up close to the water's edge; and a great crowd of natives of every class was waiting to look on at the embarkation. There were some too who had not come merely to look on. More than a thousand infantry sepoys and several squadrons of cavalry were posted behind cover on the banks; and Tántia Topi, a favoured counsellor of the Nana, who was destined to play a conspicuous part in the rebellion, was there to execute his master's orders for the management of the embarkation.

What those orders were, presently appeared. Those troops had not come to serve as a guard of honour. They had come to be the instruments for executing that plan which the Nana and his counsellors had devised. No mud wall separated them now from the men and the women who had defied them. Their numbers and their artillery must surely be irresistible now. Now, therefore, was the moment to take the time-honoured vengeance of a besieging army upon an obstinate garrison. Hardly had the embarkation begun, when a bugle sounded. Immediately afterwards a host of sepoys, leaping up from behind the bushes and the houses on either bank, lifted their muskets to their shoulders; and a hail of bullets fell upon the dense crowd of passengers, as they were clambering on board. Cannon roared out, and grape-shot raked the boats from stem to stern. Almost at the same instant the thatched roofs, which had been purposely strewed beforehand with glowing cinders, burst into flame. Then the sick and the wounded, who had survived the destruction of the barrack and the horrors of the siege, were suffocated or burned to death. The able-bodied men sprang overboard, and strove with might and main to push off the boats into deep water: but all save three stuck fast. Ashe, and Bolton, and Moore were shot down as they stood in the water. Women and children bent down under the sides of the boats, trying to escape the bullets. Some ten or twelve men swam for dear life after the nearest boat: but one soon sank exhausted: others, struck by grape or bullets, gasped, and beat the bloody surf, and turned over dead; and thre only reached the boat. Now the troopers rode with drawn

The massacre on the Ganges.

sabres into the river, and slashed the cowering women to death. Little infants were dragged from their mothers' arms, and torn to pieces. Suddenly, however, a messenger came from the Nana, saying that no more women or children were to be put to death. The slaughter therefore ceased; and the trembling survivors, a hundred and twenty-five in number, their clothes drenched, and torn, and mud-stained, and dripping with blood, were dragged back to Cawnpore.[1]

Pursuit of the fugitives.

Meanwhile the army of murderers at the river-side had still work to do; for it was the Nana's will that every Christian man should be destroyed. Of the boats that had been floated into mid-stream, one only escaped. The other two drifted to the Oudh bank, where they were assailed by a new fire. One, struck by a round shot, was rapidly sinking, when those on board scrambled on to the uninjured boat. But even its occupants soon found that their sufferings had only begun. They had no oars, no rudder, and no food. The water of the Ganges was all that passed their lips, save prayers, and shrieks, and groans.[2] Their numbers were rapidly diminished; for their enemies crowded along the banks and fired upon them whenever an opportunity arose; and, though soon after noon they drifted beyond the reach of the guns, the sepoys still kept up with them, and harassed them by repeated volleys of musketry. It seemed to their jaded imaginations that that dreadful day would never come to an end. Late in the afternoon the boat stuck fast on a sandbank; and, before they succeeded in forcing it off, darkness had come on. As the night dragged slowly by, they stranded again and again; and every time the men had to get out of the boat, and push it off into the stream. Day broke; and, seeing no sepoys, they began to hope that they were to be left unmolested. But about two o'clock the boat

June 28.

again got aground; and the rebels presently appear-

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 156-7, 166-70; *Depositions*, pp. 21, 87, 96-7, 99-100, 102-3, 112; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 685-6. Speaking of the preparations for the massacre, Nánakchand observes, "The troopers of the Rissala remonstrated with the Nana, and observed that it was more honourable to fight the Europeans openly. . . . The Nana assured them that . . . according to his creed, it was quite allowable to take false oaths at such junctures, and that when the object was to annihilate an enemy, he would not hesitate to take an oath . . . on the Ganges, or adopt any one of a hundred other artifices," pp. xix. xx.

[2] These are the very words of Mowbray Thomson, p. 172.

ing, opened fire and killed or wounded five more. All the afternoon rain fell in torrents. At sunset a boat was seen bearing down in pursuit with fifty or sixty armed men on board. But the pursuers did not yet know the full measure of their opponents' courage. Without waiting to be attacked, some twenty of our men leaped out of their boat, fell upon the enemy, whose boat had also run aground, and put nearly every man of them to the sword. Utterly worn out, the fugitives fell asleep. A hurricane arose in the night, and once more the boat floated: but, when day broke, those who were still alive thought that the end was come at last; for they had drifted into a side-current of the main stream, and they saw a body of sepoys, supported by a multitude of villagers, standing on the bank, ready to overwhelm them. But there were still eleven British soldiers and a sergeant in the boat, who, though tired almost to death, and nearly starved, were as keen as ever to be led against the enemy: there were still two officers to cheer them on, Mowbray Thomson of the 56th, and Delafosse of the 53rd, who had covered themselves with glory in the siege; there was still a commander, Major Vibart of the 2nd Cavalry, to send them forth, though he was too sorely wounded to lead them to victory. Leaping ashore, these men charged right through the dense masses of the enemy, and, before the awe and astonishment which their courage had inspired could subside, fought their way back to the place where they had landed. But the boat had drifted far away. They ran down the bank to overtake it; but they never saw it again. The enemy were fast closing in upon them; and, weary and panting as they were, they had to run barefooted on and on over the rugged bank, and under the burning sun. At last they saw a Hindu temple a little distance ahead. To this stronghold they rushed, and prepared to make their last stand. The sergeant was shot as he was entering. Four of the privates crouched down, by Mowbray Thomson's command, in the doorway; and on their bayonets the foremost of the enemy, hurrying up in the blind eagerness of pursuit, perished miserably. Those behind, unable to force their way in, tried to set the temple on fire, and, when the wind blew the flames away, threw bags of powder upon the glowing ashes. Then the thirteen rushed over the blazing wood, jumped down, and, firing a last volley, hurled themselves with fixed bayonets into the tumultuous crowd which surrounded

June 29.

them. Six fell; but the rest, gaining the bank, threw their muskets into the water, plunged in themselves, and swam for their lives. The swarm of blacks ran yelling down the bank, and fired volley after volley at the bobbing heads. Two of the seven were soon struck, and sank. A third, too tired to battle for his life, made for the shore and was beaten to death as soon as he landed. The remaining four, Mowbray Thomson, Delafosse, and privates Murphy and Sullivan, after swimming without a moment's pause for six miles, found rest at last within the house of a friendly raja of Oudh.[1] These men had passed triumphantly through an ordeal as terrible as any that ever tested human courage and endurance; yet to none of them was awarded that prize of valour which is the dearest object of the British soldier's ambition. But many who have worn the Victoria Cross upon their breasts might have envied the surviving defenders of Cawnpore the honourable scars which were their ineffaceable decoration.

The whole of the story of Cawnpore has not yet been told. After drifting beyond the reach of Mowbray Thomson and his companions, the boat was overtaken by the enemy; and its defenceless crew of eighty souls, wounded men, and women, and children, were brought back to the city. There, by the orders of the Nana, the men were put to death; and the women and children were confined in a building called the Saváda House, along with the hundred and twenty-five whom, three days before, he had rescued, for his own purposes, from the hands of the destroyer.

June 30.

Then the conqueror prepared to reap the fruits of his victory. Returning to his palace at Bithúr, he caused himself to be proclaimed Peshwa with all the rites and ceremonies of an hereditary ruler. But the noise of the salute which was fired in honour of his accession had scarcely died away before the troubles of a usurper began to crowd upon him. The tradesmen, groaning under the rapacity and insolent cruelty of the mutineers, execrated him as the author of their sufferings. It was rumoured that a Mahomedan rival was to be set up against him; and the sepoys were angrily complaining of the niggardliness with which he had rewarded their services. Their leaders swore that, if he did not soon show himself in their midst, they

The Nana proclaimed Peshwa. June 30.

July 1.

[1] Mowbray Thomson, pp. 170-86.

would go and fetch him; and on the 5th of July they actually put their threat into execution. After a week of luxurious seclusion, he re-entered the city. There he found a deep gloom prevailing: many of the inhabitants had abandoned their homes, and fled; for it was rumoured that an avenging army was advancing, by forced marches, from the south-east, and hanging every native who crossed its path. It was clearly necessary that he should do something to show that he was indeed the successor of Báji Ráo. He therefore called upon his lieutenants to go out and attack the approaching force, and tried to restore the confidence of his subjects by proclaiming that everywhere the infidels had been overwhelmed, and had been sent to hell.[1]

Meanwhile, the number of his own victims had been increased. The unhappy fugitives from Fatehgarh,[2] unconscious of the worse fate that was in store for them, had come to seek an asylum in Cawnpore. Those who had left Fatehgarh in June, had been butchered by order of the Nana immediately after their arrival. Of those who followed, all the men but three were murdered in his presence. The asylum that he appointed for the survivors was a small house called the Beebeegurh, to which he had lately transferred the captives of the Saváda. In this new prison, which had belonged to a poor Eurasian clerk, five men and two hundred and six women and children were confined. Save that they were no longer exposed to the fire of the enemy, these poor captives were worse off now than they had been in the entrenchment of Cawnpore, or the fort of Fatehgarh. English ladies, the wives of the defenders and the rulers of British India, were forced, like slaves, to grind corn for the murderer of their husbands. They themselves were fed on a scanty allowance of the coarsest food. Those were happiest among them who perished from the diseases which this food engendered. All this time the Nana himself, in a sumptuous building, which overlooked their prison, was living in a round of feasts, and revels, and debaucheries. But on the 15th of July, in the midst of his unholy mirth, an alarming announcement came upon him. That avenging army of whose coming he had

June 12.

July 9.

The Beebeegurh.

[1] Nánakchand, pp. xxii. xxiii.; *Depositions*, p. 88. The proclamations are to be found in the *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, and in Kaye, vol. ii. App. pp. 670-6.

[2] See pp. 138, 140, *supra*.

heard was within a day's march of the city; and the force which he had sent out to check its advance had suffered a crushing defeat.[1]

Last act of the tragedy of Cawnpore.

Then ensued the last act of the tragedy of Cawnpore. It was pointed out to the Nana that, if he were again defeated, the captives in the Beebeegurh would supply the English General with damning evidence against all who had taken part in the massacres: that, on the other hand, if they were put out of the way, the General would feel that there was nothing to be gained by continuing his march. The Nana eagerly accepted the hint. First of all, the five men who had been suffered to live thus far were brought out, and killed in his presence. Then a number of sepoys were selected, and told to go and shoot the women and children through the windows of the house. They went; but they could not harden their hearts to obey the rest of their instructions. They belonged to that regiment which had murdered the boy ensigns at Allahabad; but they were not prepared to murder women and children. They contented themselves therefore with firing at the ceiling instead. But such effeminate sensibility was disgusting to the Nana. At his bidding, then, two Mahomedan butchers, an Afghán, and two Hindus, armed with long knives, went into the house, and hacked their victims to pieces. All through the night the bodies lay neglected in the room; and moans were distinctly heard proceeding from it by those without. Next morning a heap of corpses, a heap of wounded, and a number of children who had escaped the knives of the assassins were dragged out, and thrown, the living and the dead together, into a well hard by.[2]

July 15.

July 16.

The fiery trial was over at last. It is hard for even the most sympathetic imagination actually to realise, not merely to believe the fact that English men, and women, and children, did indeed pass through that trial not five-and-twenty years ago.[3] But all was now past. Forgetting the agonising siege, the horrid carnage at the river side, the bitter imprisonment, the pitiless massacre, they slept in the well of Cawnpore as calmly as we

[1] *Depositions*, pp. 12, 16, 35, 39, 57.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 8, 58, 107-14; Nánakchand, p. xxv. A valuable synopsis by Col. Williams of the evidence contained in the *Depositions* will be found in *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 668-705. See App. G.

[3] Written in 1881.

shall sleep, if such be our lot, beneath the green English turf. Only for their destroyer all was not over. He had had his revenge, and won his triumph. He had ordered salutes to be fired in honour of his glorious victory. He had caused himself to be proclaimed Peshwa. But the voice of the blood which he had shed was crying out, not in vain, to God for vengeance. The murderer who had shut his ears to the piteous cries of tender women and innocent children, was soon to hear, on the open battle-field, the appalling shout of the British soldier, and the roar of Havelock's guns.

# CHAPTER IX

## LUCKNOW AND THE OUDH DISTRICTS—HAVELOCK'S CAMPAIGN

1857. Anxiety of Canning for Oudh.

IT will be remembered that, just before the announcement of the rising at Meerut reached him, Canning was anxiously considering the significance of a mutiny which had lately occurred at Lucknow. It was natural then that, after he had received that announcement, he should feel seriously alarmed for the safety of the province of which Lucknow was the capital. In common, however, with every Englishman in India, he drew comfort from the reflection that its Chief Commissioner was Henry Lawrence.

Henry Lawrence.

Henry Lawrence began his Indian career as a lieutenant in the Bengal Artillery; but, like many other ambitious subalterns, he soon found his way into the wider arena of civil employment. The happiest years of his life were spent in the comradeship of a wife whose character must be known and honoured by all who would know and honour his. With her to share his sympathies and his aspirations, he laboured on year after year in different districts and at different occupations, but always with a single-minded desire to promote the welfare of the people among whom his lot was cast, and to do his part towards realising his high ideal of the duties of the imperial race. In these labours, as well as in the formation of his opinions regarding the problems of Anglo-Indian life, he allowed himself to be guided by sentiment as much as by reason; for his temperament was emotional, imaginative, and actively responsive to poetical influences. But that which gave its special character to his benevolent toil was the passionate religious enthusiasm which inspired it. He was continually

inflamed with a fervent desire to grow better every day. His religion was the religion of a plain Christian man, knowing nothing of doctrinal subtleties, but solving his simple doubts by a living faith in God. It was in the strength of this faith that he laboured to subdue his roughness of manner, his violent temper, his impatience of incompetent authority, his morbid sensitiveness to real or fancied slights, and trained and chastened almost to saintly perfection the many noble qualities with which his nature had been endowed. But no mere enumeration of virtues would give a just idea of the strength and the beauty of his character. To understand it aright, the reader must follow him through the toils, the triumphs, and the disappointments of his life. He must picture him as a schoolboy, ever ready to acknowledge his faults, ever ready to stand up for the weak, and to do battle, when called upon, with the strong. He must follow him on his first campaign, and see him cheering on his gunners, and sharing their hardships. He must accompany him on his surveying expeditions through the jungles, and note the thoroughness with which he does his work. He must watch him striving to bring the blessings of civilisation into the Punjab, and labouring, not in vain, to inspire that little knot of disciples who owed everything to him with his lofty conceptions of duty. He must listen to him pleading the cause of the fallen Sirdars with his colleagues at Lahore. He must read his loving letters to his wife and children, and not shut his eyes to his cold and querulous letters to Dalhousie. He must think of him as he knelt with his wife at his bedside, pouring out his whole soul in prayer to God on behalf of the brother who had been preferred to him, and the people whose destinies had been removed from his control.[1] He must think of him when, a few years later, he had lost the helpmeet of his life, and was nerving himself again by prayer to endure to the end of his pilgrimage. From that moment, though he could not wholly banish the bitterness of disappointed ambition, though he could never hope to banish the sense of desolation, the most glorious epoch of his life began. He was dead to the world now, though he never ceased to work for it. Thus, when we behold him in the last scene of his life, we feel that a Christian hero indeed stands before us. He was only fifty years old when he came to Lucknow: but he looked

[1] Letter from Herbert Edwardes to John Nicholson, printed in Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 472.

an old man; for his face bore the traces of many years of toil beneath an Indian sun and the still deeper marks of a never-ending conflict with self. His eyes, overhung by massive, craggy brows, looked out with an expression in which melancholy was strangely blended with humour: his thin, wasted cheeks were scored down their whole length by deep lines; and a long, ragged beard added to his look of age. Yet the raw Addiscombe cadet was easily recognisable in the matured soldier-statesman. The characteristics that the friends of his manhood so lovingly noted had been strongly marked even in his boyhood; nor had he ever lost those peculiarities of temper which had been so familiar to his schoolfellows. Day by day, however, his character was becoming more and more ripe. He was still the fearless champion of the oppressed, the stern reprover of evil-doers; but he was more gentle and more forgiving than he had once been. His humility was such that he would have said of himself in the words of the *Imitation*, "Oh, that I had spent but one day in this world thoroughly well": but few have gone nearer to the fulfilment of that fundamental precept of Thomas à Kempis, "That leaving all a man forsake himself, and go wholly from himself, and retain nothing of self-love."

How he dealt with the population and the sepoys.

It was indeed the deep sympathy of Henry Lawrence's nature, his immense love for his fellow men that fitted him so peculiarly for the work he was now doing. Others might have been better qualified than he for the stern duty of grappling with fully developed rebellion; but it is probable that no other Englishman in India could have succeeded so thoroughly in the preliminary task of healing the great mass of discontent that prevailed in Oudh before the outbreak of rebellion, and thus laying a solid foundation, so to speak, upon which to erect a fortress capable of resisting the inevitable shock. He had done this not merely by devising conciliatory measures, but also by impressing the chief sufferers with the belief that he personally felt for their sufferings. "I have struck up a friendship," he wrote to Canning, "with two of the best and wealthiest of the chiefs, and am on good terms with all."[1] These words give a better idea of the secret of his success than the most detailed account of the acts of his government could give. The sepoys, on the other hand, were, he feared, too deeply infected with the taint of dis-

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 571.

loyalty to be reached by any cure. For him personally indeed they felt the deepest respect.[1] They believed that he had their welfare at heart. But they did not believe the same of the Government which he served. A Brahmin jamadár of the Oudh artillery, who had been recommended to him as a man of remarkable intelligence and good character, told him that he was convinced that for ten years past the Government had been plotting the fraudulent conversion of all the natives. Lawrence tried to reason with him, but in vain. The man obstinately maintained his own opinion, and supported it with the words, "I tell you what everybody says."[2] Still Lawrence was hopeful enough to believe that it might be possible to do something to eradicate even a widespread and deep-rooted delusion like this. Accordingly he summoned the native officers and about fifty privates from each native regiment to meet him at a great Durbar to be held in his private garden. The Durbar was fixed for the 12th of May. The sepoys arrived at the appointed hour. The officers seated themselves upon the chairs which had been provided for them; while the men clustered about in groups behind. At sunset the Chief Commissioner himself appeared, attended by the principal military and civil officers and some of the influential natives of Lucknow. He looked indeed like one who would speak straight home to the hearts of his hearers; for upon his face were stamped the unmistakeable signs of a chastened enthusiasm, a holy sincerity, and an all-embracing charity. Then, while every eye was bent upon him, and every ear was strained to hear him, he stood up to address a last appeal to the good sense and the loyalty of the representatives of the native army. He asked them to contrast the tyranny and the persecution of the Mogul Emperors at Delhi and of the Hindu rulers at Lahore with the beneficence and the tolerance of the British Government. He urged them not to listen to the lying tales of interested agitators. He reminded them of the proved ability of his countrymen to punish those who resisted their just authority. Finally, he besought them to remember that they were soldiers, decorated, like himself, for honourable service against the enemies of England, and adjured them to refrain from tarnishing the glorious record of the Bengal army.[3]

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 561; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 349.
[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 573.
[3] *Ib.* p. 564; Gubbins, p. 14; L. E. R. Rees's *Siege of Lucknow*, pp. 8, 9.

Then, calling to his side certain natives who had lately given practical proofs of their fidelity, he presented them with dresses of honour and purses of money, and held them up as an example to their comrades. It seemed that his words would bear good fruit. Nothing could have been more becoming than the conduct of his hearers. Most of the officers zealously declared their attachment to the Government. But not long afterwards it was ascertained that they had attributed the whole proceeding to fear of themselves.[1]

The news from Meerut and Delhi arrives.

It was on the day after the holding of the Durbar that the fact of the outbreak at Meerut was telegraphed to Lawrence. On the 14th he received the further news of the seizure of Delhi.[2] To enable the reader to understand the defensive measures which he adopted and the various military operations which followed, it will be necessary to give a short description of the city and its environs.

Lucknow.

In population, in extent, and in the number and character of its principal buildings, Lucknow was one of the foremost cities of India. The town itself, a vast maze of long, narrow, filthy streets, above the mean, squalid houses of which rose here and there mansions surrounded by trees, lay to the south of the river Gúmti, and was separated from it by an irregular space crowded by a collection of splendid palaces and mosques, many of which were destined to become famous in the history of the Mutiny. Chief among these were the Faríd Bakhsh, the Chattar Manzil, the Shah Najíf, the Sikandar Bagh, the Tára Kothi, the Imámbára, the Begam Kothi, and the Kaisar Bagh. The Residency, an imposing three-storied building, with its roof surrounded by an Italian balustrade, stood on a plateau terminating on the north in a steep bank, below which the ground sloped gently towards the river. Near the Residency the river was spanned by an iron bridge, and a few hundred yards further up by one of stone. The southern and eastern portions of the city were bounded by a canal, which entered the river, and was itself crossed by the road leading to Cawnpore. Beyond the right bank of this canal were scattered a number of posts, all of which were, in a military sense, important,—the Alambagh, a large garden surrounded by a wall, on the Cawnpore road, about

[1] This statement is made solely on the authority of Gubbins (p. 15); but all who are familiar with Indian history will acknowledge that it is perfectly credible in itself.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 15-16.

two miles from Lucknow, the Charbagh, an enclosure commanding the junction of the same road with the canal, the Dilkúsha, a palace standing in a park not far south of the point where the canal flowed into the river, and the Martinière college, quite close to that point. Such were the prominent features of Lucknow. It was from the roof of the Residency that its surpassing beauty [1] was best discerned. Standing there on a clear summer evening, one might have seen the distant chaos of the vast city gradually taking shape in narrow streets and twisting lanes, and nearer still in cupolas, columns, terraced roofs, gilded domes, and slender minarets, which, flooded in the yellow glow, rose in picturesque confusion above the rich foliage of the surrounding groves and gardens; while on the right stood the huge frowning pile of the Machi Bháwan; and behind, the Gúmti, recalling some tranquil English stream, meandered through the fertile plain, and past the bright corn-fields, the mango-topes, and the scattered hamlets of the Garden of India.[2]

The existing arrangement of the garrison was strikingly defective. The native regiments were stationed in various quarters within the city itself and on either side of the river; while the 32nd Foot, the only European regiment, was massed in a barrack just outside the city and about a mile and a half to the east of the Residency. Thus, if the sepoys chose to mutiny, they would have plenty of time to murder their officers before the British troops could come to the rescue. Even the Residency, surrounded though it was by Government buildings, offices, and bungalows, was at the mercy of a native guard. To remedy this obvious defect, Gubbins vehemently urged upon his chief the necessity of moving up a party of European troops for its protection. But, though Lawrence had long felt that he must sooner or later make an improved disposition of the troops, he opposed the suggestions of Gubbins, on the ground that they might have the effect of precipitating a mutiny. It was the same theory that deluded Sir Hugh Wheeler, the same theory that was put into practice so often and with such disastrous

Arrangement of the garrison.

May 15.

[1] These words do not apply to the details of the Lucknow architecture, which are generally detestable. See some remarks of Mr. J. Fergusson, quoted in the *Oudh Gazetteer*, vol. ii. p. 363.

[2] Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i.; Forrest's *Picturesque Tour along the Rivers Ganges and Jumna;* R. B. Minturn's *New York to Delhi*, pp. 169-189; Gubbins.

results in the summer of 1857. As, however, the chief military authorities agreed in supporting Gubbins's views, Lawrence gave way. But even then he would have allowed two days to elapse before bringing up the European troops, if Gubbins had not roused him to instant action by pointing out that the sight of the preparations which were being made at the Residency for their reception might inflame the sepoys to rise if they were not instantly overawed. The women, children, and invalids belonging to the 32nd were likewise brought up to the Residency. The remaining portion of the 32nd was sent to keep watch over the native regiments at Mariáon, a cantonment situated on the north side of the river, about three miles from the Residency. At the same time the Machi Bháwan was occupied by a detachment of Europeans and picked sepoys.[1]

May 16.

May 17.

It is probable that the conflict of opinion which had arisen between Lawrence and Gubbins suggested to the former the reflection that it would be impossible for him to carry out the measures which he might think most conducive to the interests of the State, so long as his authority was confined to civil matters. Anyhow, on the 16th, he telegraphed to the Governor-General, "Give me plenary military power in Oudh: I will not use it unnecessarily." Soon afterwards he received the following reply:—"You have full military powers. The Governor-General will support you in everything that you think necessary." Armed with this authority, he assumed command of the troops in Oudh, with the rank of Brigadier-General.[2]

May 19.

The Residency and the Machi Bháwan.

Of the three military posts which had been brought under effective control he had already selected the Residency and the Machi Bháwan as strongholds to be fortified in view of an attack. The Machi

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 574; Gubbins, pp. 5-8, 16-19. In the *Calcutta Review*, Jan.-June, 1859, p. 198, General (then Major) M'Leod Innes says, "We believe that Sir Henry's real opinion of the case was this. The movement of Europeans to the Residency must not be isolated; it must be one of the series of combinations by which the Cantonments, the Bridges, the Residency, and the Mutchi Bhawn are to be secured. They cannot be done till to-morrow night. The sepoys must be kept quiet till then." But the General's belief is inconsistent with Gubbins's account of what passed between him and Sir Henry; and, rightly or wrongly, Sir Henry did yield to Gubbins's importunity.

[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 619; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 225.

Bháwan, though it had once been a place of great strength, had been suffered to fall into such decay that it was doubtful whether it could be made strong enough to resist a cannonade. As, on the other hand, it was believed by the natives to be almost impregnable, a useful moral effect might obviously be produced by maintaining the show of preparing it for defence. Even if it could not withstand an organised attack, it would overawe the city, deter any rebellious spirits who might contemplate an outbreak, and afford a temporary refuge in case of need.[1] Lawrence therefore caused supplies to be stored within it, took measures for strengthening its walls, and mounted upon its ramparts all the effective artillery that could be spared, as well as a vast collection of native cannon, which, if they were not likely to do much harm to a besieging army, would at least create an impression of strength. On the 23rd of May, when the defences at the Machi Bháwan were sufficiently advanced, he took in hand the preparation of the Residency and the surrounding posts, in which the Europeans were to make their final stand. He traced the outline of the position, proceeded to erect defensive works, stored guns, ammunition, and supplies of every kind within, and, though with much compunction of heart, began to demolish the surrounding houses, which might have afforded cover to a besieging army. When, however, his advisers urged him to destroy the adjoining mosques as well, he replied with characteristic tenderness for native feeling, "Spare the holy places."

Work begun on May 17.

[1] General Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 74, 79-80, 93, 170-71) has finally and authoritatively settled this point. Gubbins indeed says (p. 145) that "on the 8th of June Lawrence proposed to remove thither"—that is to say, to the Machi Bháwan—"all the Europeans and their families. The measure being much opposed, a council of war was called . . . (Fulton) strongly urged the abandonment of the Machi Bháwan." But General Innes tells me that Gubbins must have misunderstood both Lawrence and Fulton. Lawrence may have proposed to remove the Europeans *temporarily* to the Machi Bháwan, in consequence of the recent mutinies in the districts; and Fulton could only have meant that the Machi Bháwan should be *ultimately* abandoned. Lawrence himself wrote on the 12th of June, "We ought to have only one position. I put this question to some sixteen officers five days ago, but all stood out for the two positions. I am convinced they were wrong, and the best of them now think so, but we are agreed that, on the whole, the Residency is the point to hold."—*Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 592-3. Again, on the 11th of June he wrote to Brigadier Inglis, "I am decidedly of opinion that we ought to have only one position, and that though we must hold all three"—the Residency, the cantonments, and the Machi Bháwan—"as long as we can, all arrangements should be made with reference to a sudden concentration at the Residency."—Innes, p. 93.

While these preparations were going on, there were many signs that the budmashes of Lucknow were ripe for sedition. Papers, in which the Mahomedans were called upon to rise and destroy the Feringhees, were constantly posted up in the town. English ladies who were still bold enough to drive or walk through the streets were often greeted by defiant scowls. Still, the worst symptoms that could be discerned indicated nothing like general disaffection. Thanks to Lawrence's benevolent exertions, many of the influential native residents had become actively loyal: the moneyed classes were naturally interested in the maintenance of order; and, with the exception of the irreconcileable religious malcontents and the sufferers whose grievances it had been impossible to redress, the bulk of the population were, if not positively well-disposed, at least not actively hostile. The sepoys, however, were still restless and excitable. The unmistakeable symptom of constantly recurring fires proved that they were bent on mischief; and Lawrence avowed that he would gladly rid himself of two of the regiments if he could.[1] The news from other stations was not such as to cheer him.

Behaviour of the people of Lucknow and the sepoys.

On the night of the 23rd of May a telegram from Cawnpore announced that a mutiny was momentarily expected there. As it was feared that the infection would communicate itself to Lucknow, the ladies were warned to take refuge at once within the Residency and the surrounding houses.[2] Yet throughout the worst period of suspense the most desponding trusted in Lawrence's judgement, and leaned upon his strong and tender support. Worn as he was by bodily suffering, bowed down by the burden of his responsibilities, harassed by the criticisms of those who dissented from his policy, he forgot himself in his efforts to allay the anxieties and to encourage the hopes of all around him. Though clouds of melancholy often passed over him, there were moments even then when his manner and conversation were lighted up by the fascinating vivacity of an Irish gentleman. He insisted that his staff should dine at his own table; he tried to promote gaiety and cheerful conversation among the other guests whom he from

Telegram from Cawnpore.

May 25.

Unselfish exertions of Lawrence.

[1] *Red Pamphlet*, p. 76; Gubbins, pp. 32, 40-41; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 568-9, 574; Lady Inglis's *Journal*.

[2] *Ib.*; *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow*, p. 20; Gubbins, pp. 31-2.

time to time gathered round him; he busied himself in providing for the personal comfort of those who had been obliged to leave their pleasant homes for the inhospitable protection of the Residency;[1] and he laboured night and day to hasten the completion of the preparations which he had devised for the security of all his people. Towards the end of May, however, a daring plan was suggested to him, the adoption of which might have at once destroyed one of the most fruitful sources of his anxieties. The author of this plan was Martin Gubbins.

Gubbins was one of the most remarkable characters whose powers the opportunities of the Mutiny revealed. He was a man of immense personal courage and vehement force of will: but he was liable to be carried away by a favourite theory; and his daring was apt to degenerate into rashness. When his opinions were most valuable, he urged them so recklessly and with such undisguised contempt for the judgement of those who differed from him, that he offended instead of convincing. He had too genuine an affection and respect for Lawrence to quarrel with him as he had quarrelled with Coverley Jackson:[2] but the same faults of temper which had brought him into violent collision with the one, prevented him from acquiring that influence in the councils of the other which his genius might otherwise have secured for him. And indeed it is doubtful whether the most tactful of advisers could have persuaded Lawrence to adopt the plan which Gubbins recommended.

Martin Gubbins.

That plan was to disarm the native regiments at Lucknow. Lawrence rejected it on the ground that, as he was Chief Commissioner not of Lucknow only but of the whole of Oudh, he would not be justified in taking a step that would probably have the effect of driving the regiments at the out stations to revolt.[3] He admitted indeed that it was quite possible to disarm the regiments at Lucknow; and it is by no means certain that the consequences which he dreaded would have followed such a course. Wherever the number of loyal troops was not so small as to be obviously powerless, the repressive force which they exerted was the stronger the more boldly their commander took the initiative against the malcontents.[4] It was mutiny that

He advises the disarming of the sepoys. Lawrence rejects the advice.

[1] Gubbins, pp. 31-2. [2] *Ib.* pp. 2, 3, 198-9. [3] *Ib.* p. 45.

[4] As an instance of this, it is sufficient to refer to the achievements of

begat mutiny in those days: there was no instance in which the successful disarming of a regiment or regiments provoked others to rebel. Sooner or later the sepoys at the out stations would surely rise; and within a few weeks they did rise without exception. By his refusal to disarm then Lawrence probably gained nothing; whereas by the opposite course he would have rendered the Lucknow regiments powerless for mischief. There would have been no need for him to include all the sepoys without exception in the measure. He might have excerpted those whom he believed to be faithful; and formed them into a separate brigade for the support of the Europeans.[1] On the other hand, the risk doubtless appeared disproportionate to the advantage which was to be gained. He feared that by disarming he might alienate loyal men: he knew that it was of vital importance to gain time; and he would not take any step which might precipitate mutiny in the province and endanger his preparations for defence.

Mutiny of May 30.

It soon appeared that, whatever the sepoys at the out stations might think of Lawrence's forbearance, those at Lucknow were resolved to take advantage of it. On the 30th of May he was dining at the Cantonment Residency at Mariáon. One of his staff, Captain Wilson, who was present, speaking from information supplied by a faithful sepoy, had warned him that mutiny would break out at the firing of the nine o'clock gun. Presently the report of the gun was heard. Still there was no sign of riot. Turning to Wilson, Lawrence remarked with a smile, "Your friends are not punctual." Hardly had he uttered the words before the crack of musketry

Willoughby Osborne of Rewah, who triumphed over seemingly desperate odds simply because he had the sagacity and the resolution to act as though he possessed the amplest resources.

[1] As General Cotton did at Peshawar. See *Punjab Mutiny Report*, pp. 63-65, pars. 46-53. One of Lawrence's reasons for not disarming was that it would be necessary to keep as many loyal sepoys as possible to aid in the defence of the Residency. But according to General Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 80) "six companies of Sikhs and other selected native troops" had been segregated from the sepoy regiments, and placed in the Machi Bháwan by the 23rd of May; and, including eighty pensioners, only seven hundred and twelve native troops in all took part in the defence (*Ib.* p. 111); for a considerable number of those who remained loyal after the mutiny of the 30th of May were not allowed to enter the entrenchment. It should appear indeed from Innes's contemporary article in the *Calcutta Review* (Jan. 1859, p. 197) that only one company of Sikhs was placed in the Machi Bháwan before the 23rd of May, and the rest after the mutiny of the 30th: but it would have been safe to segregate all the Sikhs before.

was heard coming from the lines. The guests rose at once with their host, ordered their horses, and went outside the Residency door to wait for them. Directly opposite the group the native guard on duty was standing ranged in line. Their subahdár had turned them out on hearing the sound of firing, and now, saluting Wilson, asked whether he was to order his men to load. Wilson referred the question to his chief. "Oh, yes," replied Lawrence, "let him load." The men rammed their charges home, and then, raising their muskets till the tubes pointed straight at the Englishmen, proceeded to adjust the caps. They had the life of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh absolutely at their mercy. But, if they meditated his murder, they were overawed by his resolute bearing. "I am going," he cried, "to drive those scoundrels out of cantonments; take care while I am away that you all remain at your posts, and allow no one to do any damage here or enter my house, else when I return I will hang you." They did remain at their posts; and the Residency was almost the only house in the cantonments that was not either plundered or burned that night.[1]

Meanwhile the Chief Commissioner had gone to quell the mutiny. Discerning the paramount importance of preventing the mutineers from communicating with the disaffected citizens, he posted a European force to guard the road that led to the city. For the present, however, the mutineers were too busy to think of courting the support of the citizens. On first rising, they had rushed down to one of the mess-houses to murder their officers; but, finding the dining-room deserted, they consoled themselves by setting fire to the building. Nor was their longing for English blood wholly disappointed. They shot their Brigadier as he was riding up to recall them to obedience. Then, emboldened by success, they ventured to open fire on the detachment of the 32nd; but, receiving a shower of grape in reply, they broke and fled. Meanwhile their comrades were swarming with horrid yells into the officers' bungalows, to plunder and destroy. The English in the city caught the sound of firing, and, hurrying up on to the roofs of their houses, saw a lurid glare above the distant cantonment, and trembled for the fate of their countrymen. Towards morning, however, a messenger arrived with the news that there was no cause for alarm. The outbreak would have been more formidable if all the native

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 580-1; Gubbins, p. 106.

regiments had joined in it. But only one, the 71st, took an active part in mutiny; and even in its ranks not all were traitors. Many of the other troops, indeed, went over to the mutineers, or slunk away from their lines before the night was over; but between five and six hundred men of the three infantry regiments boldly ranged themselves on the side of the Europeans. Next morning Lawrence, hearing that the mutineers had retreated to the race-course, marched thither to punish them. They fled after a few discharges from his guns, but not before they had been joined by the bulk of the 7th Cavalry, who till then had remained faithful. This defection rendered an effective pursuit impossible. Only sixty prisoners were made, of whom Gubbins captured six with his own hand. On the afternoon of the same day a rising took place in the city. The standard of the Prophet was raised, and some six thousand fanatics rallied round it; but they were easily dispersed by the efforts of the police.[1] The strategy of Lawrence had prevented the coalescence of mutiny and sedition.

May 31.

Thus ended the second outbreak at Lucknow. Summing up its results in a letter to Canning, Lawrence wrote, "We are now positively better off than we were. We now know our friends and enemies."[2] This was true. But the knowledge had been purchased at the cost of a mutiny, a street riot, and the lives of three British officers.

Condition of Oudh.

While the events which have just been recorded had been passing at Lucknow, the country districts of Oudh had remained tranquil. It is true that the district officers had discerned symptoms of excitement among their sepoys, and had begun to distrust the loyalty of the tálukdárs and the zamíndárs; but throughout May the duties of Government were carried on as usual. While in many parts of the North-Western Provinces the fabric of Government was tottering to its fall, in Oudh the courts everywhere remained open, and the revenue was punctually paid.[3] But, after the outbreak at Lucknow, the aspect of affairs suddenly changed. The sepoys at Sítapur rose in rebellion, and murdered the Commissioner and another civilian, six officers,

June 3.

[1] Gubbins, pp. 102-13; T. F. Wilson's *Diary of a Staff-Officer*, pp. 3-9, 177-9.

[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 577.

[3] *Ib.* pp. 568, 576; Gubbins, pp. 20, 118.

and several ladies and children. The few who escaped separated into two parties. One of these consisted of a young civilian, named Sir Mountstuart Jackson, his sister Madeline, Lieutenant Burnes, Sergeant-Major Morton, and Sophy Christian, a little girl only three years old. An authentic narrative of their adventures has been preserved, and forms one of the saddest of the many tales of suffering in which the history of the Mutiny abounds. The fugitives made their way to Mithauli, a fort belonging to a raja named Loni Singh, and begged him to take pity upon them. When they arrived they were worn out with fatigue, their clothes were in rags, and their bare feet were lacerated by the thorns of the jungle through which they had passed. The raja did not pity them; but it suited his purpose to take them under his charge. He therefore lodged them for the night in a cowshed, and, on the following evening, sent them to the fort of Katchiáni, a desolate unfurnished building in another part of his estates. There they found Captain Philip Orr and his wife and child, who had escaped from the massacre of Aurangabad.[1] The raja now said that, as there were mutineers in the neighbourhood, he could not shelter the whole party. Next day, therefore, the Orrs were sent out into the jungle. They had to keep fires burning at night to scare away the tigers and the wolves; and they were continually in dread of being found out by the mutineers who were roving in the neighbourhood. After a few days they were told that, as the mutineers had dispersed, they might return to the fort. There for some weeks the eight fugitives existed in hopeless misery. The only news that reached them from the outer world was the news of the sufferings of their countrymen and the triumphs of the mutineers. Day after day they sat in solemn silence; for the only words that they could have truthfully spoken would have been words of despair. Early in August the raja told them that, as another band of mutineers was coming, they must go forth again and hide in the jungle. But he did not intend that they should find a hiding-place. His vakíl[2] had told the sepoys at Lucknow where they were to be found; and an armed band was sent to destroy them. From

Story of the fugitives from Sítapur.

June 5.

June 6.

June 7.

June 12.

Aug. 6.

[1] See p. 135, *supra*.

[2] Agent or man of business.

some mysterious cause, indeed, the intending murderers failed to penetrate the jungle. But the fugitives had little cause to rejoice over their escape. The rays of the sun beat fiercely upon their heads; and the thorny brushwood of the jungle was so low that they could find no shade. Torrents of rain poured down upon them. Wild beasts howled around them. Intermittent fever attacked them, and deprived them of all strength to bear up against their other sufferings. Little Sophy, who did not know that her mother had been murdered at Sítapur, was continually torturing them by asking why she had not come with them. At last Orr received a letter, encouraging him to hope for an early rescue. He showed the letter to his companions; and, as they read and re-read it, hope, which had been long dead, revived in their hearts. But weeks passed away; and the expected escort never came to take them to Lucknow. At last another and unexpected escort came. Loni Singh, who had been watching the course of events, had become convinced that the star of the British had set for ever, and had sent three hundred of his retainers to deliver them over to the mutineers. The retainers seized them, dragged them out of the jungle, and, putting them into two carts, started with them for Lucknow. The carts jolted along till they reached a village in which the raja's vakíl was waiting to receive the prisoners. This man owed his advancement in life to the kindness of Orr; and he was now in a position to make a return. He did so. He ordered chains to be riveted upon the hands and feet of the male prisoners. At the sight of the fetters Burnes went mad, and Morton fell into a convulsive fit. Mrs. Orr fell down on her knees, and entreated the vakíl to spare her husband, his benefactor, the bitter shame of bonds. He answered her with a brutal laugh.

Aug. 26.

Oct. 20.

Then the prisoners were sent on their way. Once a day a scanty dole of nauseous food was thrown to them. They were allowed hardly any water. At last they reached Lucknow. Then the guards told them to get out of the carts, and led them towards the Kaisar Bagh. A mob collected, and thronged round them, staring at them, as they staggered along, and making merry over their shame and distress. When they entered the room in which they were to be confined, Jackson, who was now quite overcome, fell down in a swoon. The women, half-maddened by protracted thirst, shrieked for water. At last it

was brought to them, but in a vessel so foul that they revolted from bringing their lips to touch it.

Now began a second imprisonment, as bitter and as hopeless as that which the captives had endured in the fort of Katchiáni. As day after day dragged by, Jackson became weaker and more emaciated; Morton was so sick that he could hardly eat the scanty food that was given to him; and Burnes was so weakened in mind that he did not know what was going on around him. But their relief came at last. On the morning of the 16th of November a number of sepoys burst into the room, and told the men to get up and come outside. Jackson and Orr painfully dragged themselves to their feet, and bade the women good-bye. Then, with Burnes and Morton, they submitted to be pinioned and led outside. Presently a rattle of musketry was heard. The gaolers told the women not to be alarmed,—some native prisoners had been executed, that was all. It was not till after some weeks that Madeline Jackson learned that she had lost her brother, and Mrs. Orr her husband. They had already lost their little companion, the orphan Sophy. Two more months passed away. Then at last a ray of hope lighted up the gloom of their captivity. There was a man called Wájid Ali, who, ever since their arrival in the Kaisar Bagh, had, at his own risk, endeavoured to lighten the burden of their sufferings. He now succeeded in effecting the removal of Mrs. Orr's child to a place of safety. A few days later he had Mrs. Orr herself and Madeline Jackson carried to his own house. Soon afterwards they were restored to their countrymen.[1]

Jan. 7.

Nov. 24.

March 19.

After the outbreak at Sítapur, mutiny became general throughout the province. Whether influenced directly or indirectly by the example of the regiments at Lucknow, or by the pressure of the mutineers who kept streaming into Oudh from the country beyond its eastern frontier,[2] every detachment without exception threw off control. Their resolve was generally more pronounced, their action less hesitating than that of their comrades in the North-Western Provinces; but their treatment of their officers was as variable. Some simply dismissed them. Others savagely murdered them. Others dutifully watched over their safety.

Mutinies in the districts.

[1] *The English Captives in Oude*, edited by M. Wylie.
[2] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 583.

Others sent them away unharmed, but took measures to have them waylaid and murdered. The fortunes of those Europeans who succeeded in escaping from their stations were of the most various kinds. Some fled northwards, and perished from the deadly climate of the Tarai. Others were tracked down by bands of mutineers, and shot. Others made their way, unharmed and unhindered, to Lucknow. Many of those who were saved owed their lives to the sympathy, or at least the forbearance, of the native population. A few tálukdárs, indeed, showed hostility or refused shelter to fugitive parties. A few villagers insulted them in their distress. But in most cases high and low alike treated the suppliant Europeans with genuine kindness. Their conduct might have been very different if Lawrence had not laboured, as he had done, to repair the wrongs which they had suffered at the hands of his predecessors.

Behaviour of the population.

In every instance the mutiny of a regiment was followed by the loss of the district to which it belonged; for the civil officers had no means of maintaining the authority which some of their brethren in the North-West exercised throughout the most trying periods of the crisis. Within eleven days after the mutiny at Lucknow, there was not a single representative of the British Government to be found at any of the stations in Oudh. The downfall of authority was followed by its natural results. The tálukdárs saw their opportunity and used it. Backed by their retainers, they rose almost to a man, forcibly ejected those upon whom their ill-gotten estates had been bestowed, plundered rich and defenceless citizens and wreaked vengeance upon old antagonists. But, whatever they may have felt, they showed as yet, with very few exceptions, no disposition to aid the mutineers; and some of them even sent supplies to Lawrence, to be stored in the Residency.[1]

Affairs at Lucknow.

Notwithstanding the overthrow of British authority in the districts, Lucknow itself still remained comparatively quiet. A gallows was erected near the Machi Bháwan; and day after day batches of mutineers were summarily tried and hanged. Plots, it is true, were occasionally discovered: but the seizure of the ringleaders struck

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 569, 586, 593; Gubbins, pp. 71-2, 118-43; *Oudh Gazetteer*, vol. i. pp. 134-5, 547; Wylie, Preface, pp. iv. and v.; Innes, pp. 92, 96, 292. See App. S.

terror into their accomplices; the military police, under their vigilant commandant, Captain Carnegy, kept the budmashes quiet; and the administration of justice went on as usual. The worst symptom that appeared after the mutiny of the 30th of May was the slackness of trade. The native merchants and even the bank no longer carried on business; and Company's paper fell from twenty to seventy-five per cent discount. Still the merchants, though they had lost their confidence in the stability of British rule, were ready to support it as long as they could do so with safety. The ladies seldom ventured to stir beyond the precincts of the Residency: but the chaplains continued to hold their services regularly; and even dinner parties were still given and attended by the more sanguine. Henry Lawrence, however, was an altered man. He had never known how to take life easily. He had always lived in a state of bodily and mental tension, never satisfied that he had done enough, and habitually expending more nervous force than was sufficient to accomplish what he actually did. His emaciated figure and haggard face had already begun to show how anxiety and sleepless labour had told upon his health, when the heart-breaking announcements that reached him early in June utterly prostrated him. Feeling that he might break down at any moment, he telegraphed to Canning on the 4th, begging that, if anything should happen to himself, Major Banks, the Commissioner of the Lucknow Division, might be allowed to succeed him as Chief Commissioner, and Colonel John Inglis of the 32nd as commander of the troops. "This," he insisted, "is no time for punctilio as regards seniority. They are the right men, in fact the only men for the places." Five days later his exhaustion became so complete that he was obliged to delegate his authority to a provisional council, of which Gubbins was appointed President.[1] The council sat for three days only; but that short period was an epoch in the history of the crisis.

Failing health of Lawrence.

June 9.

Directly after the mutiny of the 30th of May, Gubbins had begun to besiege his chief with fresh arguments for the disarming of the sepoys. Though between five and six hundred[2] only had proved faithful, more

The Provisional Council.

[1] Wilson, p. 23; *Englishman*, June 11, 1857; Gubbins, p. 115, H. S. Polehampton's *Memoirs*, pp. 62-3; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 587-8; Rees, pp. 22, 28; Lady Inglis's *Journal*.

[2] Gubbins (p. 116) says only 437. See, however, Kaye, vol. iii. p. 448, note †.

than twelve hundred still remained in the ranks. Many even of their officers had lost all confidence in them, and lay down to sleep at night in the full belief that they might be murdered in their beds. While recommending that the entire body should be disarmed, Gubbins said that he would not oppose an exception in favour of those who had at least shown outward loyalty.[1] But though Lawrence was more than once on the point of yielding to his arguments, he never actually brought himself to take the decisive step. Now, however, Gubbins thought that he would at last get his own way. He so far succeeded that the other members of the council agreed to allow one company, which had shown positive signs of disaffection, to be disarmed; but they would not suffer the other troops to be included in the measure. Then Gubbins resolved to gain his end by a compromise. He persuaded his colleagues that it would be advisable

June 12.

for the commanding officers to order all their men, except about three hundred and fifty, to go home until November. On the 12th of June the resolution was carried into effect: but Lawrence became so excited on hearing of it that he resumed his authority, and sent messengers to recall all the sepoys who might wish to return. About a hundred and fifty rejoined their colours, and vowed that they would stand by the Government to the last.[2]

It was fortunate indeed that the faithful few were suffered to remain; for the English soldiers would have been far too weak in numbers to defend the Residency in case of a siege. Hoping to strengthen his little force still further, Lawrence issued a circular,

The pensioners.

inviting the pensioned sepoys to rally round their old flag. In answer to the call, some hundreds of aged men, many of whom had lost their sight or their limbs in the service of the Company, came flocking into Lucknow. About eighty of these were selected for active service. This reinforcement, however, did not make up for a further diminution which the numbers of the garrison had lately suffered. On the 11th

Mutinies of the military police.

the cavalry of the military police had risen in revolt, and gone off to join the rebels in the districts; and

June 12.

on the following morning the infantry had followed their example. Some hours later a force was sent

[1] Gubbins, p. 118. Neither Kaye (vol. iii. p. 198) nor Malleson (vol. i. p. 415) does justice to Gubbins on this point.

[2] See App. H.

in pursuit, which, however, failed to do more than kill a few stragglers. Captain Gould Weston, the Superintendent of the entire corps, on hearing of the departure of the mutineers, instantly mounted a horse, galloped after them alone, and overtook them about five miles from the Residency. Their leaders would not suffer him to speak; but a few were so fascinated by his daring that they left their comrades and joined him. One man, indeed, levelled his musket at Weston; but his comrades indignantly struck it down, exclaiming, "Who would kill such a brave man as this?"[1]

Meanwhile the work of strengthening and provisioning the Residency was going on apace. The Machi Bháwan was still used as a storehouse for supplies; and Lawrence even caused new batteries to be constructed there, in the hope of overawing the mutineers and putting off as long as possible the investment of the Residency.[2] His health was now much improved; and henceforth he was able to work without interruption. He was still, however, harassed by the almost insubordinate urgency with which Gubbins criticised his measures, and offered suggestions of his own.[3] The Financial Commissioner vehemently argued that the British force, instead of remaining inactive at Lucknow, should march out and attack the rebels who were collecting in the neighbourhood; and many of the younger officers were so impressed by his daring and impetuous character that they began to regard him as the man for the crisis. At last Lawrence himself bowed to his will. For it is certain that it was owing to the influence which the whole tenour of Gubbins's previous arguments had exerted upon him, though not to any definite suggestion, that he took the step that immediately caused the siege of Lucknow.[4]

June 23.

Suggestions of Gubbins.

On the 29th of June he was informed that a large rebel army, encouraged by the recent fall of Cawnpore, had collected at Nawábganj, about seventeen miles to the north-east, with the object of advancing to the attack of Lucknow; and that their advanced guard had moved

Battle of Chinhat.

[1] Rees, pp. 55-6, 61; Malleson, vol. i. p. 418; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 590; Gubbins, p. 169.

[2] Wilson, pp. 10, 11; Innes's *Rough Narrative of the Siege of Lucknow*, p. 2; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 590; Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 95.

[3] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 593.

[4] Malleson (vol. i. p. 423) represents Lawrence as having eagerly seized the

forward ten miles to the village of Chinhat. Thereupon he resolved to march out on the following morning as far as the Kokráil, a rivulet some four miles from the city, intending, if no enemy should be visible, to return at once, but hoping otherwise to strike such a blow as would defer for some time the inevitable siege. The force which he selected consisted of some seven hundred fighting men of all arms, of whom about half were Europeans. He had intended that the march should begin at daybreak: but the sun was high in the heavens before all the preparations were completed; and the troops were exhausted by many previous days and nights of harassing duty. It was remarked by one who saw them start that they looked more as if they had gone through a hard day's work than as if they were going to begin one. On reaching the Kokráil bridge, they halted; but, contrary to Lawrence's orders, neither food nor drink was served out to them. He and his staff had ridden on about a quarter of a mile to reconnoitre. No enemy was in sight. The expected order to return was given; and the force countermarched. Meanwhile, however, Lawrence had heard that the enemy's scouts had fallen back. He inferred that they shrank from a fight, and that he would only have the advanced guard to deal with; and the younger members of his staff persuaded him to attack them. His aide-de-camp rode by his orders to the bridge, and asked Inglis if the men of the 32nd could go on. "Of course they could," replied Inglis, "if ordered." The answer was significant enough: but Colonel Case of the 32nd protested emphatically that the men were unfit to go into action; and it would have been better if Inglis had plainly said the same.[1] The aide-de-camp rode off. Presently, to the amazement of all, a countermand was issued, and the march was resumed.

June 30.

The troops, stumbling wearily along a muddy and uneven road, were approaching a village on its left called Ismáilganj, when suddenly a number of round shot came crashing into their midst, and immediately afterwards they caught sight of the enemy, who had hitherto concealed themselves behind groves of trees, which stretched in front of the village of

opportunity of attacking the rebels at Chinhat. This view is, I think, disproved by the evidence contained in an appendix to Kaye's third volume, pp. 669-71. See also *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 603, 605, note.

[1] One of the surgeons also stated professionally that the men could not go on without serious risk. See App. I.

Chinhat. The advanced guard, composed of a few men of the 32nd, had already occupied Ismáilganj. Lawrence at once deployed the rest of the regiment into line behind Ismáilganj, ordered them to lie down, and opened fire upon the mutineers with his guns. The native infantry advanced and seized a hamlet on the right of the road; while the cavalry remained on the same side, to guard the right flank, which commanded the line of retreat to the Residency. For some time an artillery duel was kept up. Then there was a lull in the firing of the enemy, which led Lawrence to believe that they were losing heart; and presently they fell back into the groves and disappeared. But Lawrence was soon undeceived. Suddenly reappearing on the right, the enemy advanced with a steadiness that extorted the admiration of the British officers. The native infantry and gunners showed a bold front: but meanwhile the enemy's right wing, encouraged by the inaction of the 32nd, had moved round behind the cover of the groves, which extended close to the left of Ismáilganj: the precaution of posting piquets in the groves had been neglected; and suddenly emerging from the trees, they rushed into Ismáilganj and expelled the little band which occupied it. At the critical moment some of Lawrence's native gunners deserted, and nearly all his native cavalry fled. The native infantry, unsupported, and harassed by a cross-fire from Ismáilganj, were compelled to abandon the hamlet which they had won. The British soldiers attempted to retake Ismáilganj; but they were too tired and disheartened to succeed; their leader, Colonel Case, was mortally wounded; and presently they fell back in confusion on the road. Then Lawrence, seeing that he was in danger of being surrounded, gave the order to retreat. The retreat soon became a rout. The enemy's horse-artillery, galloping on either flank of the fugitives, harassed them with an unremitting discharge of grape. Many of the 32nd were so exhausted that they deliberately lay down to die. Those were most fortunate who managed to clamber on to the gun-carriages, or found a friendly trooper to let them cling to his stirrups. "My God! my God!" Lawrence was heard to say, "I brought them to this."

At last the Kokráil bridge was reached. The enemy's cavalry, however, had hastened to occupy this point, and now prepared to dispute the passage. Then a little squadron of volunteers, who formed the only cavalry left after the desertion

of the natives, performed a feat of arms which went far to wipe away the shame of that disastrous day. With sabres flashing, they hurled themselves upon the dense masses in their front; but such was the terror which their charge inspired that, before they could strike a blow, the enemy broke and fled, leaving the bridge free. When the fugitives had crossed, the volunteers continued to keep the pursuers in check. Still the miseries of the retreat were not over. The bheesties[1] had deserted; and many who had escaped the enemy's fire might have perished from thirst, if the native women in the suburbs had not taken pity upon them and offered them water.[2]

Meanwhile Lawrence himself had ridden on in advance with two of his staff, to break the news of the disaster to the Europeans in the Residency. But many of them were already prepared for the worst. Peering through the windows, they could plainly see their countrymen retreating before the overwhelming masses of the sepoys. Soon a helpless mob of British soldiers came staggering up to the Residency verandah; and then ensued a dreadful scene of terror and confusion. Labourers, who had been busily working at the unfinished defences, flung away their tools: native servants deserted their masters: women ran for their lives from the outposts, and huddled, in an agony of terror, into the rooms of the Residency; while the foremost bodies of the victorious rebels, dragging their guns into position, or swarming into the adjoining buildings, were already beginning to open fire. For a time indeed the guns on the northern side of the Residency and at the Machi Bháwan, which commanded the bridges, had checked their advance: but large numbers forded the river below. The sun shone fiercely down upon Lucknow: but the streets were deserted; and the hum of the great city was succeeded by the shrieks of the wounded and the dying, the roar of artillery, and the ceaseless crack of musketry. As the afternoon waned, fresh bodies of mutineers kept coming up to join their comrades: at sunset their horse-artillery came dashing over the bridge: soon their whole force had completely invested the British position; and the blaze of

[1] Water-carriers.

[2] Gubbins, pp. 184-8; Captain R. P. Anderson's *Personal Journal of the Siege of Lucknow*, pp. 52-3; Rees, pp. 81, 86-90; Lady Inglis's *The Siege of Lucknow*, pp. 48, 50; Innes, pp. 97-100; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 602; Kaye, vol. iii. p. 503, note. See App. I.

their watch-fires and the flash of their guns lighted up the darkness of the night, the first night of the siege of Lucknow.[1]

Commencement of the siege.

At first the women of the garrison, though within the past few weeks they had begun to learn something of the horrors of war, were thrown into an extremity of terror by the appalling din of the hostile cannonade, and expected every moment to see the mutineers come rushing over the feeble defences, and bursting into the rooms to murder them and their helpless children. But in their trouble they turned for consolation to that source from which, in the dark days of 1857, strong men and tender women alike drew comfort and support. The young wife of an officer of the garrison was sitting in her little room, trembling and hardly able to breathe from fear, when a friend, whose husband had fallen on the field of Chinhat, proposed that they should join in reading the Litany. Another lady was with them. The three women knelt down, and prayed fervently. When they rose to their feet, they were still much alarmed; but they could now talk calmly of their danger; for they felt that they were in the hands of the God of battles, and that, without His will, not all the fury of the enemy could harm them.[2]

July 1.

While the garrison of the Residency were threatened by such deadly peril, the Machi Bháwan also was exposed to the enemy's fire. Lawrence saw that he must, at all hazards, make the attempt to transfer the troops who occupied it to the Residency, for the reinforcement of his slender garrison. On the second day of the siege three officers went up to the roof of the Residency, upon which a rude semaphore had been erected, and, though exposed to a heavy fire, succeeded in signalling to Colonel Palmer, the commandant of the Machi Bháwan, to spike his guns, blow up the building, and bring his force into the entrenchment. The order was understood; but great anxiety was felt for the success of the operation. Fortune, however, favoured the enterprise. The enemy, suspecting nothing, had dispersed to plunder the city: soon after midnight Palmer's little force marched noiselessly through the gates of the Residency; and a few minutes later a terrific explosion proclaimed that the Machi Bháwan with its richly-stored magazine had been destroyed.[3]

[1] Rees, p. 91; Gubbins, p. 191; Kaye, iii. 512, note.
[2] Lady Inglis's *Journal.* [3] Wilson, pp. 42-5; Gubbins, pp. 195-7.

Within the Residency the new-comers found the wildest confusion prevailing. Every one had expected to have to undergo a siege; but the siege began before any one was ready for it. Native servants, tempted by extraordinary rates of pay to expose themselves to the enemy's fire, were to be seen working with feverish haste at unfinished bastions. Others took advantage of the general confusion to rob their masters. The chief of the Commissariat had been wounded at Chinhat; and, as his office was in consequence broken up, some of the camp-followers did not know where to apply for their rations, and deserted. Thus forsaken by their attendants, the artillery bullocks wandered helplessly about in search of food till they tumbled into wells; while horses went mad from thirst, and bit and kicked each other in their agony. No one had time to relieve the sufferings of the wretched animals: for the whole available strength of the garrison was barely sufficient to keep the enemy at bay.[1]

Death of Lawrence.

While affairs were in this state, the garrison were afflicted by a calamity not less severe than the defeat at Chinhat. On the morning of the 1st of July Lawrence was working in his own room with his secretary, when a shell burst at their feet. Neither was injured; but Lawrence's staff earnestly begged him to remove to a less exposed room. At first he refused, remarking with a smile that the enemy had no artilleryman good enough to throw another shell into the same spot; but afterwards he yielded, and promised to change his quarters on the following day. Early next morning he went out on a round of inspection, from which he returned about eight o'clock. When reminded by Captain Wilson of his promise, he replied that he was too tired to move then, but would do so without fail before the end of the morning. Half an hour later he was lying on his bed, explaining to Wilson some instructions which he had just given him, when another shell crashed through the wall and burst. The light of day was gone: but a red glare lit up the darkness; and the stunning noise of the report was followed by the rattle of falling masonry. For a moment no one spoke. Then Wilson cried out, "Sir Henry, are you hurt?" Twice he called: but there was no answer. At last Lawrence replied in a low tone, "I am killed." When the dust

July 2.

[1] Gubbins, pp. 193-5, 201-2.

and smoke cleared away, it was seen that the coverlet was crimson with blood. Presently some soldiers of the 32nd came in, and, gently lifting their wounded General, carried him to another house close by. The doctor soon arrived, and, after examining the wound, saw at once that it was mortal.

All that day and part of the next Lawrence remained perfectly sensible. Though opiates were freely administered to him, he suffered much, and shot and shell dashed unceasingly against the walls of the house in which he lay: but nothing could disturb his holy spirit; for he had long since found that peace which passeth all understanding. His friends clustered round his bedside; and there was hardly one who did not shed tears. When the dying man spoke of himself, it was with such humility as touched the hearts of all who heard him. He desired that no epitaph should be inscribed upon his tomb but the words, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul." He spoke most tenderly and affectionately of his children and his friends, his native servants, and all with whom he was in any way connected, sending for those to whom he thought he had ever done wrong or even spoken harshly, to beg their forgiveness, and expressing a special wish that Government would not allow the asylum which he had founded and maintained for the children of British soldiers, to fall into decay. But, so long as he remained conscious, his chief thoughts were for the State which he had served faithfully for thirty years, and particularly for the people of Lucknow, Europeans and Asiatics alike, in whose service he had received his death-wound. Summoning his most trusted officers around him, he made over the Chief Commissionership to Major Banks, and the command of the troops to Brigadier Inglis, and then, after giving them his final directions for the conduct of the defence, besought them, with passionate earnestness, never to surrender. After the evening of the 2nd, when he received the sacrament with his friends, he spoke but little, for he was now fast sinking; and early on the morning of the 4th he died. A few soldiers were summoned to carry his corpse to burial. Before they lifted the couch on which it lay, one of them raised the coverlet, and, stooping down, kissed the forehead of his dead General; and all the rest did the same. Then they carried him out, and laid him in his rude grave, side by side with some private soldiers, who also, in their

humbler sphere, had given their lives for their country. A short prayer was read; but it was no time to pay the formal honours of war to the departed.[1] Yet there was a salute not unworthy of the noblest hero of the old Bengal Artillery,—the thunder of the cannon which still bade defiance to the enemies of England.

Brigadier Inglis.

Brigadier Inglis, the officer who now commanded the garrison of Lucknow, had served with distinction in the second Sikh war. Long before the outbreak of the Mutiny, he was well known all over the North-Western Provinces as a good officer and a keen sportsman.[2] There were abler men in the garrison: but his chief had made no mistake in pointing to him as his successor. A plain, honourable, Christian gentleman, a tender husband, a staunch friend, a lover of all that was high and noble, a soldier of unsurpassable gallantry, respected by those who served under him, and capable of appreciating the counsels of his officers, he might be trusted to defend a weak position obstinately to the last, by sheer dogged fighting, to fulfil the dying adjuration of Henry Lawrence, Never surrender.

The position which he had to defend.

The position which he had to defend was indeed one which only the most dogged fighting could for a moment have maintained against such an overwhelming force as now surrounded it. The mention of a siege suggests the idea of a fortress; but by no stretch of the imagination could such a title have been bestowed upon the place of refuge within which the Lucknow garrison were collected. It is true that Lawrence and his engineers had made the most of their slender resources, and had utilised every advantage which circumstances offered them. The line of defence on the north ran along the high bank, which had been carefully scarped, and strengthened by a parapet. Overlooking the river, on this front, which was commanded by the famous Redan battery, lay the only open space where it was possible for the besiegers to mass themselves in force for a general assault, or where they could plant batteries to batter the defences in breach. On the other three fronts, outlying ruined buildings made it impossible for storming parties to advance,

[1] *Sketches and Incidents of the Siege of Lucknow*, by C. H. Mecham and George Couper; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 609-14; Wilson, pp. 45-6, 49.

[2] Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. ii. p. 406.

except in small columns, and protected the defences from the fire of artillery. Their lower stories had been left standing, with this very object, although it was foreseen that they would afford shelter to the enemy's musketeers. Certain other buildings, however, which could only serve as a coign of vantage to the besiegers, had unfortunately been left intact. And when Lawrence had done his utmost, he regarded his work as little better than a makeshift. The position was thirty-seven acres in extent; and its circuit was about a mile. It consisted of a number of detached dwelling-houses and other buildings, of which the Residency itself was the most conspicuous, defended by boundary walls of varying height, mud banks and trenches, and along the weakest parts by palisades, stakes, crow's-feet, and similar obstacles. Even if there had been full time for the construction of these improvised works, they would have moved the laughter of the youngest cadet who was then studying fortification at Woolwich; but, when the siege began, they were still unfinished. Only two of the batteries which stood at intervals along the line of entrenchment were ready for use. Indeed, according to all recognised principles of military science, the position was indefensible.[1]

The conditions of the combat were rendered still more unequal by the discrepancy between the numbers of the combatants. When the siege began, the assailants mustered at least six thousand trained soldiers,[2] who were supported by the military police and by a large number of tálukdárs' retainers. The garrison, on the other hand, exclusive of women, children, and other non-combatants, amounted only to seventeen hundred and twenty souls.[3] More than seven hundred of these were natives, some of whom were regarded with suspicion, while others were infirm old men. But the slender force of British soldiers and civilians, backed by the loyal sepoys, were animated by an unconquerable resolution to defend themselves and their women to the last. With the example of Cawnpore before them, they knew what they might expect in case they should be overcome; and each man resolved to act, and did act as though upon his constancy and

The besieged and the besiegers.

[1] Gubbins, pp. 154-61; Innes, pp. 96, 103-10, 122; personal information from Gen. Innes; *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 589-90.

[2] Gubbins, p. 190.

[3] Innes, pp. 111, 116; Gubbins, p. 435, note.

valour alone depended the safety of the garrison, the honour of his country, the existence of the imperilled empire.

The siege.

Lawrence had calculated that by great efforts it might be possible to protract the defence for a fortnight;[1] and four days had already elapsed when Inglis assumed command. During the whole of this time the action of the enemy had hardly ceased, except when they quitted their posts to plunder the bazaars in the city. Many of the buildings which they occupied were within easy pistol-shot of the British outposts; and, aiming securely through the loopholes which they had made in the walls, their marksmen kept up a galling musketry fire, beneath which many of the garrison had already fallen. During the first week of the siege from fifteen to twenty deaths occurred every day; and, even after experience had taught the defenders to be less reckless in exposing themselves, the daily average for some time did not fall below ten. No place within the entrenchment was absolutely safe. Several wounded soldiers were killed as they lay on their beds in hospital. Women, on rising in the morning, sometimes found bullets lying on the floor within a few inches of their pillows.[2] The besieged, however, on their part, were not idle. Working parties were engaged all night in completing the defences. Each house was defended by a separate little garrison under a responsible commandant; and, when the staff-officer came round in the evening to collect reports, the occupants of the several posts were cheered by the news of what their comrades had achieved during the day, and were able to recount their own exploits for the information of the Brigadier.

The fortnight for which Lawrence had hoped that the defence might be prolonged passed away; and still the position was resolutely maintained. Fortunately for the besieged, the besiegers were under feeble control. Their leaders had wasted the first few days in quarrelling, and intriguing for the chief command. The only officers who had any knowledge of war were set aside. At length two courtiers of the late king were entrusted with joint powers. The mutineers treated their new chiefs with contempt, selected their own posts, and placed their guns where they liked. No organised attempt was made to breach the defences. The guns were fired at random; and the

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 602.

[2] Rees, pp. 128-9, 137; Polehampton, pp. 354-5. See Innes, pp. 162-3.

shot often flew right over the position and lodged in the besiegers' posts beyond. The only effective practice was that of the musketeers. Indeed, though the enemy had once or twice made a show of advancing to the attack, they had not yet dared to attempt that general assault, which, if it had been delivered with a resolution to win, might, on the first day of the siege, have given them the victory. At last, however, they did summon up courage to make the attempt.

On the night of the 19th of July they suddenly ceased firing: but on the following morning an unusual movement was discernible in their ranks. Warned by the look-out men to be on the alert, the garrison sprang to their posts, and stood breathlessly waiting. Even the wounded left their beds, and, with pale faces and tottering steps, came down to join in the defence. At ten o'clock, a mine, which had been sunk in the direction of the Redan, exploded with terrific force, though fortunately without effect; and, when the smoke had cleared away, the rebels opened a heavy fire of round shot and musketry, under cover of which they rushed to the assault. But, though they held on till they were close under the walls, and even attempted to plant their scaling ladders; though the leader of one of their columns, waving a green standard above his head, leaped with magnificent audacity right into the ditch in front of a battery, and was followed by his comrades till he himself was shot dead; yet the defenders, Englishmen and Asiatics alike, poured such a concentrated fire into their ranks, that, after four hours' fighting, the whole attacking force fell back, defeated and disheartened.[1] The attack had failed because, bravely though the rebels had fought, they had shrunk from pressing onwards through the storm of shot and bullets, and into the forest of bayonets, with one continuous rush, by the force of which, though the ditches had been filled with the bodies of the slain, the survivors would have hewn their way at last through the living rock which opposed them.

July 20.

The losses of the enemy on this day were very severe; while, on the side of the garrison, only four men were killed, and twelve wounded. But the significance of the action is not to be estimated by its immediate material results. The besieged

[1] Rees, pp. 143-58; Wilson, p. 68; Gubbins, pp. 221-3, 225: Innes, pp. 117-8, 121-6.

gained increased self-reliance by their victory. The besiegers, conscious that their defeat was due to moral inferiority, lost much of the spirit and enthusiasm with which they had hitherto fought. On the following day, however, the garrison sustained a serious loss. Major Banks, while rashly bending over a wall to watch the operations of the enemy, was shot through the temples. Gubbins, who, a fortnight before, had importunately written to him, asserting that the dignity of Chief Commissioner was lawfully his own, now urged his right to succeed him: but Inglis, not caring to work with so troublesome a colleague, refused to admit the claim, and declared that the office should remain in abeyance until the decision of Government should be made known. It is only fair to add that Gubbins himself afterwards admitted that there had been no necessity for the continuance of civil authority.

July 21.

Notwithstanding their recent successes, it was impossible that the garrison should not feel anxious when they reflected on what lay before them. The siege had now lasted three weeks; and as yet there had been no sign of coming relief. But on the night of the 21st of July a pensioner named Ungud succeeded in passing the enemy's sentries, and making his way into the entrenchment. A crowd of eager questioners soon thronged round him. He told them that General Havelock had defeated the Nana Sahib in three pitched battles, and was at that moment in possession of Cawnpore. The news was received with all the more joy because the garrison had daily expected to see the army of the Nana march up to reinforce their assailants. On the next day Ungud went out again with a letter of information for Havelock. Three days afterwards he returned with the reply that in less than a week the relieving army would arrive.[1]

July 22.

July 25.

Meanwhile the enemy, disappointed in their attempt to storm the position, were striving to overpower its defenders by sheer weight of metal. They were busily erecting new batteries. But their great resource was mining. The besieged were continually harassed by the dread of being hurled into the air; and in those who garrisoned the outer posts the fear was reasonable. But the real danger was that an explosion might tear a breach in the defences, through which the besiegers would rush in irresistible numbers to the assault. There was, how-

[1] Gubbins, pp. 226-8; Hutchinson's *Mutinies in Oude*, p. 174.

ever, an officer within the entrenchment whose skill and untiring activity confounded their devices, Captain Fulton of the Engineers, a man whom the survivors of the siege singled out for special honour among the defenders of Lucknow. He caused retrenchments to be thrown up behind the outer defences; and gathering round him a number of old Cornish miners belonging to the 32nd, he made them sink a countermine wherever the muffled sounds of pickaxe and crowbar revealed to their practised ears that the rebels were at work underground. Though the enemy's mines were skilfully constructed, they almost all failed: either they were too short, or they were stopped or destroyed before they had reached their aim. Fulton himself would often descend into the shaft with a lantern and a pistol, and, waiting patiently till the enemy's workmen had burrowed their way up to him, shoot the foremost man dead.[1]

Thus day after day passed. Ungud had again left the entrenchment, taking with him diagrams of the position and its environs for the guidance of Havelock: but, though the more sanguine sometimes declared that they could hear the sound of distant firing, the promised reinforcements did not come. Many of the natives were greatly disheartened; and even the British soldiers began to lose hope, and sometimes broke out into fits of ill-temper or insubordination. Some, when rebuked for exposing themselves unnecessarily to the enemy's fire, answered that it did not matter whether they were killed then or later. Disease had begun to waste the ranks; and day by day men saw their comrades falling round them. But it was the extraordinary hardships and privations which they endured that bore most heavily upon them. Even in the first week of the siege they had been on duty from thirteen to twenty hours a day; and now, while their numbers and their strength were diminishing, their work was steadily increasing. Officers and men stood sentry without distinction. After remaining at their posts all day under a burning sun, they were summoned at night to distribute stores and ammunition, to repair the shattered defences, or to bury the dead. Their scanty sleep was broken

[1] Gubbins, pp. 234-5; Mecham and Couper; Innes, pp. 127-8, 154-5, 165-9, 175-8. Innes says (*Calcutta Review*, Jan.-June 1859, p. 211) that the enemy "with their inexhaustible supply of labour ought to have blown up the whole of the southern front, without a chance of successful opposition."

by constant alarms. When the rainy season set in, they were wetted to the skin as they lay in the trenches; and many of them had no change of clothes. Myriads of flies buzzed round them when they tried to rest, and swarmed over their food when they sat down to eat. They had little rum or tobacco; and their native allies had none of the condiments which to them were almost a necessary of life.[1] The Brigadier himself had scarcely any rest. When he came in after a hard day in the trenches, he was generally so tired that he could hardly speak. Yet he was always at his post; his cheery and hopeful spirits never forsook him; and, when his labours were most engrossing, he always found time to visit the hospital, and share his cigars with his wounded soldiers.[2] And those who served under him, soldiers and civilians, sepoys and hoary pensioners, bore up manfully, and worked and fought on with a grim resolve to endure unto the end, whatever the end might be.

The women had their share of suffering and of toil. Some spent hours in the stifling hospital, talking to the soldiers and ministering to their wants. Others, whose families required all their attention, with a heroism less conspicuous but not less real, cheerfully performed the menial drudgery which the desertion of their servants threw upon them, endured without a murmur the hardships of heat, of bad food, and of over-crowding, and inspired their husbands with new courage. Like the stern defenders of Londonderry, they and the men who fought for them sought courage to do and patience to suffer by frequent religious exercises. Every Sunday service was held in more than one improvised place of worship. Every day prayers were said in outposts and inner rooms.[3]

So the siege progressed till, on the 10th of August, the enemy varied the monotony of their ordinary operations by a second assault. They began, as before, by firing a mine, which blew down a portion of one of the southern houses, and tore open a breach fully ten yards in width in the outer defences; but, though some of them advanced close up under the walls, and dared even to seize hold of the muskets of their opponents, though they renewed their attack again and again throughout the day, yet, as before, they failed to exhibit that tenacity which

[1] Malleson, vol. i. p. 487.
[2] Rees, p. 170; Wilson, pp. 53, 87; Anderson, p. 91; Lady Inglis's *Journal*.
[3] *Ib.*; Gubbins, p. 246.

would have sustained them in the critical moment, and at night they were obliged again to confess that they were beaten. The defences, indeed, weak though they were, served their purpose. The assailants were invariably checked by the abattis and other obstacles; and they had neither the resolution to make the heavy sacrifice of life which must have been incurred by breaking through, nor the skill to cover them and render them useless. On the 18th of August, however, they very nearly succeeded in wiping out the shame of their defeat. For some days they had been driving a gallery in the direction of a square on the south, the progress of which, in spite of the vigilance of the engineers, had escaped detection. The explosion of the mine, which was, as usual, the signal for their attack, destroyed a portion of the wall, blew up an out-house, and hurled two officers and three sentries into the air. The officers and two of the sentries fell down inside the square, and picked themselves up almost unhurt: but the other sentry, falling into the road, was killed by the enemy; and seven men were buried alive beneath the ruins. The smoke floated away: but the rebels stood still, hesitating to advance. Then one of their leaders dashed forward, sprang on to the top of the breach, and, waving his sword, shouted to the men to follow. In a moment a bullet struck him dead: another officer, who pressed after him, fell as quickly; and the storming party were too terrified to attempt to enter the breach. But another group gained possession of an out-house, at the end of a lane on the west of the square, under cover of which they endeavoured to loophole the wall, so as to fire along the inner side of the breach. Instantly a howitzer opened fire upon them from the bottom of the lane; while Inglis, calling out his little reserve of eighteen men, brought up a gun to enfilade the breach; caused boxes, doors, and planks to be piled up as a barricade; and before night sallied forth and blew up some of the adjoining houses.[1]

This success was speedily followed up. On the south the enemy held a building called Johannes's House,—the only one in the immediate neighbourhood of the position of which the upper story had not been destroyed before the siege. It was from this house that their sharpshooters had fired with the most deadly effect; indeed they had practically silenced a battery on

[1] Wilson, pp. 115-16; Innes, pp. 140-41; Gubbins, pp. 264-5; personal information from General Innes.

its eastern side. Captain Fulton resolved to blow up the house, and entrusted Lieutenant Innes with the work of preparing the mine. For sixty-four hours Innes never slept; and at daybreak on the morning of the 21st the mine was ready. Presently a shock was felt; and the house bulged outwards and fell like a house of cards. In the midst of the confusion that ensued two parties made sorties on the right and left of the ruins, and, firing barrels of gunpowder inside the adjoining houses, blew them into utter wreck.[1]

On the 5th of September the besiegers made a last attempt to storm: but, though they advanced with considerable determination, the garrison gained an almost bloodless victory; and carts loaded with dead and wounded rebels were seen crossing the bridge at evening towards cantonments.[2]

The siege had now lasted sixty-seven days; and within that time the garrison had repelled three general assaults; had met every mine with a countermine; had made several sorties; and, without yielding an inch of the ground which they occupied, had blown up several of the surrounding houses, captured another, and driven the enemy from their strongest advanced post. Yet it was doubtful whether they would be able to hold out till reinforcements should arrive. They had learned that Havelock, after attempting to march to their relief, had been twice obliged to fall back upon Cawnpore; and on the 29th of August Ungud had brought a letter from him, in which he implied that it would be impossible for him to reach Lucknow before twenty-five days, and delivered the ominous warning, "Do not negotiate, but rather perish sword in hand."[3] After this letter was received, numbers of the natives deserted. Those who remained were becoming so despondent that it needed all the arguments and soothing assurances of the British officers to strengthen their expiring loyalty. About a third of the European soldiers had perished in the siege; and the survivors were dreadfully depressed by the manifold trials which they had undergone. The Brigadier had not slept with his clothes off since the 16th of May, and was so exhausted by toil and anxiety that those about him daily feared he would break down. Many who escaped the enemy's fire were prostrated by low

[1] Innes, pp. 142-3; Gubbins, p. 266.
[2] Gubbins, p. 283; Rees, p. 193; Brigadier Inglis's Report.
[3] Marshman's *Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock*, p. 383.

fever: many perished from small-pox or from cholera. Since the beginning of the siege there had been only two days on which a funeral had not taken place. The wounded were in evil plight; for the want of proper food and ventilation impaired their chances of recovery, and where amputation was necessary, it invariably failed. Everyone was sickened by foul smells exhaled from decaying offal or from stagnant water. There was actually sufficient grain to sustain the garrison for months: but the chief of the Commissariat was disabled; and Inglis, who had neglected to ascertain from the acting official the amount of the stock, believed that it was nearly exhausted. The rations had therefore been reduced; and all provisions not included in rations were at famine prices. A pound of coarse flour cost a shilling, a ham four pounds ten shillings, a dozen of beer seven pounds. There was not a house that was not riddled with shot; and some had fallen, burying the inmates under their ruins. Some of the men had been heard to declare that, if the place were to fall, they would shoot their wives with their own hands rather than suffer them to fall into the power of the rebels.[1]

While the garrison were in this dreadful situation, Ungud, stimulated by the promise of five thousand rupees if he should succeed in his mission, was sent out for the last time with despatches for Havelock.[2] Sept. 16.

Before the year 1857, Henry Havelock, the one actor in the Indian Mutiny whose name and achievements are familiar to every Englishman, had scarcely been heard of outside India. Yet, in the course of the forty-one years for which he had served the Crown, he had fought in twenty-two fights in Burma, Afghánistán, Gwalior, and the Punjab; he had supported the wavering resolution of the heroic Sale within the walls of Jelálabad; he had inspired

Henry Havelock.

[1] Marshman's *Memoirs of Sir H. Havelock*, p. 383; Gubbins, pp. 273-5, 277-8, 349, 354; Rees, pp. 199, 205; Mrs. Case's *Day by Day at Lucknow*, p. 178; Polehampton, p. 336; Wilson, pp. 116, 129, 135, 149. Lieutenant Keir, who was in charge of the grain, knew that the stock was ample, but was not asked for information either by Inglis or by Wilson. James, who was laid up and irritable from his wound, did not remember how much grain there was. This I have learned from the lips of General Innes, who served throughout the siege, and knows more about it than any other survivor. When Sir Colin Campbell relieved the garrison, the stock of grain amounted to 166,000 lbs. See Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 146-9, 232-4; Lady Inglis's *The Siege of Lucknow: a Diary*, p. 176; and Gubbins, p. 261.

[2] Gubbins, p. 297.

the counsels that won the victory of Istálif; and Sir Henry Hardinge had said of him, "If ever India should be in danger, the Government have only to place Havelock at the head of the army, and it will be saved." His services, though recognised, had not been rewarded. But, while he chafed bitterly against official neglect, he was sustained under all his trials and disappointments by the abiding conviction that God's Providence was watching over him, and would order the events of his life for the best. Early in his Indian career he had become a Baptist. Intense, however, as was his devotion to his adopted creed, he was too great a man to degenerate into a bigot. He could sympathise with earnestness of purpose, whatever the speculative principles that directed it might be. Some of his warmest friends, men like Archdeacon Hare and George Broadfoot, differed widely from him on questions of religious belief. But there were not many whom he admitted to the privilege of his friendship. It must not indeed be imagined that he was a gloomy ascetic: he was liked by many wild young officers who had little in common with him;[1] but he was generally reserved and unbending in manner, and had little of the easy geniality that made Outram so popular. He was not a man of imposing presence: but a keen observer would have felt, on first seeing him, that he was a good man, an able man, and one whose regard was worth winning, but not to be won lightly. Rather below the middle height, he was of a slender, but well-formed and erect figure; his hair had grown white, but still covered his head; his forehead was high, broad, and square; the expression of his eyes was strangely piercing and intense, but quite calm; he had an aquiline nose; his lips were tightly compressed and shaded by a white moustache; and his sharply moulded jaw and firm chin were fringed by a beard and whiskers of the old-fashioned cut. His whole bearing was that of a man who, having chosen the straight and narrow way, walked along it with a firm but not with a free tread. By a patient self-discipline, carried on day after day for long years, he had come actually to realise that ideal after which many of us, in our better moments, aspire: no perplexities could make him hesitate for long, because he was quite sure that there must be a *right* path to follow, and that the Spirit of God would guide him into that path: no dangers could appall him, because

[1] Colonel Ramsay's *Recollections of Military Service and Society*, vol. i. p. 255.

he really *believed* that nothing was to be feared, except falling into sin. The dominant feature of his character was a stern, serious, ever-present sense of duty, vitalised and regulated by an habitual study of the will of God. It was this sense of duty that led him, conscious as he was of military genius, to submit with patience to the galling trial of supersession by his inferiors, and cheerfully to obey those whom he was by nature qualified to command: to labour on with punctilious accuracy, at the minutest details of his profession; to overcome his natural timidity until men refused to believe that he knew what fear was;[1] to persevere, in spite of the ridicule of his brother officers, in giving religious instruction to his soldiers. It was this sense of duty too that enabled him to wait patiently for the fulfilment of the absorbing ambition of his life, and to resign that ambition when he believed that there was no longer any hope of its being fulfilled. For there was one passion which burned with a more constant flame in Havelock's breast than even the passion of religious enthusiasm. While he was campaigning in the swamps of Burma, while he was enduring the weariness of deferred promotion, while he was mastering the technicalities of the Deputy Adjutant-General's office at Bombay, perhaps even while he was expounding the Bible to his soldiers, he cherished in his inmost heart a longing desire to command a British army in the field. For more than forty years he had been qualifying himself to fulfil his dream. He was familiar with every axiom of Vauban and Jomini; he could describe from memory every evolution of Marlborough and Wellington, of Frederic and Napoleon. And now, when he was old and grey-bearded, looking forward only to repose in a Swiss or Tyrolese cottage, the opportunity for which he had almost ceased to hope was suddenly thrown in his path. For, on the 20th of June, just after his return from the Persian expedition, he was appointed by Sir Patrick Grant to command a movable column, which was to be formed at Allahabad, for the relief of Lucknow and Cawnpore, and the destruction of all mutineers and insurgents in North-Western India.[2] There were some critics who, decrying him as a mere closet strategist, and

He is chosen to command a column for the relief of Cawnpore and Lucknow.

[1] Marshman, p. 449. Marshman was Havelock's brother-in-law, and knew him intimately for thirty years.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 265-6.

ignorant of the self-reliance, the boldness, the judgement, and the coolness which would enable him to turn his theoretical knowledge to account, ventured to carp at the selection. His task was indeed a difficult one, his material resources were inadequate, and the season was unfavourable for campaigning; but, overjoyed at the approaching realisation of his hopes, he was in a temper to overcome every obstacle. Nor did he forget, in his exaltation, to turn for help to the Power which had supported him in his depression. "May God give me wisdom," he wrote to his wife, "to fulfil the expectations of Government, and to restore tranquillity to the disturbed districts."[1] On the 25th of June he left Calcutta. Those who noted his emaciated figure and worn face predicted that, before the end of a week, he would succumb to the hardships of campaigning.[2] They did not know the strength of the spirit which sustained his feeble frame.

His preparations at Allahabad.

Early on the 30th of June he reached Allahabad. For some days past Neill had been preparing, in the face of difficulties which would have appalled a less determined nature, to despatch a column to the relief of Cawnpore. Cholera had more than decimated his troops, and the native contractors, robbed by the insurgents, or dreading to approach the incensed Feringhees, could not be induced to furnish supplies and carriage. But at last the energy of Neill had prevailed; and, on the same day on which Havelock arrived, Major Renaud of the Madras Fusiliers marched out at the head of three hundred men of his own regiment, four hundred of Brasyer's Sikhs, ninety-five irregular cavalry, and two guns, with instructions to attack and destroy all places on or close to his route occupied by the enemy, but to encourage the inhabitants of all others to return. On the 3rd of July a steamer was sent up the Ganges, with a hundred Fusiliers on board under Captain Spurgin, to co-operate with Renaud, and cover his flank.[3] Meanwhile Havelock was busily directing the organisation of his force, and personally supervising the execution of the minutest details. Remembering the evils which Anglo-Indian commanders had often suffered for want of an efficient Intelligence Department, he had induced the

[1] Marshman, p. 279.

[2] *Ib.* p. 494.

[3] *Ib.* p. 283; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 594; F. C. Maude and J. W. Sherer's *Memories of the Mutiny*, vol. i. pp. 33-4.

Government to entrust him with a liberal sum for the payment of his spies. While he was in the midst of these preparations, he received the news of the destruction of Wheeler's force. His anxiety to be up and doing now became more intense than ever; but for some days longer he was imprisoned at Allahabad by the same obstacles that had hindered Neill. When he was at last able to move, some of his requirements were still unprovided. He had asked for a supply of light summer clothing for his men; but many of them were obliged to wear their heavy woollen tunics throughout the whole campaign. Nor were their numbers such as to make up for the deficiencies in their equipment. Exclusive of Renaud's little column, the whole force consisted of no more than one thousand British soldiers, drawn from the 64th, the 84th, the 78th Highlanders, and the 1st Madras Fusiliers, a hundred and thirty of Brasyer's Sikhs, twenty volunteer cavalry, and six guns. The cavalry were composed of unemployed officers, indigo-planters, and burnt-out shopkeepers, whom Havelock had himself raised to supply the lack of regular troopers; and the guns were almost entirely manned by invalid artillerymen, and infantry soldiers who had but just learned the rudiments of gun-drill.[1] Such was the army with which Havelock started, in the height of an Indian summer, to accomplish the herculean labour which had been set him.

Composition of his column.

On the afternoon of the 7th of July, under a heavy storm of rain, the column defiled through the streets of Allahabad, scowled upon by the townspeople, who had clustered in their doorways to watch its departure.[2] Ploughing through the slush and drenched by the rain, the soldiers, as they left the city behind, saw in front and on either side a vast and dreary waste dotted with the charred ruins of forsaken villages. Not a living man was to be seen; only here and there some loathsome swine gnawing the flesh from a dead body. It seemed as though the destroying angel had passed over the land. Renaud, not interpreting his instructions too literally, had put to death every man upon whom a

He marches from Allahabad.

[1] Marshman, pp. 278, 280, 284; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 631. There were only 499 Enfield rifles among the whole force. Sir H. Havelock-Allan's *Three Main Military Questions*, p. 120, note.

[2] Marshman, p. 289. "Most of the Hindoos appeared to be either indifferent or apprehensive, but wherever a Mahomedan was seen there was a scowl on his brow."—*Saturday Review*, Sept. 9, 1857, p. 260.

shadow of suspicion could be thrown; and Havelock's soldiers smiled grimly as they pointed to the dark corpses which hung from the sign-posts and the trees along the road.[1] For the first three days Havelock advanced leisurely, out of consideration for his younger soldiers; but, notwithstanding this precaution, many of the Fusiliers fell behind, tired and footsore. Learning, however, from his spies that the insurgents were advancing in great force from Cawnpore, and fearing that Renaud would fall into their hands, he resolved, at all hazards, to quicken his pace, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 12th overtook his lieutenant, and marched on with him to within four miles of Fatehpur. Colonel Tytler, one of the staff-officers, was sent on with the cavalry to reconnoitre. The rest of the troops were busily cooking their breakfasts or smoking their pipes, when suddenly the cavalry were seen returning, and the enemy's white-clad troopers emerging from the distant trees on the edge of the plain, and pressing after them in hot pursuit. Almost immediately afterwards a twenty-four-pound shot struck the earth within two hundred yards of the spot where the General was standing. The soldiers flung their cooking utensils aside, seized their arms, and fell into their ranks. Meanwhile, the enemy's cavalry, believing from the slender appearance of Tytler's escort that they had only Renaud's small force to deal with, were galloping over the plain in the assurance of an easy victory, when, seeing the whole British army drawn up in battle array to meet them, they reined up their horses like men paralysed by a sudden fear. The General, wishing to let his tired troops rest, waited to see whether the ebullition had spent itself. The enemy, drawn up across the road, occupied some walled enclosures and mango-groves, which extended in front of the town. Encouraged by Havelock's inaction, they pushed forward two guns and began to threaten his flanks. He determined to force on an action. The infantry advanced, covered by skirmishers, who, with their Enfield rifles, kept up an incessant fusillade; Captain Maude, of the Royal Artillery, disabled the enemy's leading guns, then pushed round his own through a swamp on the right to within point-blank range, and opened a deadly fire on their flank; and the rebels, compelled by his attack and

Battle of Fatehpur.

[1] Trevelyan's *Cawnpore*, pp. 323-4; Russell, vol. i. p. 159, vol. ii. p. 402; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 23, No. 13.

by the steady pressure of the infantry to relax their hold upon the strong position which they had occupied, were driven through and out of the town of Fatehpur, and, after making one vain attempt to rally, were put to final and irretrievable flight. All their guns had been captured, and not a single British soldier had fallen.[1]

Havelock was in an ecstasy of delight over his first victory. He sent an elaborate despatch to the Deputy Adjutant-General of the Army. To his wife he wrote hastily, "One of the prayers oft repeated since my school-days has been answered, and I have lived to command in a successful action. . . . Among them was the 56th, the very regiment which I led at Maharajpore. . . . I challenged them. 'There's some of you that have beheld me fighting; now, try upon yourselves what you have seen in me!' But away with vain glory! Thanks be to God who gave me the victory."[2]

The soldiers were suffered to plunder Fatehpur, in retribution for the recent rebellion of its inhabitants; the next day was given up to repose; and on the 14th, after sending back a hundred Sikhs, in compliance with an earnest request which Neill had made for reinforcements, Havelock marched on. The native cavalry had refused to charge in the action at Fatehpur, and on this march they attempted to desert; therefore, when the column halted for the night, the General disarmed and dismounted them. His entire cavalry now consisted of the twenty volunteers. Soon after daybreak on the 15th, the enemy were again discovered, strongly entrenched at the village of Áung. Their cavalry, riding forward on both sides of the road, threatened to make a dash upon Havelock's rear, and seize his baggage. Keeping back two-thirds of his force to repel them, he sent on the remainder as skirmishers. The enemy began the battle by advancing to a hamlet about two hundred yards in front of their position: but the Madras Fusiliers speedily dislodged them; and Colonel Tytler, advancing with the rest of the skirmishers, completed their defeat. The victory, however, was dearly bought; for the gallant Renaud, while leading on his regiment, had fallen mortally wounded.[3]

Battle of Áung.

[1] Marshman, p. 292; *Saturday Review*, Sept. 19, 1857, p. 260; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 631-3; Maude and Sherer, vol. i. p. 43.
[2] Marshman, p. 296.
[3] *Ib.* pp. 297, 299, 300.

Battle of the Pándu Naddi.

Two battles had now been won: but there was no rest for the victors; for before noon news was brought that the enemy, strongly reinforced from Cawnpore, had rallied at the Pándu Naddi, an unfordable river six miles distant, and were preparing to blow up the bridge which spanned it. Knowing that, if they succeeded in their design, his progress to Cawnpore would be indefinitely retarded, the General called upon his troops for a fresh effort. Exhausted by a five hours' march and a severe action, fought under a nearly vertical sun, they were lying down waiting for breakfast; but now, full of confidence in their General, and inspired by his self-denying example, they sprang to their feet at the word of command, and cheerily pushed on. The road ran through groves of mango-trees. As the head of the column, emerging from these, came in sight of the bridge, they saw two puffs of white smoke rise from a low ridge in their front: two loud reports followed; and two twenty-four-pound shot crashed into their midst, and wounded several. But the enemy's position was badly chosen. The bridge was at the apex of a bend in the river, which pointed towards the advancing column; and behind the bend they were massed in a dense body. The British artillery moved steadily down the road, and unlimbered close to the stream. Then Maude, enveloping the bridge with a concentric fire, replied effectively to the enemy's challenge: the Fusiliers with their Enfield rifles lined the bank, and picked off their gunners; their mine, which was not ready, exploded in vain; and presently the right wing of the Fusiliers, noting their bewilderment and hesitation, closed up, charged over the bridge, captured their guns, and forced them to retreat towards Cawnpore.[1]

Battle of Cawnpore.

The British, now completely exhausted, threw themselves upon the ground; and many of them, caring for nothing but rest, rejected the food which was offered them. Rising only half-refreshed after a night of intolerable heat, they found their meat already spoiled, and threw it away in disgust. Day was just breaking when the regiments formed up: but the moon was still bright. It

[1] Marshman, pp. 301-2; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 120-1; *Saturday Review*, Sept. 19, 1857, p. 261. "It was universally remarked," says the writer (Lieutenant Crump), "how much closer and fiercer the mutineers fought that day. . . . The inferior details of their movements were perfect, but the master mind was wanting." Havelock's loss at Aung and the Pándu Naddi was 1 killed and 25 wounded.

was rumoured that more than two hundred English women and children were still alive at Cawnpore. Towards five o'clock the troops moved on to the road; and soon it was broad day. The rays of the sun smote them with a fierceness which they had never before experienced even in this fiery campaign: man after man reeled out of the ranks, and fell down fainting on the ground; but Cawnpore was now only a few miles off, and those whose strength held out, sustained by the hope of rescuing the remnant of their country-women, and inflicting a terrible vengeance upon the Nana and his accomplices, tramped doggedly on. After advancing sixteen miles, the General suffered his troops to rest awhile and breakfast under the shade of some trees. Presently two sepoys came in, and informed him that the Nana had marched out of Cawnpore at the head of five thousand men, to do battle for his throne. The rebel army was drawn up in the form of a crescent, with its centre and its horns protected by fortified villages, at each of which guns were posted. About half a mile in front of the crescent, the road leading to Cawnpore branched off to the right from the Grand Trunk Road, and separated the centre from the left; the Grand Trunk Road, along which the Nana believed that the British must advance, ran between the centre and the right; and his artillery, supported by the flower of his infantry, was laid so as to check their progress. Havelock, however, contrived a plan to baffle his calculations. He saw that his own troops would suffer heavily by making a front attack, and therefore, after closely questioning some villagers as to the nature of the country, he determined, "like old Frederick at Leuthen," as he afterwards wrote, to attack the rebels on their left flank. About a mile in front of their position, a line of mango-groves, which would mask the turning movement, extended on the right of the road. The volunteer cavalry were to move straight on and occupy the enemy's attention. The baggage was left behind under a strong guard with two guns. It was half-past one in the afternoon: the sun was at its brightest; and the column had not advanced five hundred yards before men began to drop. Near the groves, Havelock, with the infantry and artillery, diverged to the right. Not a sound was heard save the curses of the drivers, as they goaded the weary bullocks to their utmost speed. The troops advanced stealthily behind the groves till the enemy, catching sight of them through a gap in

the trees, opened fire upon them. Still they moved steadily on, controlling their eagerness to reply. Not till the whole column, having at length cleared the groves, was in the act of wheeling into line, did the rebels fully understand what was in store for them. Then too late they hastily endeavoured to change front. Their artillery, however, at the village on the left, continued pouring destruction into the British ranks; and Havelock, seeing that his light field-pieces could not silence the hostile fire, ordered the Highlanders to charge. Colonel Hamilton led the way; and his men, formed in a dense mass, followed him like a moving wall, without firing a shot, or uttering a sound, till they were within eighty yards of the guns. Then the word was given to charge: the pipers blew the pibroch; and the Highlanders, raising a shout which thrilled the hearts of their comrades, and appalled the spirit of the enemy, sprang forward with fixed bayonets, mastered the gunners, captured the village, and drove the entire left wing into headlong rout. Presently a portion of the fugitives, falling back on the centre, rallied and formed again: but the Highlanders, again appealed to by their General, and now aided by the 64th, started forward again, again put them to flight, and captured the village in which they had rallied; while the twenty volunteer horsemen, who had but just come up, seizing the opportunity to show what they could do, flung themselves upon the disordered masses, and completed their discomfiture. Meanwhile Maude had silenced the guns on the right; and the 64th, 84th, and Sikhs had driven the right wing from the village and from a railway embankment on its further side. But presently joining the centre, they fell back upon another village between the two roads, about a mile behind the point where they met. The British infantry collected and re-formed; but the bullocks, worn out by the length of the march, could hardly move the guns; and Maude was obliged to halt on the Trunk Road. The soldiers stumbled wearily over ploughed fields, while the enemy's guns thundered against them. Then Havelock, seeing that they needed a spur, cried, as he glanced along the ranks, "Come, who'll take that village, the Highlanders or the 64th?" and the two regiments, vying with each other in the swiftness with which they responded to his challenge, cleared the village with a single rush.

The battle was to all appearance over. The enemy, beaten at all points, were in full retreat towards Cawnpore. Suddenly,

however, they faced about: their band struck up a defiant air: the Nana was seen riding from point to point along their ranks; and a reserve gun, planted by his command in the middle of the road, vomited forth a new fire. The British, lying down in line to await the arrival of the artillery, suffered heavily; the bullocks were unable to drag the guns to their assistance; and the enemy, emboldened by the signs of hesitation which they perceived, threatened in their turn to assume the offensive. Then the General, seeing that the crisis of the battle had arrived, gave the order for a final charge. Excited by the sound of his clear, calm voice to the highest pitch of martial fury, the men leaped to their feet, and advanced with measured tread along the road; while young Henry Havelock, the General's son and aide-de-camp, who had ridden up in front of the leading regiment, moving slowly and deliberately at their head, steered his horse straight for the muzzle of the gun. The ground in their rear was strewed with wounded men, for the enemy, still resolutely standing their ground, fired round after round of grape with astonishing precision; but at length, appalled by the deafening cheers and the final onset of the British, they rushed in headlong flight from the battlefield of Cawnpore. The Nana spurred through the streets of the town, and urged on his panting horse towards Bithúr; and thousands of citizens, terrified by the news that the infuriated British were coming, poured forth into the surrounding country, and hid themselves in the villages.[1]

On the morrow of this, his fourth and greatest victory, Havelock congratulated his troops in these stirring words; "Soldiers, your General is satisfied, and more than satisfied with you. He has never seen steadier or more devoted troops; but your labours are only beginning. Between the 7th and the 16th you have, under the Indian sun of July, marched a hundred and twenty-six miles, and fought four actions. But your comrades at Lucknow are in peril; Agra is besieged; Delhi is still the focus of mutiny and rebellion. You must make great sacrifices if you would obtain great results. Three cities have to be saved; two strong places to be de-blockaded.

[1] *Occasional Papers of the R. A. Institution*, vol. i. 1860, pp. 18-19; Marshman, pp. 302-11; *Saturday Review*, Sept. 19, 1857, p. 261; Trevelyan, pp. 341-2, 355; Shepherd, pp. 122-3, 129; *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, p. 695. Havelock's loss in this action was 6 killed, 86 wounded, and 10 missing. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 124. See App. J.

Your General is confident that he can effect all these things, and restore this part of India to tranquillity, if you will only second him with your efforts, and if your discipline is equal to your valour."[1]

Havelock at Cawnpore.

On the morning of the 17th, as the troops were about to make their victorious entry into Cawnpore, they were told that the women and children whom they had come to save, the last remnant of the ill-fated garrison, had been destroyed. When they reached the city, some of them hurried on to the Beebeegurh, and entered the room in which the victims had been confined. Clotted blood lay ankle-deep upon the floor: shreds of clothing and women's long tresses were scattered about: the walls were dented with bullet-marks; the pillars were scored with deep sword-cuts. Maddened by the sight, the soldiers hurried out into the court-yard, and there saw human limbs bristling from a well. As they stood and looked, these Ironsides, who had endured in stern silence the weariness of the march from Allahabad, and in four combats had dashed to pieces the army of the Nana, lifted up their voices and wept aloud. But their emotions soon changed. They had come too late to save, but not too late to avenge.

On the evening of this day, the General and his men, no longer sustained by the excitement and the hope of the last few days, haunted by the recollection of the horrors which they had just witnessed, and now, in the moment of inaction, unable to forget the loss of their fallen comrades, were oppressed by a deep gloom. No sound was heard in the encampment save the melancholy notes of the Highland pipes which accompanied the interment of the dead. The General, as he sat at dinner with his son, musing upon the difficulties which lay before him, and silently anticipating the possible failure of his personal ambitions and the doom which might be in store for his soldiers, seemed to have lost all his old confidence. But his weakness was of short duration. The exultation of victory was gone: but the path of duty was still open; and, though he might not be suffered to share in the triumph, the cause for which he fought was just, and must prevail. Turning to his son, he exclaimed, "If the worst comes to the worst, we can but die with our swords in our hands."[2]

[1] Marshman, p. 314. [2] *Ib.* pp. 321-2.

In this spirit he resumed his operations. On the following day he removed the troops to a strong position at Nawábganj, where they would be able to defeat any attempt which the Nana might make for the recovery of the city; and bought up all the wine and spirits, lest they should be exposed to the temptation which had so nearly proved fatal to the garrison of Allahabad. But discipline was already threatened by another cause. The soldiers, unrestrained and even encouraged by their officers,[1] were revelling in the plunder of the citizens. The wonder is, not that Havelock was obliged to threaten with the punishment of death the very men whose conduct in the field he had just enthusiastically praised, but that he was able to shield Cawnpore from the atrocities that had been inflicted upon the citizens of Badajoz. Meanwhile his reawakened energy had been rewarded and stimulated by an announcement which contrasted brightly with the dismal tidings which reached him from other parts of India. Disheartened by their last defeat, the Nana's troops had broken up; and the usurper himself, proclaiming to the Brahmins who surrounded him that he was about to drown himself in the waters of the Ganges, had fled by night into Oudh.[2]

July 18.

On the 20th, Spurgin's little steamer reached Cawnpore. He and his handful of men had beaten off a rebel force, which threatened to cross the river and attack Havelock's column in the rear. On the same day, Neill, who had spent some days in providing for the safety of Allahabad, arrived with a small force. Anticipating his arrival, Havelock had already begun to take measures for placing Cawnpore in a state of defence, that he might be able to march as soon as possible to the relief of Lucknow. As he could not spare more than three hundred men to garrison the recovered city, it was necessary to establish them in a position so strong that they would be able to maintain it against any attack. With this view he had selected an elevated plateau close to the river-side, and was busily fortifying it when Neill joined him. As soon as the work was sufficiently advanced, he began to transport his own force to the Oudh bank of the Ganges. This operation was one of extreme difficulty and danger. The bridge of boats had been destroyed by the mutineers. The river, here five times as wide as the

[1] Extract from Neill's *Journal* quoted by Kaye, vol. ii. p. 406, note.
[2] Kaye, vol. ii. p. 390; Marshman, p. 324.

Thames at London Bridge, and now greatly swollen by the rains, swept past the city with the swiftness of a torrent. Such was the terror which Havelock's advance had inspired in the hearts of the inhabitants, that skilled boatmen could only be collected with the greatest difficulty; and even with their aid each passage occupied eight hours. Fortunately no enemy opposed the movement; and at last, by the strenuous exertions of Colonel Tytler, it was safely accomplished. On the 25th, Havelock, after giving his final instructions to Neill, to whom he had entrusted the defence of Cawnpore, crossed the river himself and joined the army.[1] At that moment he may well have felt that he and his gallant men were only beginning their labours. For he was leaving a wide and rapid river in his rear: the Nana, he was informed, had again collected a large force to harass him: a river, a canal, and fortified towns and villages lay in front of him; and a mutinous army and a host of armed rebels were determined to bar his progress. But the glory of four victories was upon him: the appeal of the beleaguered garrison was present to his mind; and, undaunted by the obstacles which beset his path, he plunged fearlessly into the heart of Oudh.

Battle of Unáo.

On the night of the 26th the troops bivouacked at Mangalwár, a strongly situated village on the Lucknow road about five miles from the river, and remained there for two days, while carriage and supplies were being collected. The cavalry had been strengthened by the addition of forty-one men, selected from the infantry regiments, whom Havelock had mounted on the horses of the traitorous Irregulars: but the entire force now numbered only fifteen hundred. At five o'clock on the morning of the 29th they began their advance in earnest, and, after a short march, came upon a large force of sepoys occupying a bastioned enclosure and a village separated by a narrow passage in its rear from the town of Unáo. Havelock saw at a glance that he would be unable to adopt his favourite method of turning the enemy's position, as it was protected by a swamp on their right, and flooded meadows on the left. It was necessary therefore at any cost to carry it by a front attack. The Highlanders and the Fusiliers drove the enemy out of the enclosure; but, as they pushed on, they encountered a de-

[1] Marshman, pp. 326, 328, 330.

structive fire from the loopholed houses of the village. So obstinate was the resistance of the rebels within, that the General was obliged to send the 64th to support their comrades. Presently the village was set on fire. Still the rebels held out; and it was not till all their guns had been captured that they gave way. At this moment, however, an officer, who had ridden on alone to reconnoitre, came galloping back with the news that some six thousand men were hurrying along the road from Lucknow to their support. Pushing forward rapidly, Havelock drew up his force on a dry spot just beyond the town, and awaited their approach. On they came, heedless of the trap which had been set for them, till, as they rushed confusedly up to the British line, the fire of Maude's guns and the Enfield rifles, which had hitherto been held in reserve, tore through their ranks; and, floundering helplessly in the morass as they strove too late to deploy into line, they were beset by the skirmishers on either side of the road, and finally discomfited.[1]

Battle of Bashíratganj.

After a brief rest the victors resumed their march; but, before they had advanced many miles, they found their progress again disputed by the rebels, who had posted themselves in a walled town called Bashíratganj. Scanning their position, Havelock conceived a plan by which he hoped not merely to defeat, but also to annihilate them. While the Highlanders and Fusiliers, supported by the artillery, attacked the defences in front, the 64th were to steal round the town, and prevent the enemy from escaping through the gate on the further side. Fiercely assailed by the storming party, and bewildered by the movement on their flank, the enemy soon abandoned their guns and fled through the streets: but the 64th had allowed themselves to be delayed, and failed to cut off their retreat.[2] Still the General had little cause to be dissatisfied. For the second time in his short campaign he had gained two victories in a single day.

July 30.

When, however, on the following morning, he deliberately reviewed his situation, other considerations, which

[1] *Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 391; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 116; Marshman, pp. 323, 332-4; W. T. Groom's *With Havelock from Allahabad to Lucknow*, p. 46.

[2] Marshman, pp. 335-6. The British loss in the two battles was 88 killed and wounded; that of the enemy about 400. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 78, 118.

the joy of victory had kept in the background, presented themselves to his vision. Cholera, fatigue, exposure, and the fire of the enemy had made such sad inroads on his little army, that he could only place eight hundred and fifty infantry soldiers in line of battle; the recent mutiny of the regiments at Dinapore added to the dangers which encompassed him; the Nana's levies were hanging on his rear; ammunition was fast failing; and there was not a single litter to spare for the conveyance of the hundreds who must still fall before the Residency could be approached.[1] Convinced, therefore, that for the present it would be madness to persist in his enterprise, he sadly gave the order to retreat. There were some of the officers who murmured against the order. They argued that the prestige of victory multiplied the fighting power of the column; that the men were just then in great heart; that the flying sepoys would have spread the news that British prowess was irresistible; and that, if the General had but pushed on rapidly, he might have reached the outskirts of Lucknow almost unopposed, and then, in conjunction with the Residency garrison, have so placed his guns as to shell the whole city. The motto of Danton, "To dare, and to dare, and to dare again," was on their lips.[2] But Havelock knew that there were circumstances in which to dare was to be foolhardy. It is true indeed that before he left Cawnpore he might have foreseen, perhaps did foresee most of the issues that now induced him to return; but, if to admit this is to admit that he committed an error in leaving Cawnpore when he did, the error was a glorious one. For a man of his daring and generous nature it would have been impossible to refrain from at least attempting the relief of his imprisoned countrymen, so long as there was the faintest hope of success.[3]

Havelock obliged to retreat.

There was another critic, however, outside his camp, in whose judgement he had erred on the side not of rashness, but of timidity. On the last day of July he returned to Mangalwár, and from thence wrote to inform Neill that he could do nothing for the relief of Lucknow until he received a reinforcement of a thousand men and another battery of guns. Neill read the letter with the deepest

His correspondence with Neill.

[1] Marshman, pp. 337-8; Innes, p. 198. [2] *Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 392.
[3] See Marshman, pp 331-2. He could not foresee the mutiny at Dinapore and the consequent detention of his expected reinforcements.

indignation. That a British General should for an instant, for any consideration, pause in so holy an enterprise as the relief of the besieged garrison and the condign punishment of the besiegers, was in his eyes an abomination. He told Havelock plainly that the natives disbelieved the reports of his victories, that his retreat had destroyed the prestige of England, and that, while he was waiting for reinforcements, Lucknow would be lost, and concluded his letter with perhaps the most astounding words ever addressed by a subordinate officer to his commander: "You ought to advance again, and not halt until you have rescued, if possible, the garrison of Lucknow. Return here sharp, for there is much to be done between this and Agra, and Delhi." But he had mistaken the character of the man with whom he had to deal. "Your letter," wrote Havelock, "is the most extraordinary which I have ever perused. . . . Understand . . . that a consideration of the obstruction which would arise to the public service at this moment alone prevents me from placing you under immediate arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation."

Second battle of Bashíratganj.

Nevertheless Neill had spoken truly when he said that Havelock would have to wait long for the reinforcements which he required. He himself passed on all that could be spared, namely a half-battery of guns and a company of the 84th: but Havelock heard from Calcutta that he must expect no more for two months, as the 90th and the 5th Fusiliers, which he had begged Sir Patrick Grant to send him, were needed to deal with the mutineers in Behar. Feeling then that he must relieve the besieged garrison now or never, he once more set his face towards Lucknow. On the 5th of August he reached Bashíratganj, and fought a battle which was almost the exact counterpart of the one that he had fought a few days before on the same spot. On this occasion the turning column executed its movement without delay: but the enemy, cowed by the fire of the British guns, fled so precipitately through the town that there was no time to cut off their retreat; and want of cavalry prevented Havelock from following up his victory.[1] While his troops were halting for food and rest, he began once

Aug. 4.

[1] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 385-7; Marshman, pp. 341, 344. The British loss in this action was 2 killed and 23 wounded; that of the enemy about 300 killed and wounded. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 135.

more to meditate on the difficulties of his position. He could not but feel that the reasons which had before compelled him to retreat were not less cogent now. He could see his men round him digging graves for their comrades who had perished from cholera. The Gwalior Contingent had mutinied, and was reported to be within fifty miles of Cawnpore. The zamíndárs along the road, encouraged by his former retreat, were arming their matchlockmen. He knew that, even if his little force succeeded in reaching Lucknow, it would not be able to fight its way through the streets, and its destruction might involve the fall of the Residency. Yet, on the other hand, to desist from his enterprise might be to abandon the besieged garrison to the fate that had befallen the garrison of Cawnpore, to expose his own military reputation to the attacks of malignant critics, perhaps even to incur the reproaches of his friends. Tortured by these conflicting anxieties, he tried to consider simply what his duty to the State required him to do, and then, seeing his way clearly before him, he resolved, with the full concurrence of two of the most trusted members of his staff, and in spite of the pleadings of his daring and impetuous son, to retire again in the direction of Cawnpore. He spoke of this as the most painful resolution that he had ever formed. History will speak of it as the most noble.[1]

Havelock again obliged to retreat.

Unable to understand why they should retreat before an enemy whom they had invariably defeated, the troops fell back, in bitter discontent, on Mangalwár. While there, Havelock occupied his time in securing the means of communication with Cawnpore. The river had sunk a little, leaving three islands, which were still partially submerged; while the southern channel was wide and deep. The engineers spanned the lesser channels with bridges of boats, laid causeways over the intervening swamps, and constructed a floating platform, which, towed by a steamer, would convey the troops across the main channel to the Cawnpore bank. Cawnpore itself had hitherto remained safe in the strong hands of Neill. Directly after assuming command, he had taken decisive steps to stop the plundering which had hitherto prevailed, and, by a series of organised raids, had kept at bay the various insurgent bodies who

[1] Marshman, pp. 344-7, 349; *Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 393; information from Sir H. Havelock-Allan.

threatened him. Now, however, his position was becoming seriously imperilled. On the 11th he wrote urgently to Havelock, informing him that four thousand rebels had collected at Bithúr, and would swoop down upon Cawnpore unless he came at once to the rescue. Though unwilling to quit Mangalwár, where his presence acted as a drag upon the besiegers of Lucknow, Havelock saw the danger to which his lieutenant was exposed, and hastened to comply with his request. Lest, however, the Oudh rebels, who had again rallied, should imagine that they had frightened him away, he resolved, as a preliminary step, to inflict upon them a parting defeat, and, making a rapid march, found them occupying an entrenched position about a mile and a half in front of Bashíratganj. He at first endeavoured to dislodge them by an artillery-fire; but, screened by their earthworks, and serving their guns with effect, they were not so easily to be overcome; and it became necessary to call upon the infantry to charge. Then the Highlanders, responding to the call, dashed forward with their accustomed gallantry, though they were reduced to little more than a hundred men, and, supported by a flank movement of the Fusiliers, bayoneted the gunners, and turned the captured guns upon the flying enemy. After this exploit a retreat was once more sounded; and on the 13th the army re-entered Cawnpore.[1]

Neill appeals to him for help.

Havelock advances again, and fights another battle.

Aug. 12.

The retreat had a serious political effect. The tálukdárs of Oudh, with few exceptions, had hitherto remained passive, watching events. One of their number, Mán Singh, who played a double game with great craft throughout the struggle, had advised them to have nothing to do with the mutineers. But when Havelock withdrew from the province, they felt that the British Government was doomed; and some of them wrote to inform the authorities at Benares that they had no choice but to send their retainers to join in the siege of the Residency.[2]

His retreat to Cawnpore and its effect.

Officers and men alike now sorely needed rest. Two regiments had become greatly dispirited; and it was represented to Havelock that, at the present rate of

Battle of Bithúr.

[1] Marshman, pp. 347, 352-5; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 142-3; *Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 393.

[2] Innes, pp. 204, 334-9. See App. S.

mortality, the whole force would be annihilated in six weeks. He replied that, till the rebels were driven from Bithúr, repose was out of the question. Accordingly on the morning of the 16th the troops again left the city, and, after an eight hours' march under a blazing sun, found themselves face to face with their opponents. The rebel commander, who is believed to have been Tántia Topi himself, had drawn up his men in a plain covered with sugar-cane and castor-oil plants. In front of Havelock's right wing, and concealed by the plantations, was a fortified village, and beyond it an earth redoubt. Beyond the redoubt, again, a deep rivulet, spanned by a bridge, ran round a hill on which stood the town of Bithúr. The bridge was defended by a breastwork and a battery mounting two guns. Havelock made his dispositions. The Highlanders, the Fusiliers, and the Royal Artillery deployed on the right, and advanced to the attack. At a distance of about a thousand yards from the breastwork, the gunners stopped, and fired a few rounds. Just as they were limbering up in order to go closer, a sharp fire was opened from the village. Two companies of the Fusiliers were sent forward to storm it. After a desperate struggle, in which one of the native regiments actually crossed bayonets with the Fusiliers, the rebels were driven successively from the village and the redoubt; and the Fusiliers rejoined the right wing. The artillery, who had renewed their fire with effect, gradually advanced to within four hundred yards of the battery: but, as the rebels still fought their two guns with resolution, and poured a hail of bullets from behind their breastwork upon the approaching line, they were again attacked with the bayonet, and finally driven across the bridge, and through the streets of Bithúr. Meanwhile the left wing had been engaged with the enemy's right, and, having expelled them from the sugar-cane, had chased them into the town. Once more, however, the rebel army made good its retreat; for the infantry were too exhausted to pursue, and the cavalry were too few in number to be risked.[1]

Havelock superseded by Outram.

With this victory Havelock's career as an independent commander came to a close; for, on his return to Cawnpore, he learned that he had been superseded

[1] Marshman, pp. 357-60; *Saturday Review*, 1857, pp. 393-4. The British loss was 49 killed and wounded; that of the enemy about 250. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 201.

in favour of Sir James Outram, superseded by order of a Government which, having itself failed to accomplish anything for the suppression of the revolt, required its officers to perform impossibilities. Not a word of thanks was vouchsafed to him for his services. No explanation was offered to soothe his wounded feelings. Not even an official letter accompanied the copy of the Government Gazette in which he read the announcement of his supersession. Yet, in the face of unparalleled difficulties, he had conducted a campaign which still remains unsurpassed in the history of British India; a campaign which had turned raw recruits into seasoned veterans; a campaign performed under a tropical sun and under tropical storms by an army which, scarcely larger than an ordinary regiment, sleeping on the hard ground, for weeks deprived even of the shelter of tents, fasting often for entire days, had within six weeks traversed an immense tract of country and stilled a vast population, and, with numbers hourly diminished by the sword and by pestilence, nine times engaged and defeated the hosts of Oudh and of Bithúr, and the disciplined battalions of the Bengal army. Perhaps the consciousness of the injustice with which his Government had treated him may have inspired that immortal order in which he bade his soldiers await the verdict of their countrymen:—

"If conquest can now be achieved under the most trying circumstances, what will be the triumph and retribution of the time when the armies from China, from the Cape, and from England shall sweep through the land? Soldiers, in that moment, your labours, your privations, your sufferings, and your valour will not be forgotten by a grateful country."

Character of Outram.

There was one circumstance, however, which must have gone far to heal his wounded feelings. He had been superseded indeed, but by the Bayard of India. It was Charles Napier who had bestowed this title upon Outram before the misunderstandings arising out of the Sind controversy had clouded their early friendship. Yet, felicitous as it was, it only described one side of Outram's character. In his reverence for holy things, his courage, his courtesy, his honour, his manliness, he did indeed embody the old idea of the true and perfect knight: but his sympathy was untouched by those influences which sapped the humanising force of mediæval chivalry. He was ready to espouse the

cause of all who needed championship, without heeding the distinctions of race, or creed, or class. He was as courteous to the wife of a private soldier as to the highest lady in the land. He knew how to enter into the interests and encourage the aspirations of younger men, while always ready to join in their mirth. He delighted in making children happy. As a commander, he was so genial in his manner towards his officers and men, so considerate in providing for their wants, above all, so hearty in his approbation of their valour, that he won not merely their confidence, but their enthusiastic devotion. But it was in his dealings with native governments and native peoples that the chivalry of his nature found the widest scope. It is difficult for those who have been accustomed to gauge political honesty by European standards to realise the stainless purity, the unreserved self-devotion of his political career. No doubt the simpler conditions of public life in India, the absence of motives for corrupting or truckling to the masses, may have had much to do with the superior probity of Anglo-Indian statesmen. But it is impossible to conceive of any consideration that could have tempted Outram to stoop to a dirty action. No dread of official censure, of professional stagnation, or of pecuniary loss ever deterred him from advocating a righteous cause, however unpopular, from exposing an injustice, however powerfully supported. Indeed, though there have been greater men in Anglo-Indian history, there has never been one more loveable.

He goes to join Havelock.

On the 6th of August he left Calcutta. But for the foresight of a civil officer, his passage up the river might have been seriously retarded. To the east of the Patna Division was a large tract of country officially designated the Bhágalpur Division, and ruled by Commissioner Yule. After the mutiny at Dinapore, this officer foresaw that the native troops within his own Division would inevitably be infected. He therefore detained a hundred and fifty men of the 5th Fusiliers, who happened to be passing up the Ganges, and charged them with the duty of watching over the stations of Bhágalpur and Monghyr. By this measure he rescued from imminent peril the great high-

Aug. 17. way of the Ganges. Thus Outram was able to

Aug. 19. reach Dinapore unmolested.[1] Havelock himself

[1] Marshman, p. 383; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, pp. 347-8.

sent a steamer down the river with a hundred and twenty men on board, who seized a number of boats in the neighbourhood of Dalamau, and thus paralysed a rebel force which had threatened to cross to Fatehpur. Before he heard of this success he telegraphed to the Aug. 21. Commander-in-Chief that he might be obliged to fall back on Allahabad if he were not reinforced, so numerous were the enemies who threatened him, and so diminished the numbers of his own men. But he had no real intention of retreating. He was simply determined to ensure the despatch of reinforcements; and he knew that Sir Colin Campbell would respond to his appeal.[1] His wants indeed had been anticipated. Though the civil authorities had striven hard to detain a large portion of the reinforcements for the protection of the Bengal districts, the earnest representations of the Commander-in-Chief had shamed them out of their selfishness; and all the troops that could be collected were already on their way up the river.[2] Outram meanwhile steadily pursued his journey, making arrangements as he went for the protection of the stations through which he passed. On the 5th of September he was able to march out of Allahabad. Some days later, hearing that a number of zamíndárs had crossed the Ganges from Oudh, and were threatening to cut off his communications, he detached a small force under Vincent Eyre, Sept. 10. which drove them into the river, and thus nipped Sept. 11. in the bud what had threatened to develop into a serious rising throughout the Doáb. Proceeding on his way without serious opposition, he entered Cawnpore on the night of the 15th,[3] and on the next day issued a Division Order which has no parallel in military history:—

"The important duty of first relieving the garrison of

[1] Personal information from Sir H. Havelock-Allan. See also Innes, pp. 207-8, where Havelock is vindicated from a foolish and gratuitous charge.

[2] See *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 210, 212, 214, 219. General Innes says (p. 208), "There were altogether at that time between Allahabad and Calcutta the following regiments: the 5th, 10th, 29th, 35th, 37th, 53rd, and 90th, besides drafts for the 64th, 78th, 84th, and these were all being kept in those lower districts . . . from the want of any local authority recognised as in command. . . . Thus, while Havelock's force could barely muster 1100 men, some 6000 men, who might have been on their way to the front . . . were kept pottering in those lower districts." I cannot ascertain how many it would have been possible to send on.

[3] Marshman, p. 396.

away; and it became evident that preparations were being made to oppose them: but the city was now only a day's march distant; and, without a thought of failure, they marched on till they came in sight of the Alambagh. About this strong position the enemy were descried, massed in great numbers. Havelock sent on a party of cavalry to reconnoitre. Presently they returned, and reported that the enemy's left rested on the Alambagh itself, while their centre and right were drawn up behind a chain of hillocks. The country on both sides of the road, up to within a short distance of their position, was covered with water. Havelock resolved to turn their right flank. The 2nd brigade moved off the road towards the left front and, as it came within range, was exposed to a withering fire: but Olpherts and his gunners dashed up at full gallop and forced their struggling horses through a deep trench filled with water: Eyre with his heavy guns gained a dry spot on the left of the road; and their combined fire drove back the enemy's cavalry and artillery. Meanwhile the 2nd brigade, marching knee-deep in water, outflanked their right; Neill with the 1st brigade attacked their retreating infantry; and their right and centre had already fled when the 5th Fusiliers stormed and captured the Alambagh. Then Outram dashed forward at the head of the cavalry, captured five guns, and drove the fugitives before him to the canal. Before long, however, fresh guns were brought down from the city; and, as the pursuers were now assailed in their turn, it became necessary to fall back for the night on the Alambagh. The ground was ankle-deep in mud, rain was falling in torrents, and the men had no covering but their greatcoats; but they lay down to rest with light hearts; for Outram had just told them how their comrades had assaulted and captured Delhi.[1]

Battle of the Alambagh.

Next day some annoyance was felt from a distant cannonade: but no serious attempt was made to reply to it; and, while the troops recruited their energies, the Generals consulted as to what plan of attack they should pursue on the morrow. The direct route led across the canal by the Charbagh bridge, and thence along the Cawnpore road to the Residency: but deep trenches had been cut across the road; and the houses

Sept. 24. Havelock's plan for effecting a junction with the garrison overruled by Outram.

[1] Information from Sir W. Olpherts; Maude and Sherer, vol. ii. pp. 285, 531; Marshman, pp. 403-5; *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 400-1.

on both sides of it were loopholed and swarmed with musketeers. Havelock had all along intended to seize the Dilkúsha, cross the Gúmti, and, gaining the Fyzabad road at the Kokráil bridge, occupy a building called the Bádshah Bagh, recross the Gúmti at the iron bridge, and thence advance to the Residency. By the adoption of this route the relieving force would have been saved from the perils of street-fighting. The rains, however, had rendered the country impassable for heavy artillery; and, in Outram's judgement, no alternative remained but to cross the canal at the Charbagh bridge, turn to the right along the road which led to the Sikandar Bagh, and then to the left across the plain between the Kaisar Bagh and the river.[1]

Havelock was now in a most difficult and painful position. He was convinced that his view was right; for he believed that the whole force, except perhaps the heavy guns, could go by the route which he recommended; and the want of the heavy guns would matter little when weighed against the great saving of life which the choice of this route would ensure. But Outram expected that his advice should be implicitly followed; nor did he perceive the injustice of leaving Havelock responsible for acts of which he did not approve. He called himself a volunteer; and in his generosity he desired that to Havelock should belong the glory and the reward of relieving the besieged garrison: but he would not efface himself or forbear to press the views which seemed to him for his country's good; and Havelock, who was under so heavy an obligation to him and who loved him, could not insist upon the rights which he owed to his generosity. Both were agreed that it would be madness to wait until the ground hardened; for they gathered from Inglis's letter that his force was enfeebled for want of proper food and in hourly danger from the enemy's mines. Reluctantly therefore Havelock acquiesced in Outram's decision.[2]

Feelings of the garrison.

Meanwhile a great change had come over the feelings of the besieged garrison. For some days after the last departure of Ungud there had been nothing to vary the monotony of their life. The death-roll

[1] *Lives of Indian Officers*, pp. 406-9; Marshman, p. 409; Innes, pp. 212, 218-19; MS. and verbal information from Sir H. Havelock-Allan. See App. K.

[2] Innes, pp. 212, 218-19; information from Sir H. Havelock-Allan. See App. K.

grew longer. More natives deserted. But the besiegers, dispirited by successive failures, no longer fought with any heart. At eleven o'clock on the night of the 22nd a man came into the entrenchment, breathless with excitement, having just been fired upon by the enemy's sentries. It was Ungud. He announced that Outram and Havelock had crossed the Ganges, and might be expected within a few days. The news spread like wildfire. Next day firing was distinctly heard close to the city. The spirits of all rose to the highest point; and the native portion of the garrison were now at last convinced that relief was really at hand. But on the 24th the sounds of firing became less frequent, and some began again to despond.[1]

Sept. 23.

The day of trial dawned at last. The morning was beautifully fine. Havelock rose early, and spent some time in prayer. At eight o'clock the troops were drawn up, ready to advance.[2] Their look revealed what they had done and suffered; but the expression on their war-worn faces was that of men going forth to certain victory.[3] Many indeed must die before the victory could be won, and it was hard to die on such a day as this; but mindful of Havelock's words, all were ready to make great sacrifices that those who survived might obtain great results. The baggage was left under a guard at the Alambagh: the Generals and their staff examined together on the map the route which lay before them; and between eight and nine the order was given to advance.[4]

Morning of the 25th of September.

The 1st brigade, under Outram, led the way. The country on either side of the road was covered by high grass, in which were concealed hundreds of the enemy. Harassed by musketry, and raked on its right flank and in front by an artillery-fire, the column pushed steadily on towards the canal. About seven furlongs up the road was a building called the Yellow House, where the enemy had two guns. Near this building the column was ordered to halt, as the rear was hardly ready; and the infantry lay down. Round shot and grape tore up the road, while bullets

Advance of the column.

[1] Wilson, p. 168; Gubbins, pp. 294, 297-8; Innes, pp. 151-2.
[2] Marshman, p. 411.
[3] Major North's *Journal of an Officer in India*, p. 185.
[4] Marshman, p. 412.

pattered like hail among the men: Maude soon silenced the guns: but it was not until after a delay of ten minutes, during which the column had suffered heavily, that Havelock's galloper brought the welcome order to advance. About half a mile beyond the Yellow House, the road turned sharply to the left, and ran in a straight line two hundred yards to the canal. The bridge was commanded by innumerable sharpshooters perched in the rooms of the adjoining houses, and defended by five guns posted behind a breastwork on the Lucknow side. The road was so narrow that only two guns could be deployed to reply. While Outram diverged to the right with the object of bringing a flanking fire to bear on the enemy from the bank of the canal, and the skirmishers of the Madras Fusiliers took post on the left of the bridge, Maude endeavoured to silence the guns: but his men fell so fast that he had to call again and again for volunteers from the infantry; and, the resistance being obstinately maintained, young Havelock, as a staff-officer, begged Neill to order the Fusiliers to charge. Neill refused to take the responsibility. Havelock accepted it without a word. Instantly he galloped to the rear, turned the corner in the road, and waited for a couple of minutes, to save appearances. Presently he returned, galloped up to Neill, and, saluting him, cried, "You are to carry the bridge at once, Sir." Neill thereupon ordered the Fusiliers to advance. The skirmishers and a few men of the 84th, springing forward before the regiment was formed up, were struck down in an instant: but young Havelock, who had ridden on with them, and a single corporal wondrously escaped. Bullets whizzed round their heads; and still the regiment was not ready. Again and again the corporal loaded and fired, while Havelock, sitting still in his saddle, kept waving his sword, and calling upon the rest to advance; and now at last, dashing over the bridge before the enemy could reload, they captured the guns, bayoneted the gunners, and entered Lucknow.[1]

Excitement of the garrison.

The city was now awfully disquieted. From a high point within the entrenchment hundreds of the citizens and even many of the sepoys were seen flying from the approaching doom, some rushing over the iron

[1] Marshman, pp. 412-14; Malleson, vol. i. pp. 536-7; *Lives of Indian Officers* vol. ii. pp. 405-9; Maude and Sherer, vol. ii. pp. 292, 300, 531-4, 542-3, 561-3; information from Sir H. Havelock-Allan.

bridge, others plunging into the river: but the besiegers who remained redoubled the fury of their attack; and the women of the garrison, as they moved nervously about their rooms, unable to control their excitement, and striving to catch a glimpse of the movements of their friends, could hear the crash of shot and shell from the surrounding batteries above the distant roar of the contending armies.[1]

Street-fighting.

The Highlanders, after crossing the canal, held the bridge-head, to cover the passage of the column. For a time they were unmolested, and seized the opportunity to pitch the captured guns into the water: but presently the enemy came rushing down the Cawnpore road; and there for three hours the Highlanders repulsed every assault. Meanwhile the rest of the army safely crossed the bridge, and taking the road to the right, encountered little opposition till they came within three-quarters of a mile of the Residency, when they were met with a terrific fire from the Kaisar Bagh, but, replying as best they could, pushed unfalteringly on, and, passing a narrow bridge over a nullah,[2] overlooked by houses filled with musketeers, found shelter at last in a court beneath the walls of the Chattar Manzil. Presently the Highlanders, who had advanced alone by a shorter road, joined them, and found themselves at the head of the column. The enemy had expected that the whole force would march by the Cawnpore road; and it was for this reason that the other regiments had met with comparatively slight opposition. But now the enemy had found out their mistake and were preparing to dispute every inch of ground that remained. Lieutenant Moorsom had been sent on to reconnoitre the Chattar Manzil buildings and ascertain whether it would be possible to pass through them in safety. It was now nearly dark. While soldiers, camels, guns, and doolies bearing wounded men were thronging into the court, Outram and Havelock were observed in animated discussion. Outram was on horseback, and Havelock, whose horse had been shot under him, was walking by his side, eagerly pressing his views. Outram proposed to halt for a few hours, to allow the rear-guard to close up; and move on next morning through the successive courts to the Residency. On this route, he argued, there would be little opposition to

[1] Rees, p. 221; Gubbins, p. 299.

[2] A small stream or ditch. There is nothing exactly like a nullah in England.

fear; for the enemy would certainly expect the column to advance along the streets. But Havelock saw that those few hours would enable the enemy to occupy the courts in full strength; he knew that, on the appearance of a check, they would exult, and the natives in the Residency would despair; and sharing in the ardour of his soldiers, who could not bear to stand still almost in sight of those whom they had so long striven to reach, and fearing lest the rebels might at the last moment succeed by a desperate effort in overpowering the garrison, he strenuously urged Outram to push on. In a few minutes, though he did not know it, Moorsom would return to tell that he had found a comparatively sheltered way. The discussion waxed warm. At length, irritated by opposition, Outram's temper got the better of him: but he gave way. "Let us on then," he cried, "in God's name." The Highlanders were called to the front: the Sikhs followed; and the Madras Fusiliers brought up the rear. Leading out of the court to the right, the road ran in a zigzag course to the Baily Guard gate of the Residency. The exit from the court was spanned by an arch, in a room above which some rebels were hiding; and here, while directing the movements of his men, in the moment of the victory which he had done so much to secure, General Neill fell from his horse, shot through the head. But there was no time to think of the fallen. Like a lifeboat ploughing its way through a tempestuous sea to the rescue of some sinking ship, the column rushed on, now plunging through deep trenches which had been cut across the road to bar their progress, now staggering, as they rose, beneath the storm of bullets which hailed down upon them from the loopholes of the houses, and the missiles which were flung from the roofs. But they were now within a few yards of the goal; they could see the tattered flag of England, waving on the roof of the Residency; and, though men fell fast at every step, the survivors never paused till Outram and Havelock led them through the gate into the entrenchment.[1]

The welcome.

Then the exultation, the sympathy, the loyalty of their hearts found expression in a burst of deafening cheers; the garrison caught up the cry; and

[1] Marshman, pp. 414-17, 422; *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. pp. 407-9; *Life of Sir James Outram*, vol. ii. pp. 232-3; Forbes's *Havelock*, pp. 196-8; Innes, pp. 221-5; North, pp. 198-9; Swanston's *My Journal*, p. 44. See App. K.

from every pit, and trench, and battery, from behind the roofless and shattered houses the notes of triumph and welcome echoed and re-echoed. Women crowded up to shake hands with the men who had fought twelve battles to save them; and the Highlanders, with tears streaming down their cheeks, caught up in their arms the wondering children, and passed them from one to another. Anxious questions were tenderly answered: kinsmen long separated met once more: old comrades fought their battles over again; and the garrison, as they told their own tale, and learned with pride the admiration which their struggle had aroused, heard in their turn, with reverent sympathy, how and at what a cost they had been relieved.[1]

[1] Marshman, pp. 417-18; Rees, p. 223; *A Lady's Diary of the Siege of Lucknow*, p. 120. Between July 7 and August 22, 259 men died from cholera and other diseases, while only 64 were killed in action, though many others died from their wounds. This estimate takes no account of the Sikhs and other natives. See Maude and Sherer, vol. i. p. 68. From September 21 to 26, inclusive, the entire loss, in killed, wounded and missing, was 535 (Havelock's despatch, quoted by Marshman, p. 425).

## CHAPTER X

### THE PUNJAB AND DELHI

HOWEVER much opinions may differ as to the degree in which Dalhousie was responsible for the Indian Mutiny, it will not be denied that, by his Punjab policy, he prepared an effective antidote. The extraordinary part which that province played in the events of 1857 is explained by the special character of its antecedent history. Its conquest had been so recent that the inhabitants had not had time to forget the evils from which that conquest had set them free, or to unlearn their awe and admiration of the people by whose might it had been effected. They could not but acknowledge the justice of British rule, and the material prosperity which it had conferred upon them. A succession of abundant harvests had put them into good humour. The deprivation of their arms had exercised a softening influence upon their habits. Suspected chiefs had been removed out of harm's way; and those who remained, remembering the tyranny of the Khálsá army, had no desire for the success of a revolt which threatened to place them at the mercy of an insolent soldiery. Even if there had been a general spirit of disaffection, it would have been weakened by the national antipathy between Sikh and Hindustani, by the religious antipathy between Sikh and Mahomedan. On the other hand, although the crusading spirit of the Khálsá slumbered, it was by no means dead. However peacefully disposed the population of the plains might be, there was danger to be apprehended from the turbulent hill-tribes on the border. Dost Mahomed might be tempted by the knowledge of the straits to which his former enemies were reduced, to violate the treaty which he had lately concluded with them. More than ten thousand European

1857.
State of the Punjab.

soldiers, indeed, were quartered in the province; but the bulk of them were massed in the Peshawar valley and on the Simla hills, leaving a comparatively weak force to garrison the immense tract of country between the Sutlej and the Indus. Of the native troops, indeed, the Punjabi Irregulars, numbering some thirteen thousand men, were known to be efficient, and believed to be trustworthy: but, as a set-off, there were thirty-six thousand Poorbeahs, every one of whom might be a traitor.[1]

The Punjab officers.

In trying, however, to calculate the strength of the opposing forces which affected the political equilibrium of the Punjab in 1857, we should fall into a grievous error if we forgot to consider the competence of the British officers to whom the administration of the province had been entrusted. Dalhousie, in his partiality for the Punjab, had selected the best men whom he could find, to preside over its destinies; and the wonderful rapidity with which it had advanced towards civilisation bore witness to his discernment. It would be hard to name any country in which a proportionately greater number of able military and political officers has ever been gathered together. But even more admirable than their ability were the harmony and the mutual sympathy with which they worked. They had firm faith in the soundness of the system that had raised their province to such unexampled prosperity; they were full of confidence in themselves, and full of admiration for each other. Above all, they were fortunate in possessing a chief to whom they were able to look up with confidence and respect.

John Lawrence.

The Chief Commissioner of the Punjab was Sir John Lawrence. He was thoroughly familiar with the country, and the people with whom he had to deal. He was a cautious, yet bold politician, a resolute, sagacious man. The power of originating was wanting to his mind; but he knew how to use, and sometimes to improve the conceptions of others. His broad, powerful frame and massive features betokened an inexhaustible capacity for work. His character had plenty of faults; but in no act of his life was he ever weak. Nor, though he had much kindness of heart, was he tolerant of anything like weakness in others. He was outwardly often rough, harsh, and overbearing. Though, when

[1] *Punjab Mutiny Report*, pp. 2, 16-18, pars. 8, 46, 48.

not actually at work, he could be a cheerful, even jovial companion, he unquestionably lacked that charm, a charm based upon something deeper than mere felicity of manner, which endeared his brother Henry to all with whom he came in contact; and, though he was a religious man, he as certainly left upon men's minds the impression of a character less free from worldliness and self-seeking. But, when the worst has been said of John Lawrence, it still remains true that he was not merely an able man, but a good man. His heart was wholly in his work; he laboured as strenuously as his brother, if with less of charity and sympathy, for the well-being of the natives; and, if he did not spare others, he never spared himself. Those who have had opportunities of observing the sterling manliness of his character, those who remember the unostentatious devotion with which, after his final return from India, he gave himself up to every good work which he could in any way forward, will never speak of him without emotion.

News of the seizure of Delhi reaches Lahore. May 11 and 12.

When the telegrams announcing the mutiny at Meerut and the seizure of Delhi reached Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, John Lawrence was on his way to the Murree Hills, whither he had been advised to go for the benefit of his health; but he had left behind him a man who was well fitted to deal with any emergency that might arise, his countryman and former schoolfellow, Robert Montgomery, the Judicial Commissioner. A man of singularly smooth manner and genial and benevolent aspect, Montgomery was yet to the full as resolute as his chief, and more capable of instantly initiating a daring policy in such a crisis as had now arisen. The full significance of the telegrams was at once apparent to him. India would be lost if the Punjab were not at once made secure; and the security of the Punjab depended in the first instance on the security of the great cities and magazines scattered over it. Lahore itself was naturally his first care. Its population amounted to nearly a hundred thousand souls, many of whom were restless Sikhs and Mahomedans, certain to take advantage of the slightest symptom of weakness on the part of their rulers. The city itself was garrisoned by a small body of European and native soldiers: but the bulk of the troops, consisting of one native cavalry and three native infantry regiments, the 81st Queen's, and two troops of European horse-artillery, were stationed at the

neighbouring cantonment of Meean-meer. Montgomery learned, on the best native authority, that the four native regiments were only waiting for a favourable opportunity to revolt. He therefore assembled the chief civil and military officers, and asked their opinions as to what ought to be done. He himself and Colonel Macpherson, the Military Secretary, urged that the sepoys should be deprived of their ammunition. Captain Richard Lawrence, the chief of the police, thought it better to disarm them altogether. After some further discussion, Montgomery resolved to drive over to Meean-meer, and take counsel with Stuart Corbett, the Brigadier. This officer fully agreed with Montgomery on the necessity for taking the initiative, and declared himself ready to deprive the sepoys of their ammunition, though he was not prepared to offend the prejudices of his officers by actually disarming them. Later in the day, however, he came to the conclusion that the more decisive measure would be the wiser, and, writing to inform Macpherson of his change of purpose, ordered a general parade for the following morning.

May 12.

It happened that that night there was to have been a ball at Meean-meer. It might have been thought that, in the midst of such a crisis as that which now hung over the empire, the dancers would postpone their amusement. But it was wisely decided that such a step would needlessly excite suspicion; and the guests came as though nothing had occurred to disturb their security. Hardly one of those present knew the object of the parade which was to take place on the morrow: but the few who were in the secret must have thought of that famous ball at Brussels, from which Wellington started for the field of Quatre Bras.

The ball at Meean-meer.

Early in the morning the troops were drawn up on the parade-ground. The Europeans were on the right, the native infantry in the centre, and the native cavalry on the left. The natives outnumbered the Europeans by eight to one. First of all, the order of Government for the disbandment of the 34th at Barrackpore was read to each regiment. Then the native regiments were ordered to change front to the rear. While they were executing this manœuvre, the 81st changed front also and faced them; and the gunners, hidden behind their European comrades, moved

May 13. The disarming parade.

round likewise, loading their guns as they went.[1] The sepoys were told that, as so many other regiments had begun to display a mutinous spirit, it had been thought right to shield them from temptation by disarming them. The order was given to "Ground arms." The sepoys, momentarily hesitating, heard a strong and resolute voice pronounce the words, "Eighty-first, load," and looking up, as their ears caught the clang of the ramrods,[2] saw the English gunners in front of them, standing by their guns, portfires in hand. Perceiving the hopelessness of resistance, they sullenly laid down their arms. Meanwhile three companies of the 81st had marched to Lahore. On their arrival, they disarmed the native portion of the garrison, and took possession of the fort.[3] Never was a more decisive victory gained. By that morning's work Montgomery and Corbett had not only saved the capital of the Punjab,—they had saved the empire.

Montgomery's circular letter.

The work of the day, however, was not over. There were other cities to be saved,—Ferozepore with its great magazine; Amritsar, the Mecca of the Punjab, to the inhabitants of which the mass of the Sikh population would look for their example; Mooltan, surrounded by nomadic tribes of thievish Mahomedans, and commanding the only outlet from the Punjab to the Indian Ocean; Kángra, dominating the hill-country; Phillaur, overlooking the Grand Trunk road to Delhi, and containing in its arsenal a large proportion of the siege-material destined for the recapture of that city. To the civil authorities at these places,[4] and to all Commissioners and Deputy-Commissioners in the province, Montgomery now issued copies of a circular letter of warning and instruction, concluding with the words, "I have full reliance on your zeal and discretion."[5] In almost every instance his confidence was justified. The Deputy-Commissioner of Amritsar, sure of the loyal aid of his agricultural population, held his own till half a company of the 81st relieved him. Phillaur,

May 13.

Measures taken for the safety of Amritsar, Phillaur, and Kángra. May 15.

[1] See plan and description in F. H. Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, pp. 4, 5.
[2] *Times*, July 4, 1857, p. 7, col. 5; *Punjab Mutiny Report*, p. 37, par. 57.
[3] *Ib.* p. 21, par. 2, pp. 36-7, par. 57; Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 92-102, 136.
[4] Except Phillaur, where, as far as I know, there was no civil authority.
[5] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, May, 1857; *P. M. R.*, p. 22, par. 4.

which had been left almost destitute of European troops, was speedily reinforced from the neighbouring station of Jullundur. Kángra was surprised and occupied by a party of native police.[1] But the policy of Brigadier Innes, the commandant at Ferozepore, contrasted unfavourably with these vigorous measures.[2] Though Montgomery had informed him of the intention to disarm the brigade at Meean-meer, though he himself was stronger in European troops than Corbett, he could not bring himself to follow the latter's example. Montgomery's message reached him on the 13th, at noon. His first thought was for the magazine; and he sent one hundred men of the 61st regiment to guard it. But two native infantry regiments had still to be dealt with. Innes himself proposed to disarm them: but he had only taken command two days before; and he lacked the will to overbear the remonstrances of his officers. The compromise to which he assented was to separate his two native regiments, and disarm them on the morrow. The usual success of half measures rewarded him. One regiment indeed went quietly to the place that had been assigned to it; but the other broke loose from control, endeavoured to storm the magazine, and, though fortunately repulsed, succeeded, with the aid of the budmashes, in plundering and burning the European buildings. All night long the flames raged. The British regiment could only look on in helpless indignation; for Innes, feeling that he must, at any cost, secure the magazine, had thrown in three more companies to guard it; and the rest had enough to do to protect their own barracks. Next morning the mutineers quitted the station, and took the road to Delhi. They were pursued indeed, and dispersed with severe loss; but some of them succeeded in reaching their goal.[3]

May 13.
May 14.

Mutiny at Ferozepore. May 13, 14.

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 35, par. 53; p. 36, par. 54; p. 39, par. 64; p. 50, pars. 109-10.

[2] To prevent misconception, it should be stated that Innes, not being a civil officer, was independent of Montgomery.

[3] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 106-12; *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1858, p. 240; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 428-30. On pp. 190-1 of the *Calcutta Review* (Jan.-June, 1359) Innes is defended. "He separated the native corps," writes the reviewer (General, then Major M'Leod Innes), "and rendered them incapable of combined action." He goes on to say that "Both Sir John Lawrence and Mr. Montgomery recorded officially and privately their sense of his admirable management on that occasion." I only know that Innes's

Still even this blot scarcely mars the splendour of the achievements of the Punjab officers on the 13th and 14th of May. Within three days from the time when the tidings of disaster reached the capital, all the most important points had been secured; and thus the way had been cleared for the development of that policy which was to strengthen the hold of the British upon the province, to quicken the loyalty of the great bulk of the native population, and to raise up a mighty force for the reconquest of the imperial city. The credit of that policy has been generally assigned to John Lawrence; but he himself was the first to acknowledge that it was Robert Montgomery who struck the first blow.[1]

Achievements of the Punjab officers on May 13 and 14.

Meanwhile, at the great frontier-station of Peshawar, a body of friends and fellow-workers were independently discussing the details of a policy which was to have still more important consequences.

Peshawar.

Peshawar stood on a small plain in the valley of the same name. Not a single building of any dignity relieved the dulness of its irregular streets and flat-roofed mud houses. The town was surrounded by a low mud wall, intended as a bulwark against robbers, and was completely dominated by a quadrilateral fortress, the walls of which rose to the height of ninety feet above its northern face. In striking contrast with

conduct on the 13th and 14th of May was censured in the *Punjab Mutiny Report*. Moreover, in a letter to Anson, dated May 21, Lawrence wrote: "Brigadier Innes seems to me to have missed an excellent opportunity of teaching the sepoys a lesson which would have cowed them for hundreds of miles around." *P. M. R.*, p. 3, par. 8; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, May, 1857. General M'Leod Innes also commends the Brigadier for having secured the magazine, on the safety of which the recapture of Delhi depended (*The Sepoy Revolt*, p. 86). Nobody has ever denied that he performed this service: but if he had promptly disarmed the sepoys, he might also have saved the station. General Innes indeed finds fault with the author of the *Red Pamphlet* for having "assumed that all that was to be done was to disarm the two native infantry corps, and that this was an easy operation." "He forgets," continues the General, "that the 10th Light Cavalry was also native, and that there was no reason to count on their fidelity." But the Brigadier himself tells us (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. 1857, p. 428) that he did count on their fidelity; and as he was not afraid to show his hand by separating the two sepoy regiments, it is difficult to understand why, with his British regiment, his two companies of British artillery, and his field-battery, he should have shrunk from disarming them. General Innes answers his own argument by admitting that the Brigadier did intend to disarm them on the morrow. Why not at once? I repeat that relatively he was much stronger in European troops than Corbett.

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 3, par. 7.

the mean appearance of the town was the grandeur of the surrounding scenery. The valley formed a vast irregular amphitheatre, sixty miles in length, bounded on the east by the Indus, and girt in on every other side by hills, some of which were bare and rocky, others clothed with vegetation. Conspicuous above all, two hundred miles to the south-west, rose the snow-capped peak of Takht-i-Sulemán, or "Solomon's Throne."[1]

Herbert Edwardes.

The Commissioner of the Division was Lieutenant-Colonel Herbert Edwardes. Riper and more circumspect than when, as a young lieutenant of infantry, he had flung himself into that perilous enterprise against Mooltan which had made his reputation, he was still the same gay, imaginative, high-spirited, enthusiastic soul. Not less sagacious, resolute, and earnest, not less stern, when sternness was needed, than the greatest of his contemporaries, he entered along with them upon the struggle with a positive light-heartedness which was all his own. In the most depressing seasons of the crisis, while all his faculties were being tried to the uttermost, he could not help noticing the elements of comedy which obtruded themselves into the tragedy that was being enacted before him; and, when the worst was over, he sketched them for his superiors, with a humour and vividness seldom to be found in official reports.[2] He had, indeed, rare literary gifts, which he was often to use for the advocacy of measures of vital importance to the State. Like many other Anglo-Indian officers of a past generation, he was a man of strong religious convictions, and an ardent, perhaps a rash, supporter of missionary effort. His memory is still cherished by the people of the valley.[3] And there is a yet higher witness to his worth than theirs. For he was the beloved disciple of Henry Lawrence, the familiar friend and counsellor of John Nicholson.

Sydney Cotton. General Reed. Neville Chamberlain.

It was on the night of the 11th that the news from Delhi reached him. Fortunately he had in Colonel Sydney Cotton, the commander of the Peshawar brigade, a coadjutor who, like Corbett of Lahore, was too wise to share in the amiable credulity

[1] Hunter's *Gazetteer*, vol. vii. pp. 356-7, 363-4; J. H. Stocqueler's *Handbook of India*, p. 394. MS. Correspondence.

[2] *P. M. R.*, p. 67, par. 66.

[3] MS. Correspondence.

of the common run of sepoy officers, and bold enough to act upon his superior insight. A thorough soldier, uniting the experience of a veteran of forty-seven years' military standing to the activity of a subaltern, Cotton was positively overjoyed at the prospect of hard service which the outbreak of the Mutiny afforded him. General Reed, the Commander of the Division, was there also, an easy-going old officer who, while fully sensible of his own dignity, was easily manageable, and accommodating enough to let abler men act for him. With the consent of these two, Edwardes wrote to the station of Kohat to invite Brigadier Neville Chamberlain, a dashing soldier and skilful general, who had seen more service than almost any man of his age in India, and had acquired a great reputation as the commander of the Punjab Irregulars, to come over and take part in a council of war. On the morning of the 13th, Chamberlain arrived; and at eleven o'clock the council met.[1] Besides the four who have been already mentioned, there was present another whose look plainly told that his voice would command a respectful hearing in any assembly, a man of towering form and herculean build, whose stern, handsome face, set off by a long black beard and grizzled wavy hair, told at once of a resistless power of command, an overwhelming force of character, and an intellect able to pick a way through the most tangled mazes, or to hew down the most stubborn obstacles of practical life; while yet the lustrous eyes, so thoughtful and so full of pathos, as well as stern, deep-set beneath a massive, open forehead, suggested the idea of one who was not less a man of contemplation than a man of action,[2]—Colonel John Nicholson, the Deputy-Commissioner of Peshawar.

Council at Peshawar.

John Nicholson.

It was on the eve of the first Afghán war that Nicholson had arrived in India. The tragic issues of that struggle, in which he himself took a part, could not fail to give a stern cast to a young and enthusiastic soul. On that sad day in January, 1842, when Ghazni was surrendered, he was one of the officers who heard British soldiers bidden to give up their arms to Asiatics. Three times, in con-

1838.

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 57-8, pars. 14, 18, 21. Part of what I have said about Cotton and Reed I learned from conversation with an old Punjabi who knew them both well.

[2] See A. Wilson's *Abode of Snow*, p. 428.

tempt of the order, he alone, a boy of nineteen, led his men to the attack, and drove the enemy from the walls at the point of the bayonet; and, when at last he was forced to give up his sword, he burst into tears in an agony of shame and grief.[1] In that glorious act of insubordination, which expressed such a proud disdain for the victors of the hour, and such a bitter condemnation of the authority which had permitted surrender, a close observer might have discerned the promise of a manhood in the very faults of which there would be a majesty. Even now there were faults enough in that heroic character, for it was still comparatively young and immature; but they sprang from the very vigour and luxuriance of its growth. There was much in it that needed pruning, little that needed forcing. That burning impetuosity; that headlong zeal; that icy reserve which repelled so many; that temper which blazed forth at times like the eruption of a volcano; that fearless freedom of speech which gave such offence to official superiors who were conscious of real inferiority; that awful sternness which knew no pity towards evil-doers;—these qualities needed to be so disciplined that they should find their due and appointed place in the character, instead of disturbing its balance, to be tempered by a more genial sympathy with erring and straying men, a fuller knowledge of the might of Divine compassion. No man knew these faults better than did Nicholson himself. It is touching to see the humility with which he, who suffered so few to know anything of his real character save the massive and rugged outlines which could not be hid, could write to Herbert Edwardes, after the death of Henry Lawrence, their common friend and master, begging for guidance, and professing himself so weak that of his own strength he could do nothing good.[2] We know enough of his character to be able to imagine what he would have become, if he had lived. But already, at the age of thirty-four, he had done enough to win for himself a place among the foremost heroes of Anglo-Indian history. Lord Dalhousie had described him as "a tower of strength." Herbert Edwardes said of him that he was equally fitted to command an army, or to administer a province. He had so tamed one of the most lawless and bloodthirsty tribes on the frontier that, in the last year of his rule, he had not

[1] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 197, note 2.
[2] Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 474.

had to report even a single attempt at crime, and inspired them with such awe and reverence that, when he had gone from them, they likened him to the good Mahomedans of their legendary history. A brotherhood of fakirs in Hazára actually deified him; and the repeated floggings with which he characteristically strove to destroy their idolatry, served but to strengthen their faith in the omnipotence of the relentless Nikkal Seyn.[1] Indeed, of all the heroic men whom the Indian Mutiny brought to light, he was the one who bore unmistakeably the character of genius. Unversed in military science, he led armies to victory with the certainty of Havelock. He may indeed most truly be described not as a general, not as a statesman, but simply as a man, who, whatever the task set him, was sure to accomplish it by the sheer force of native ability. Nor were the sterner features of his character unrelieved by softer traits. How he loved his aged mother and his younger brothers, we have learned from those who knew him best. Those dark eyes of his, which could flash such scorn upon the base, which could paralyse the resistance of the most daring, could also light up with a fascinating smile when he was in the presence of those whom he loved, and express such a depth of tenderness as only the strongest natures can contain. Is it to be wondered at that of such a man as this, Herbert Edwardes should have said to Lord Canning, "If ever there is a desperate deed to be done in India, John Nicholson is the man to do it."[2]

The council rapidly and harmoniously drew up its programme. It was settled that General Reed, as the senior officer, should assume command of the troops in the Punjab, and proceed to join the Chief Commissioner at Ráwal-

Resolutions of the council.

[1] "Sanguis martyrorum," wrote Edwardes, "est semen Ecclesiæ." Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, p. 31. Sir George Campbell, the only writer who has ever attempted to belittle Nicholson, says (*Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. i. p. 249), "the stories about the natives worshipping him are about as authentic as Highland Jessie." I know nothing about Highland Jessie: but that fakirs did actually form themselves into a sect for the worship of Nicholson, is as certain as the Binomial Theorem. See Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 448, note; Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, p. 31; and Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. p. 9.

[2] Perhaps the best portrait of Nicholson is one painted by Mr. John R. Dicksee, who was helped by the suggestions and criticisms of Sir Herbert Edwardes. I have been told by one who knew Nicholson well that the portrait, though it does not do justice to the strength of the lower part of the face, is on the whole a good likeness.

pindi. Thus the chief civil and military power would be concentrated in one spot. After what has been said of Reed's character, it will easily be understood that Edwardes congratulated himself upon an arrangement which, by conferring nominal command upon a man who was neither obstinate nor impervious to compliment, gave an assurance that the substance would be left in the hands of those best fitted to exercise it. It was further resolved that the important fort and ferry of Attock on the Indus should be at once secured, and that suspected Hindustáni regiments should be, as far as possible, isolated.[1]

Defensive measures, however, were not deemed sufficient. On first hearing the news from Meerut, Nicholson had proposed to Edwardes that a moveable column of trustworthy troops should be immediately organised, and held in readiness to swoop down upon any point in the Punjab at which mutiny might show itself. The plan had been communicated by telegraph to the Chief Commissioner; and he had recommended it to the notice of the Commander-in-Chief; but Edwardes and his colleagues felt that there was no time to be wasted in official formalities, and issued orders for the formation of the column on their own responsibility.[2] To the report of the proceedings which Edwardes forwarded to the Chief Commissioner he added a recommendation that the most trusted commandants of the Punjab Irregulars should be authorised to enlist recruits from the Punjab and the British frontier, not merely to fill the gaps made by the mutiny, but also to absorb and utilise the dangerous elements of the population. He also asked leave to raise levies among the Mooltanis of the Derájat, whom he had learned to know and trust years before. Lawrence at first curtly refused his consent; but a few days later, convinced by the fiery eloquence of Edwardes that it was of vital importance to strengthen Peshawar as far as possible, he gave way.[3]

On the 16th, Edwardes was summoned by the Chief Commissioner to attend a council at Ráwalpindi.

May 16. Returning to his own post on the 21st, he found

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 58-9, par. 23.

[2] *Ib.* p. 58, pars. 18, 22. MS. Correspondence.

[3] *Ib.* Mr. Bosworth Smith writes (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 44), "by John Lawrence's special authorisation, Edwardes and Nicholson . . . called upon the . . . khans of the Derajat to raise a thousand Mooltanee horse in our support." He apparently does not know that the "authorisation" had to be

a crisis impending.[1] To enable the reader to understand aright the events which followed, it is necessary to present a general review of the state of the Peshawar Division before the Mutiny.

State of the Peshawar Division.

At the beginning of May there was perfect peace in the Peshawar valley, in the districts of Hazára and Kohat, and on the mountain borders. The population of the city itself were apt for treason and intrigue; but there was no open opposition to be feared from them, though they would have been ready enough to aid and abet bolder traitors in murder and rapine. Beyond the border, however, the untameable tribes of Afrídís and Mohmands were almost all under blockade[2] for murders, highway robberies, and other crimes. Moreover, while, as has been said, the success of the recent negotiations with Dost Mahomed could not quiet all apprehensions of danger from Kábul, the skirmishers of the Persian army were still hovering on the western frontier of Kandahár. About eight thousand native and two thousand eight hundred European soldiers garrisoned the valley: but of the native regiments only one was at all trustworthy; and another, the 64th, was so notoriously disloyal that, to keep it out of harm's way, it was broken up into detachments, which were sent off on the 13th to three of the outposts. Such were the conditions on which hung the chances of the security of Peshawar. Of what vital importance it was to maintain that security, may be gathered from the remark of a sagacious old Sikh sirdar who, on being asked by a well-known civilian why he always enquired so anxiously about the safety of Peshawar, replied by rolling up the end of his scarf, and saying, "If Peshawar goes, the whole Punjab will be rolled up in rebellion like this."[3]

Startling revelations.

And indeed, although the officers who were responsible for the safety of Peshawar never for a moment feared that it would go, there was evidence enough to convince them that all their powers would be

extorted. As Edward Thornton said, John Lawrence's was "not an originating mind." *Ib.* p. 49.

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 59, 60, pars. 25, 29.

[2] "This consists in forbidding an offending tribe to trade with Peshawur and imprisoning any member of it caught in the valley till the tribe submits."—*P. M. R.*, p. 57, note.

[3] *P. M. R.*, pp. 57-8, pars. 2, 4, 5, 8, 12, 14, p. 71, par. 94; Cave-Browne vol. i. p. 153.

strained to hold on to it. In the short period of Edwardes's absence a succession of plots had been discovered. Letters were intercepted from Mahomedan fanatics, some of whom belonged to Patna, to sepoys of the ill-famed 64th, glorifying the atrocities which had been already committed by the mutineers in Hindustan, and urging those addressed to go and do likewise. These letters also proved that a treasonable correspondence had been carried on, through the medium of the 64th, with certain notorious Hindustáni fanatics settled in Swat and Sitána. Not less important was another letter addressed by one of the regiments at Peshawar to the 64th, and given up by the latter to the Brigadier, because their isolation forbade them to act upon it. This letter contained an invitation to the 64th to come to Peshawar, and throw in their lot with the senders, and contained allusions to the greased cartridge which, not being intended for the perusal of Europeans, were unquestionably genuine.[1] Before these discoveries had been made, Nicholson had taken every precaution for the security of the ladies and children, and the treasure, and had set a watch over every ferry on the Indus, to prevent the passage of intending mutineers. He now tried to persuade the chiefs of the valley to raise their armed retainers for the support of the Europeans in the coming struggle. But the chiefs, remembering the events of 1841, and knowing that Delhi had fallen, refused to risk their people's lives in a cause which they regarded as desperate. "Show us that you are the stronger," they said, "and there shall be no lack of aid."[2]

Measures of Nicholson.

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 61, pars. 40-2. It may be stated here that immense numbers of seditious letters were discovered by the officials whose duty it was to exercise supervision over the post-offices of the country. "The treason," writes the author of the *General Report on the Administration of the Punjab Territories for* 1856-7 *and* 1857-8, "was generally couched in figurative and enigmatical phrases. . . . It was abundantly manifest, that the sepoys and others really did believe that we intended to destroy their caste by various devices, of which the impure cartridge was one; that the embers of Mahomedan fanaticism had again begun to glow," p. 12, par. 25. The document referred to is to be found in the volume which contains the Punjab Mutiny Report.

Again, in a letter to Colvin, Hervey Greathed writes, "The result of all questioning of sepoys who have fallen into our hands regarding the cause of their mutiny is the same; they invariably cite the cartouch as the origin. No other ground of complaint has ever been alluded to . . . a consciousness of power had grown up in the army which could only be exercised by mutiny, and the cry of the cartridge brought the latent spirit of revolt into action." *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Sept. 24, 1857, pp. 455-6.

[2] *P. M. R.*, pp. 60-1, pars. 31, 44; Cooper, p. 69.

The proof which they required was soon forthcoming. On the night of Edwardes's return, he and Nicholson lay down together to rest in their clothes, feeling sure that there would be troubles before morning. Their presentiments were justified. At midnight a messenger came in to tell them that some companies of the 55th, stationed at Nowshera, had mutinied, and that the 10th Irregular Cavalry at the same place might at any moment follow their example. They saw at once that a crisis was upon them. Probably by this time the main body of the 55th, which was stationed at Mardán, would also have risen. Yet it would be impossible to send a force to reduce them without dangerously weakening Peshawar. Moreover, the troops at the latter place could not long be kept in ignorance of what their comrades had done; and then they would be sure to do likewise. There was only one way of grappling with the danger. Before the 55th could be dealt with, the troops at Peshawar must be disarmed; and afterwards the people of the country must be invited to furnish men to supply their places. The experiment was a hazardous one; but the two friends were resolved that it should succeed. Accordingly they went off at once to the quarters of Cotton, roused him from his sleep, and told him what they had heard. He saw as clearly as they the dangers which it portended. All the commanding officers were therefore summoned to attend a council at the Residency. By daybreak they were assembled; and for two hours they remonstrated with generous indignation against the disgrace with which their "children" were threatened. The colonel of one regiment went so far as to declare that his men would attack the guns if called on to give up their muskets. After this, Cotton could hesitate no longer. He decided indeed to spare one regiment of infantry, without which it would have been impossible to carry on the work of the station, and two of irregular cavalry, believing that these corps were free from the taint of disloyalty, and feeling confident that he could at any moment disarm them in case of need: but within an hour the four remaining regiments were paraded, and ordered to lay down their arms. Taken aback by the suddenness of the command, and overawed by the presence of the European troops, they obeyed without demur: and it is said that, as their muskets and sabres were about to be carted away, some

The crisis at Peshawar.

May 21.

May 22.

of their British officers indignantly flung their own spurs and swords upon the piles. "How little worthy," wrote Edwardes, "were the men of officers who could thus almost mutiny for their sakes." But the people of the country took a wiser view of the conduct of Cotton and his colleagues. A few chiefs had attended the parade, curious to see which side would prove the stronger; but, when all was over, and the Englishmen, having quietly asserted their supremacy, were riding back to their quarters, a multitude of natives came swarming up, protesting the warmth of their attachment, and eagerly offering their services. From that day there was no difficulty in raising levies.[1]

Colonel Spottiswoode.

It was now possible to act against the 55th at Mardán, who had been joined by some of their mutinous comrades from Nowshera. Their commandant, Colonel Spottiswoode, however, actually wrote to assure Cotton that he trusted them implicitly, and earnestly begged him not to send any troops against them: but no notice could be taken of such insane generosity; and accordingly, on the night of the 23rd, a small force started from Peshawar under Colonel Chute of the 70th Queen's, accompanied by John Nicholson as political officer. On the night of the 24th the approach of the force was suspected at Mardán; and then followed an incident than which there was none more painfully touching in the whole history of the war. The native officers went to ask their colonel for an explanation. They went out from his presence unsatisfied; and he, left alone in his room, and unable to bring himself to witness the disgrace which was to befall his men, committed suicide.[2]

The story of the 55th.

But for those who had so abused his confidence destiny had appointed a more dreadful end. At sunrise on the following morning they discerned the column winding along towards Mardán; and then all but a hundred and twenty, who were restrained by the threats and persuasions of the officers, broke tumultuously from the fort, and fled. The column pressed on in pursuit[3]: but the muti-

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 63-5, pars. 46-53. General Cotton wrote, "Even the Affredies and other hill tribes, our enemies continually in times of peace, against whose depredations, up to that very moment, measures were being taken, came forward and tendered their services." *Nine Years on the North-Western Frontier of India*, p. 170.

[2] *P. M. R.*, pp. 65-6, pars. 56, 58-9; Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 170, note.

[3] It was at Nicholson's suggestion that the pursuit was undertaken. Chute

neers were far ahead; the ground was so heavy that the artillery could not get within range; and the chase was all in vain until Nicholson, taking with him a few of his own police sowars, dashed to the front, and rode into the fugitive masses. Breaking before his charge, they scattered themselves over the country in sections and companies; but all day long he pursued them, hunted them out of the villages in which they sought for refuge, drove them over ridges, cut down their stragglers in ravines, and never rested till, having ridden over seventy miles, slain a hundred and twenty, and wounded between three and four hundred of the traitors, taken a hundred and fifty prisoners, and recovered two hundred stand of arms and the regimental colours, he was forced by the approach of night to draw rein, while those who had escaped him fled across the border into the hills of Swat. Proclaiming themselves religious martyrs, they persuaded the king to take them into his service; and for a moment there seemed a danger that they might return with renewed strength to menace the Punjab. The virtual ruler of Swat was an aged priest, known as the Akhúnd. Had he espoused their cause, and, taking them with him, swept down upon the Peshawar valley, and preached a holy war against the infidels, he might have kindled the smouldering religious zeal of the population into such a flame as would have, perhaps, consumed the fabric of British power. Fortunately, instead of doing this, he expelled them from the country, only granting them guides to conduct them across the Indus. Then, in their misery, they resolved to throw themselves upon the mercy of the Maharaja of Kashmír. To reach his country, however, they must either pass through Hazára or along its borders; and Major Becher, the Deputy-Commissioner, laid his plans to intercept them. Incited by him, the armed zamíndárs and clansmen occupied all the passes; and the mutineers, finding their road eastward disputed, were forced to turn back and enter the Kohistán. But they little knew the horrors of that inhospitable land, where the only paths lay beneath overhanging precipices along ledges which scarcely afforded foothold to the most practised cragsmen; they had little food and little clothing, no cover from the rains and the night-dews. A jamadár, unheeded by his comrades, whom he

himself occupied the fort with a portion of the force. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, August 1857, p. 721.

had urged to go back, and rather die fighting like soldiers than perish like hunted beasts among the rocks, committed suicide. The rest pushed on: but every man's hand was against them; and, after many had been drowned, or stoned, or slain in battle by the mountaineers whom Becher hounded on against them, nearly all the rest, now too weary and too tamed by suffering to resist, laid down their arms, and suffered the penalty of mutineers. Not quite all, however; for some few purchased the right to exist by apostatising from their religion, or submitting to slavery.[1]

May 26.

Ajún Khan and the garrison of Abazai.

Meanwhile Nicholson had not been idle. On the day following his great exploit against the 55th, he heard that a famous outlaw, named Ajún Khan, had descended from the hills, at the invitation, as was believed, of a detachment of the 64th, stationed in the fort of Abazai. It seemed more than probable that he would take the remnant of the 55th into his service, and, with Abazai betrayed to him, stir up the whole frontier population to attack the British power. Nicholson, however, was there to defy him: Chute's little column was now strongly reinforced: the frontier tribes could not forget what it had already accomplished; and the outlaw, rather than provoke a contest, discreetly returned to the hills. A few days later Chute and Nicholson disarmed the treacherous troops at Abazai; and Nicholson rode back, in advance of the column, to Peshawar.[2]

June 3.

June 10.

Policy of Edwardes and Cotton.

There, thanks to the wise government of Edwardes and Cotton, disaffection had not dared to show itself. Whenever the necessity had arisen for inflicting the punishment of death on deserters or mutineers, Cotton had compelled the native troops to witness the execution; and, well knowing that the slightest breach of discipline would bring down the same fate upon themselves, they had stood like statues while their comrades were being hanged or blown away from guns.[3] "Even the criminals

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 66, par. 61; pp. 70-1, pars. 84-6; pp. 136-9, pars. 19-51.

[2] *Ib.* p. 66, par. 65; p. 68, par. 73.

[3] "The news of these executions, and the mode adopted in carrying them into effect, spread far and wide, and even in the city of Cabul itself, were the subject of discussion and of astonishment. It was clear to all that discipline was upheld and maintained . . . and the Afghans, keenly watching the turn of events, on finding that the supremacy of the British Government had prevailed, were

themselves," wrote Edwardes, "seemed to take a pride in the very discipline they had dared, and stood up in line to be shot with the accuracy and steadiness of machines." But he and Cotton had too deep a knowledge of the people with whom they had to deal to trust to repressive measures alone. Their fearless and defiant bearing had so impressed men's minds that, if they now showed a desire to conciliate, they need not apprehend the suspicion of weakness. The mode of conciliation which they adopted was an appeal to that avarice which they knew to have more sway over the hearts of the Afghan population of the valley than even the passion of religious fanaticism. A proclamation was issued authorising any one who found a deserter to kill him, and take possession of his personal property. A militia was levied, to keep the peace, and to counterbalance the Hindustáni regiments. Unlike the mass of the Punjabis, the people of the valley had never been disarmed; and thus no difficulty was found in collecting sufficient numbers of armed footmen. To raise cavalry was not so easy, for good horses were scarce; but still plenty of candidates for enlistment came forward. When the crisis was at its worst, Edwardes was often to be seen in the Residency garden, manfully concealing the disappointment which some gloomy telegram had given him, and listening with a humorous smile to the arguments with which owners of vicious or unsound horses tried to prove their perfection. But the quality of the horses was of very little importance in comparison with the enthusiasm and good feeling which these scenes aroused among the people. The very men who would have been ready, at the bidding of the first eloquent fanatic that appeared, to draw their swords against us, were converted by the promise of pay, the hope of plunder, and the skilful management of the Commissioner, into the chief props of our power, and lost all sympathy with the mutineers.[1]

deterred from an aggressive movement . . . the subsidy, given by the British Commissioner to . . . Dost Mahommed . . . no doubt had some effect in the mind of that sordid monarch . . . but the Afghans themselves, ever restless and unsettled, were throughout meditating an attack on the British frontier, and a rich harvest in Hindostan; and were alone deterred from the movement by the imposing attitude which had been assumed at Peshawur; and it came to the author's knowledge, afterwards, that thirty thousand Afghans had shod their horses at one time, ready to invade our territory."—Cotton, pp. 174-5. See also *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, July 23, 1858, pp. 152, 169, 197.

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 67-8, pars. 66-81; p. 71, par. 95; pp. 80-1, pars. 143-6.

Jullundur and Ludhiána.

Meanwhile, in the opposite extremity of the province, a different scene was being enacted. It has been already mentioned that, within the first few days after the seizure of Delhi, a body of troops was sent from Jullundur to reinforce Phillaur. But while taking this precaution, Brigadier Johnstone, the commandant of the troops at Jullundur, neglected to disarm his own sepoys, though every day furnished fresh evidence of their untrustworthiness. On the 7th of June, an hour before midnight, they rose. It would be needless to do more than barely note such a natural occurrence but for the fact that the mischief which it caused was not isolated. The mutineers broke up into two detachments, the larger of which made for Phillaur, where, probably in consequence of a preconcerted plan, they were joined by the native portion of the garrison. The entire body would now have crossed the Sutlej, if an unexpected difficulty had not arisen. A young civilian named Thornton, the Assistant-Commissioner of Ludhiána, had, with commendable presence of mind, cut away the bridge of boats. The mutineers were obliged therefore to make for a ferry some three miles distant; and thus a rare opportunity was afforded to Johnstone of repairing his error by pursuing and punishing them. But such opportunities generally serve only to place the incompetence of those to whom they are offered in a still stronger light. Johnstone wasted much valuable time before starting in pursuit; he halted, during the heat of the day, for five hours; and, when his column at last reached Phillaur, it was condemned to inaction for want of a guide to conduct it to the ferry.

June 8. 7 A.M.

But, if the mutineers could afford to despise the weakness of Johnstone, they had yet to reckon with a man of another stamp, George Ricketts, the Deputy-Commissioner of Ludhiána. It was not till ten o'clock on the morning of the 8th that he heard of the rising at Jullundur. Perceiving the danger to which his own station was exposed, he resolved not to wait to be attacked. Fortunately the 4th Sikhs had just arrived at Ludhiána, on their way to Delhi. Ordering Lieutenant Williams, the second officer of the regiment, to march for Phillaur with three companies of his own men, a contingent furnished by the Raja of Nábha, and two small guns, he himself rode on in advance to ascertain the whereabouts of the

mutineers. Finding that they had made for the ferry, he returned, and, after taking counsel with Williams, resolved to make an effort to intercept them. Night had already set in when, after a tedious march, he came in sight of them encamped on the Ludhiána side of the ferry. Though taken completely by surprise, they challenged him to come on, and fired a volley. He sharply ordered the two guns to be brought up; but the horses attached to one of them, maddened by the flashes and reports of the muskets, bolted. Running back, he met and hurried up the other, unlimbered, and sent a round of grape into the midst of the mutineers. Most of them dispersed; but those who remained returned the fire; and Ricketts found his little force weakened by the flight of the Nábha troops, who had not stood to receive a single volley. Still the remaining gun was admirably served; and, though the mutineers began to rally, the handful of Sikhs fought a noble battle until Ricketts, finding his ammunition exhausted, judged it prudent to retreat.

About eleven o'clock on the following day the mutineers entered Ludhiána, and, aided by the native garrison and the populace, attacked the houses of Government officials, released the prisoners, plundered the native traders, and finally marched for Delhi. Twice during the day Ricketts had sent urgent messages to Johnstone, begging for succour: but, when the succour at last came, it was too late.

June 9.

Of Johnstone's conduct it is needless to speak. It was approved at the Horse Guards; it was condemned in India. It was justified by Johnstone himself on this ground among others, that he could not venture to expose his Europeans to the perils of undertaking a long pursuit under an Indian sun. But, had he originally disarmed his sepoys, no pursuit would have been necessary; and it is fair to assume that British soldiers, the comrades of the men who, under the burning sun and the drenching storms of July, August, and September, fought their way from Allahabad to Cawnpore, and from Cawnpore to Lucknow, would have blushed to hear of the excuse which was put forward by their commander for his inaction.[1]

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 33-4, pars. 47-8. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4 July 1857, p. 324; Aug. 1857, pp. 125, 804-6; 24 Sept. 1857, pp. 41-62, 75-101. Captain Farrington, describing the so-called pursuit, wrote "We marched to Phugwarra, which place we reached at 11 o'clock—we halted there 5½ hours. The General observed it was very hot and said he would halt till it

The action of Ricketts, too, speaks for itself. It is true that he failed to save Ludhiána from attack: but no man could have accomplished more than he did; and perhaps it was partly due to the awe with which his daring had inspired them that the mutineers made such haste to pursue their march to Delhi. It is probable that their original intention had been to occupy Ludhiána, from which they could have fomented insurrection through the Cis-Sutlej States, dominated the Grand Trunk Road, and thus delayed the passage of the troops destined to aid in the recapture of Delhi. But, in their hurry to leave Jullundur, they had taken blank instead of balled ammunition. This accident alone prevented Johnstone from becoming as notorious as Hewitt and Lloyd.

It is more important, however, to point out what was than what might have been; and the actual results of Johnstone's weakness were bad enough. Though an accident had prevented the mutineers from making Ludhiána their headquarters, their mere passage through the district caused a violent commotion. Arson, murder, highway robbery, cattle-lifting, and dacoity suddenly revived; and some of the offenders, when apprehended, naïvely accounted for their misconduct by confessing that they had believed the rule of the British to be over. Ricketts, however, soon restored order by a method as original as it was effective. It was simply a philosophical application of the old-fashioned principle of tit for tat. He mercilessly executed all who had been found guilty of violent crimes, disarmed the city population because they had not used their arms in defence of authority, and imposed a heavy fine upon them, to impress upon their minds that it was their interest to exert themselves in the maintenance of order.[1]

Another noteworthy result of the Jullundur mutiny remains to be recorded. It had been at first deemed unwise, in the absence of an adequate European force, to attempt to disarm the sepoys at Mooltan. Now, however, the Chief Commissioner,

got cooler. Had rations been sent with the rum an hour's rest would have been ample." Major Brind, who had before "had the fullest confidence in the judgment and energy of the Brigadier," attributed "the paralysing effect of his refusing to act, or receive suggestions, to mental depression."

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 34, par. 48; pp. 89-91, pars. 20-22, 25; p. 112, par. 29; p. 113, pars. 34-5; pp. 114-16, pars. 40-1, 45. Cooper's *Crisis in the Punjab*, pp. 91-2. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 20 to 29 July, 1857, pp. 80, 82.

fearing that they would rise as soon as they heard of the mutiny at Jullundur, and knowing that the loss of Mooltan would involve the loss of the whole Southern Punjab, and with it of the road to Bombay, determined that, at all hazards, the attempt must be made. So delicate, however, was the task that, feeling no confidence in the ability of the commandant of the station, he entrusted it to another officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, by whom it was successfully performed. To quote the words of the Chief Commissioner, "the disarming at Mooltan was a turning-point in the Punjab crisis, second only in importance to the disarming at Lahore and Peshawur."[1]

Disarming at Mooltan. June 10.

Hitherto the narrative of the Punjab crisis has only dealt with a few prominent places, at which occurred events too important to be relegated to the obscurity of a summary review. Such a review, dealing with the general policy of the Punjab Government and the demeanour of the native population, it will now be proper to attempt.

General policy of the Punjab Government.

An eye-witness has eloquently described the impression made upon him by the calm, cheerful bearing of the Chief Commissioner, as he met Edwardes and Chamberlain in council at Ráwalpindi.[2] It is unnecessary to do more than indicate the most prominent features of the problem which lay before him, and the principle of solution which he adopted. He could not yet tell how far the population of his own province would be disposed to encourage mutiny, or to embark in rebellion. But, however loyal they might be, there would still be work enough for him in guarding them from the hostility or the intrigues of their untameable neighbours beyond the frontier. Another anxious question presented itself, in connexion with the Punjabi troops, of whom at least a fourth were Hindustánis. Would the minority succeed in corrupting the majority? Was it even certain that the majority had no quarrel of their own to settle? Happily on these points suspense was soon at an end. In the third week of May it became manifest that the Punjabi soldiers had no sympathy with the Hindustánis; and it was therefore at

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 50-1, par. 114; pp. 11-12, par. 29. Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 124. To speak with strict accuracy, Lawrence induced General Gowan, who was then commanding in the Punjab, to entrust the task to Chamberlain.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 180.

once resolved to add to their numbers, in order to compensate for the losses entailed by mutiny or desertion. Thirty-four thousand new troops of various races, creeds, and dialects were thus raised; and many more would have been forthcoming, if the Chief Commissioner had not wisely resolved to prevent the Punjabis from flattering themselves that they were indispensable to the British power.[1]

The sepoys, as the reader will already have perceived, were differently treated. At one time, indeed, the Chief Commissioner thought of disarming every regiment in the province; but, finding that it would not in all cases be possible to prevent the men from deserting afterwards to reinforce their comrades at Delhi, he gave up his intention, still, however, keeping the policy of disarming in view, as a remedy for hopeless cases of insubordination.[2]

How to provide the sinews of war, was a problem which soon engaged the attention of the authorities. Towards the end of May, the Commissioner of the Cis-Sutlej States opened a six per cent loan, to be repaid within one year; and this measure was soon extended to the whole province. The results were very significant of the state of popular feeling. While the chiefs, who had already shown themselves ready to help the Government with their arms, offered liberal subscriptions, the wealthy bankers and merchants contributed as little as they dared.[3]

Special measures were also taken for the preservation of order among the non-military classes. The police, who from the first showed an admirable spirit, were strengthened; and, to aid them in keeping the peace, the feudatory chiefs were required to furnish contingents from their retainers. Plunderers, when apprehended, were forced to pay for all the property which they had stolen or destroyed. Criminals were punished with a ruthlessness which was amply justified by the paramount necessity of saving the State; though severity was judiciously tempered with mercy as soon as the might of authority had been sufficiently demonstrated. The ferries and

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 1, 2, par. 3; pp. 6, 7, pars. 16-17; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Sept. to Dec. 1858, pp. 102-3.

[2] *P. M. R.*, p. 8, par. 21; pp. 10-11, par. 27.

[3] *Ib.* p. 9, par. 22; p. 23, par. 9. The amount realised in the whole of the Punjab between July 1857 and January 1858 was about 41 lakhs, or 4,100,000 rupees. *General Report*, p. 27, par. 82.

passages of the great rivers were strictly watched; and no travellers who could not give a satisfactory account of themselves were allowed to pass.[1] Arrangements were made for securing the treasure in the various districts with such success that, from the beginning to the end of the crisis, not more than ten thousand pounds were lost. This fact is in itself enough to show how admirably the Punjab officials did their work. How heavy the burden of their work was, may be judged from the fact that, while in most cases they managed to perform their ordinary duties without falling into arrears, they were also obliged to exercise constant supervision over the post-office, to distribute supplies of ammunition, to keep an eye upon the prisoners in the gaols, to repair bridges, to collect transport-carriage, to raise new regiments, to provide for the safety of the ladies and children, and to perform a variety of other tedious and inglorious, but necessary services too numerous to be mentioned, besides holding themselves in readiness to accompany detachments of troops into the field, or even to bear arms in person.[2]

Behaviour of the people.

The behaviour of the people of the country may next be noticed. The frontier tribes, of whose conduct such fears had been entertained, were never really dangerous, though often troublesome. The ineradicable restlessness and unruliness of the Mahomedans were naturally excited by the electrical state of the political atmosphere. The Sikhs remained thoroughly loyal so long as they retained confidence in the vitality of the Government. In nine cases out of ten, such disturbances as did arise were traced to the machinations of Hindustánis. So dangerous indeed were these aliens that the Chief Commissioner caused large numbers of them to be expelled from the province.[3]

On the whole, however, the people of the Punjab stood the strain of the Mutiny so well as to win the emphatic commendation of the Chief Commissioner. It would of course

[1] "The five great rivers," observes the author of the *General Report*, "eminently favoured the Punjab administration during the crisis. They cut off the Punjab from Hindoostan, and divided the province into so many portions, almost like the compartments which are constructed in a ship to prevent the rush of invading water from one part to another," p. 11, par. 22.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 10-11, par. 20; pp. 12-13, par. 28. *P. M. R.*, pp. 7, 8, pars. 18-21; p. 9, par. 24; p. 23, pars. 11, 13; p. 28, par. 29.

[3] *P. M. R.*, p. 18, par. 48; pp. 23-4, par. 14.

be childish to argue from the fact that their behaviour was outwardly good, that they cherished a heartfelt loyalty towards their rulers. But they were naturally disposed to respect the power that was; they saw that the British were that power, and had no idea of abdicating; and they felt a kind of passive sentiment in favour of the most merciful, the most just, and above all the most powerful government under which they had ever lived. Many of the chiefs rendered valuable services, the most prominent instances of which have been detailed, to the State which had protected them.[1] Some districts remained absolutely tranquil throughout. Where disturbances did break out, they were due, not to any reasonable or definite dislike of British rule, but to a belief in its instability. Thus thieves, dacoits, and budmashes of every kind thought they saw a fine opportunity for pursuing their favourite avocations with impunity. Unquiet spirits, like the Mahomedans of the Murree Hills, whose only quarrel with our Government was that it prevented men from cutting each other's throats, attempted to renew their hereditary feuds. Some chiefs even, who were at heart thoroughly well disposed, seeing the apparently desperate straits to which their existing rulers were reduced, began uneasily to consider how they should make their peace with the new regime.

But such instances of disloyalty or weakness of faith were few and far between. During the months that witnessed the virtual annihilation of British rule in the North-Western Provinces, there was in the Punjab no great increase in the number of violent crimes, while minor offences actually diminished: the civil courts, almost without exception, remained open all through the crisis: the land-revenue was paid up almost to the last rupee: the excise-taxes positively increased; and there was but little falling-off in the attendance at the Government schools. These facts are proof enough of the firm grasp which the Government maintained throughout upon the province.[2]

[1] Lawrence, with great judgement, wrote to all the Sikh chiefs who had suffered for the rebellion of 1848, and "urged them to retrieve their character and come down at once with their retainers. . . . As soon as they came in, he organised and sent them off to Delhi." *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 97.

[2] *General Report*, p. 6, par. 7; p. 9, par. 16; p. 15, par. 37; p. 19, par. 49. *P. M. R.*, p. 17, par. 47; p. 24, par. 17; p. 35, par. 52; p. 37, par. 58;

One portion of the territory subject to Sir John Lawrence has not been glanced at in the above review, because the part which it played in our history was so special and important as to demand a separate notice. This was the Division known as the Cis-Sutlej States, lying between the Sutlej and the Jumna. It was of the last importance to preserve this country intact, not only because it was traversed by the final stage of the Grand Trunk Road to Delhi, but also because, in the absence of any natural boundary between the Punjab and the North-Western Provinces, it served, to quote the words of Commissioner Barnes, "as a kind of breakwater" to repel the strong tide of mutiny from the east. But the task of its officers was rendered peculiarly difficult by the fact that the population, though of mixed races, were more nearly akin to the Hindustánis than to the Punjabis. Naturally therefore the greater number of them sympathised with the sepoys. How their worst passions were stimulated by contact with the mutineers from Jullundur and Phillaur has already been shown; and this evil influence spread far beyond the limits of the Ludhiána district. Mahomedan chiefs were detected in treasonable correspondence: hereditary thieving tribes eagerly clutched at the opportunity of renewing their depredations: villagers raised disturbances, and refused to deliver up fugitive mutineers to justice; and violent crimes alarmingly increased, though, from the intentness with which the criminal classes were watching the turns of the rebellion, ordinary misdemeanours almost entirely ceased.

The Cis-Sutlej States.

But Commissioner Barnes and his subordinates were equal to the occasion. With what energy they forwarded the despatch of the first British force that marched against Delhi, the reader already knows. And now, with the Sikh portion of the population, the Rajas of Patiála, Nábha, and Jhínd, and a number of loyal and influential native gentlemen on their side, they resolutely set themselves to stamp out every symptom of revolt in their own districts. Their police scoured the country, and, assured of indemnity, slew every criminal upon whom they could lay their hands. Highway robbers

p. 39, par. 64; p. 41, par. 75; p. 42, par. 78; p. 43, par. 82; p. 45, pars. 87-8; p. 47, par. 96; p. 48, par. 101; p. 49, pars. 104-5; p. 50, par. 109; p. 51, par. 114.

and plunderers were, in many cases, hanged on the nearest trees as soon as they were caught. The revenue was only to be collected at the point of the bayonet; but it was collected. It is needless to say that severity like this proved to be the truest mercy in the end. By the close of July the worst was over. From that moment the people began to return to their allegiance; and the process of tranquillisation was hastened by the passage of reinforcements on their way to Delhi.[1]

Lawrence's imperial policy.

The mention of these reinforcements naturally introduces an account of Sir John Lawrence's imperial as distinguished from his local policy. To him that hath more shall be given; and the Chief Commissioner was rewarded for the firmness with which he kept the peace in the Punjab by finding himself able to make it contribute towards the restoration of peace in Hindustan. While recording the unselfishness with which he weakened his own resources in order to strengthen those of the empire, it would be unjust not to mention that for the power to do so he was partly indebted to the generosity of Bartle Frere, the Commissioner of Sind, who sent up battalion after battalion to support him, and laboured throughout in support of the Punjab administration as heartily as if he had been a Punjab officer. General Van Cortlandt was sent across the Punjab, to reconquer the districts north-west of Delhi.

May 31.

To provide for the wants of the besieging army, a system of transport, by canal and waggon trains, was organised from Karáchi on the western seaboard through the Punjab. Besides an abundance of stores of every description and the greater part of the necessary treasure, John Lawrence contributed in all towards the recapture of Delhi, six battalions of European infantry, a regiment of European cavalry and a considerable force of European artillery, seven battalions of Punjabi infantry, three regiments of Punjabi cavalry, a Punjabi corps of sappers and miners and a number of Sikh artillerymen, two siege-trains, and eight thousand auxiliaries furnished by native chiefs. Of this mighty array of troops, the Punjabis had been formed by nine years of hard campaigning along a rugged and mountainous frontier into the finest

[1] *General Report*, p. 8, par. 14. *P. M. R.*, p. 26, par. 21; p. 27, par. 28; p. 29, par. 32; p. 31, par. 42; p. 87, pars. 13-14; p. 88, par. 16; p. 89, par. 18; p. 90, par. 21; p. 116, par. 45; pp. 117-18, pars. 47-52.

soldiers, with the single exception of the Gurkhas, whom India had ever produced. When the seizure of Delhi became known, many of them were absent on furlough; but, as soon as they received the order to return, they set out on foot to rejoin their regiments, and eagerly demanded to be led against the rebels.[1]

One regiment, the first that started from the Punjab, indeed the first that started at all, to the attack of Delhi, deserves special mention here. This was the famous corps of Guides, composed of stalwart frontier-men of all races, men to whom Henry Lawrence, in the exercise of that foresight which discerned the premonitory symptoms of the Mutiny, had pointed as the best material to regenerate the effete pipe-clayed battalions of Hindustan, and who, likewise at his suggestion, were allowed to wear "their own loose, dusky shirts, and sun-proof, sword-proof turbans," instead of being imprisoned in European uniforms. At the time of the outbreak at Meerut, the corps, consisting of three troops of cavalry and six companies of infantry, was quartered at Mardán, under the command of Captain Daly. On the 13th of May, six hours after receiving their orders, Daly and his men marched out of the station, reached Attock, thirty miles distant, next morning, and, on arriving at Ráwalpindi, learned the welcome news that they were to proceed at once to Delhi. On the 9th of June, after moving at the rate of twenty-seven miles a day for three weeks, they marched with a fine swinging stride into camp at Delhi, and three hours afterwards went into action with the mutineers. This march has always ranked among the foremost achievements of the war.[2]

March of the Guides for Delhi.

May 14.

May 18.

It is now time to trace the fortunes of General Barnard and his army, whom we left encamped before Delhi on the night of the battle of Badli-ki-Serai.

British position before Delhi.

Their camp was protected in front by a line of rocky ground, known as the Ridge, which extended from the Jumna on the left to the distance of about two miles, and looked down upon the northern and part of the western face of the city. The left

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 4-6, pars. 12-15; p. 20, pars. 60-1; p. 91, par. 24. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, p. 808.
[2] *P. M. R.*, pp. 59, 60, pars. 27-8; Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 327-8.

was comparatively secure; for the Jumna was unfordable, and its great width forbade any attempt to enfilade the British position with field-guns. At intervals along the Ridge stood four buildings, specially adapted for defence, the Flagstaff Tower, a mosque, an observatory, and, near the extreme right, a large mansion, called Hindu Ráo's house. At each of these Barnard established piquets. To the right rear of Hindu Ráo's house lay the suburb of Sabzi-Mandi, and beyond it again a cluster of villages, which, with it, promised excellent cover to the enemy in any attacks which they might make upon the camp. Moreover, the space between the city and the Ridge was overgrown by trees and shrubs, and covered with old mosques, tombs, and ruins, sheltered by which an attacking force might steal unperceived to within a few yards of the camp. Within this space were situated two buildings, the Metcalfe house and Ludlow castle, which seemed likely to become objects of contention between the opposing forces.

The city itself was surrounded by a wall, about seven miles in extent, and some twenty-four feet in height, strengthened by a number of bastions, and possessing ten massive gates. Around the wall ran a dry ditch, about twenty-five feet wide and rather less than twenty feet deep. The counterscarp and glacis were not such as to excite the admiration of the English engineers. Still, the fortifications, which had been recently repaired, were too strong to be battered down by such artillery as Barnard then had at his disposal; and the city was far too extensive to be invested by his little force. All that he could do was to watch the portion, little more than a seventh of the whole, that faced the Ridge. The enemy, therefore, were free to go in and out of the city as often as they pleased.[1]

Barnard's situation.

It will be evident from the above account that the British General had a hard task before him. Though his position was in itself commanding enough, its advantages were largely neutralised by the features of the surrounding country: his force was small compared with that of the mutineers; and he would have enough to do to prevent them from cutting off his communications with the Punjab, to which he had to look not only for reinforcements, but also for supplies.

[1] Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. p. 158; Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 389-90; Col. H. M. Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, pp. 24-5.

But he knew that his Government and his countrymen, ignorant or heedless of the difficulties which beset him, expected him to recapture Delhi without a moment's delay; he could not bear to encounter the reproaches which had been heaped upon his predecessor; and he therefore resolved, not with the calm resolution of the strong man, but with the desperation of the gambler, to try any enterprise that offered the remotest chance of success, though his reputation should be wrecked by failure. In this temper he lent a ready ear to a bold suggestion which was pressed upon him by a knot of ambitious subalterns under his command.

The proposed *coup-de-main.*

Amongst the younger officers was a clever lieutenant of Engineers, named Wilberforce Greathed. Feeling confident that the city could be taken by a *coup-de-main*, he argued his point so forcibly, that Barnard ordered him to draw up a detailed plan of attack in concert with two other Engineer officers and that Lieutenant Hodson whose daring ride from Karnál to Meerut, and from Meerut to Umballa, had brought him prominently into notice. The plan which they agreed upon was that, at half-past three on the morning of the 13th of June, two of the gates nearest to the Ridge should be blown open, and that, immediately after the explosion, two columns should enter the city, pass along the ramparts to right and left, take possession of the successive bastions with their guns, and finally communicate with a third, which was to advance to the palace.[1] Four sorties on four successive days had been repulsed; and Greathed insisted that the disheartened mutineers would be easily overcome. Barnard approved the scheme, and issued orders for its execution. But an accident prevented it from being even attempted. Brigadier Graves was field-officer of the day, and as such received an order to move off the Europeans on piquet, who were to form part of the attacking force. As, however, the order was not given in writing, and as he was unwilling to entrust the piquet duty to natives, he galloped to Barnard's tent for further instructions, and, telling him that, although it might be possible to take the city by surprise, it would be impossible to hold it with such a small force, then and there persuaded him to abandon the enterprise. The columns, which had already

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. i. p. 375; Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 526-7; Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 293-4.

advanced some distance, were therefore recalled. Hodson was naturally furious at the interference which had disappointed his hopes, and spoke of it as flat disobedience of orders;[1] but there can be no doubt that Graves was perfectly justified in availing himself of the informal character of the order which he had received to go and dissuade his chief from what he regarded as a hopeless venture.

Greathed, however, was not to be thus baffled. Two days later he presented to Barnard a revised plan of attack, to consider which a council of war was summoned for the 15th. The military officers were almost unanimous in asserting that it would be madness to make the attempt before the arrival of a reinforcement of at least a thousand men. On the other hand, Commissioner Greathed, who represented the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-Western Provinces, strongly urged that such a delay would encourage the disaffected, and weaken the confidence of the native allies of the British Government. The council broke up without coming to any decision, but reassembled on the following day. Brigadier Wilson and General Reed,[2] who had succeeded Anson as Provisional Commander-in-Chief, declared themselves strongly opposed to undertaking the assault even on the arrival of the first instalment of the expected reinforcements. The chief reasons which they gave were, that, as nearly the whole force would be required for the enterprise, the camp would necessarily be left exposed to attack; that, even if the assaulting columns should succeed in forcing their way into the city, they would run the risk of being destroyed by the superior numbers of the insurgents, who had shown that they could fight resolutely enough behind cover; and that, on political no less than on military grounds, it would be prudent to wait, inasmuch as by the adoption of such a course a large body of mutineers, who would otherwise be free to spread fire and sword through the surrounding country, would be kept inactive within the city. Influenced by these arguments, Barnard, who from the beginning had never known his own mind, abandoned the idea of the assault. A few days later, indeed, Wilberforce Greathed, pointing out that

June 14.

June 16.

[1] Hodson, pp. 204, 207-8.

[2] Ill-health prevented Reed from taking an active part in the work of the siege.

the mutineers would soon be strongly reinforced, and that, if Delhi were not speedily reduced, Agra would most probably be besieged, made a last attempt to obtain the adoption of his own views, but in vain.[1]

It is probable that, if the assault had been delivered, as originally intended, on the morning of the 13th, not only would the city have been taken, but it would have been held.[2] There were not more than seven thousand sepoys of all arms within the city; while Barnard's available infantry numbered two thousand.[3] There is good reason to believe that the latter would have been strong enough to overcome the resistance of the former;[4] and it is certain that, from the bulk of the citizens, they would have met with no resistance at all. Moreover, audacity counts for so much in Indian warfare that, even if they had been too weak in themselves, the awe inspired by the suddenness and swiftness of their attack might have given them the victory. On the other hand, though we may believe, we cannot be sure that they would have succeeded; and, if they had failed, the results would have been calamitous.

The more important question, whether the early recapture of Delhi would have been politically useful, may be answered decidedly in the affirmative. The great argument of those who

[1] Kaye (vol. ii. pp. 533-7, 539-40) gives long extracts from the memoranda which the officers laid before the council.

[2] Hodson, p. 214. Greathed's *Letters written during the Siege of Delhi*, p. 110. See also a letter written by Baird Smith to a friend, and published in the *Times* of May 11, 1858, p. 6, cols. 2, 3.

[3] Hodson, p. 239, and note. Hodson was chief of the Intelligence Department. Innes (*Sepoy Revolt*, p. 107) estimates the number of the sepoys at 8000. The entire British force comprised 2400 infantry and 600 cavalry, besides the Guides (six companies of infantry and three of cavalry). A note by Commissioner Barnes to a statement prepared by Hodson's spy, Rajab Ali (Aug. 14, 1857), says "in round numbers the mutineers may be estimated at 4000 Cavalry and 12,000 Infantry. The rest, say 1000 Cavalry and 3000 Infantry, are undisciplined levies of no account whatever." *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 128. Henry Norman, on the other hand, says that the mutineers numbered, at that time, 30,000. When the assault was actually delivered, the strength of the assaulting columns and the reserve was 5160. Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 371-2, 449.

[4] As the numerical discrepancy between the contending forces was as great when the city was at last taken, it is fair to assume that the columns intended for the assault of the 12th of June would have succeeded at least as well as those which made the actual assault on the 14th of September. ["Our troops," wrote Wilberforce Greathed, "were in splendid fettle, the enemy dispirited by four heavy repulses in five days."—*A Memorial of the Life and Services of Maj.-Gen. W. W. H. Greathed, C.B.*, p. 23, by Sir H. Yule.]

opposed the assault was, that its success would have allowed the mutineers to disperse, and raise disturbances in the surrounding country. Even if this had been the case, however, the expected reinforcements would have been available to destroy them. Moreover, any temporary mischief that might have ensued would have been more than counterbalanced. The timely reconquest of the imperial city, by affording an undeniable proof of the enduring vitality of the British power, would have at once removed the strain upon the Punjab, might have at once extinguished the fire of insurrection throughout the North-Western Provinces, and would at least have set free, to tread out any embers that might have still continued to smoulder, a host of British soldiers, who were destined to perish fruitlessly in a long series of tedious combats on the Ridge.

Meanwhile the enemy were taking full advantage of the respite which their opponents had afforded them. On the 12th they made an attack on the camp both in front and rear, but were beaten back, and pursued up to the walls of the city; while the Metcalfe house was wrested from them, strengthened by a piquet, and placed in communication with the post at the Flagstaff Tower. The result was that it became impossible for them to turn the left of the British defences. Notwithstanding this failure, they made three several attempts to capture Hindu Ráo's house, the importance of which they fully appreciated, but were uniformly repulsed. On the 17th the British assumed the offensive, and succeeded in destroying a battery which their opponents were erecting with the object of enfilading the Ridge. Two days later the enemy made another attack on the rear, but were again defeated.

Encounters with the enemy.

June 12, 13, 15.

June 19.

After this week of fighting they rested awhile, but only to prepare themselves for a greater effort. The Centenary of Plassey was approaching; and their priests and astrologers bade them be of good courage, for on that day the empire of the Feringhees was fated to be overthrown. Relying on these assurances, and fortified, like the besiegers of Arcot, by copious draughts of bhang, they marched out of the Lahore gate at daybreak, and passed the British right, intending to attack the camp in rear; but, finding that the bridges over the Najafgarh Canal had been destroyed, they

June 23.

were forced to return to the Sabzi-Mandi. There a desperate struggle was maintained. About noon a determined attempt was made, supported by the heavy guns thundering from the city and the suburbs, to capture Hindu Ráo's house; and, though the 60th Rifles, the Gurkhas, and the Guides offered a noble resistance, Major Reid, who commanded the post, was barely able to hold his ground until reinforcements arrived. Then the tide began to turn; and the enemy, again and again repulsed, fell back at sunset on the city, having lost over three hundred men.[1] A permanent result of the day's fighting was the capture of a building in the Sabzi-Mandi called the Sammy house, which was thenceforward garrisoned by a body of Europeans, and connected by a line of breastworks with Hindu Ráo's house. This success, following the destruction of the bridges over the Najafgarh Canal, made it impossible for the rebels to attack the rear of the camp without undertaking a long circuit.[2]

The prospects of the besiegers were now beginning to brighten. Reinforcements had just arrived; and more were to follow soon. On the day after the Centenary of Plassey, Neville Chamberlain, who had handed over the command of the Punjab Moveable Column to Nicholson, came to assume the office of Adjutant-General. The more eager and daring spirits rejoiced at the coming of one who, they had good reason to hope, would breathe a more fervent spirit into the counsels which directed them. "He ought," wrote Hodson exultingly, "to be worth a thousand men to us."[3] Another arrival, too, was hopefully awaited. The Chief Engineer was no longer fit for duty; and Colonel Baird Smith, who presided over the great engineering college at Roorkee, was summoned to take his place. Rapidly organising a body of pioneers, and collecting a supply of engineering tools and stores, he travelled down as fast as horses and elephants could carry him, stimulated to greater speed by a message which reached him on his way, telling that Delhi was at last to be assaulted. But his haste was all in vain. On his arrival he found that Barnard

Arrival of Neville Chamberlain and Baird Smith.

July 2.

July 3.

[1] Reid's *Letters and Notes*, quoted by Kaye, vol. ii. p. 555, note.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. i. pp. 351-2; H. Norman's *Narrative of the Campaign of the Delhi Army*, p. 18; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 120-2; Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 174.

[3] Hodson, p. 216.

had postponed the intended enterprise, in the belief that he was himself to be attacked in great force on the very morning of the appointed day. The enemy had just been reinforced by the mutinous regiments from Rohilkhand; and though, as it turned out, they did not carry out the threat which had alarmed Barnard, they made an expedition on the evening of the same day to Alipur, intending to intercept some British convoys.

The British communications endangered.

They failed, indeed, in their object; but the mere fact of their being able to make the attempt showed the besiegers the danger to which their communications with the Punjab were exposed. If there had been an able general in Delhi, he would have seen from the first that his true policy was to cut that all-important line, and would have kept a strong column in the field till the work should have been done. But Baird Smith had gauged the capacity of his opponents; and he saw that a few days' labour would make the position secure. The engineers, therefore, set to work under his orders, and succeeded in destroying a number of bridges over the Western Jumna Canal, and two over the Najafgarh jheel; but one over the latter, and the bridge of boats over the Jumna, by which the rebel reinforcements, as they arrived, were enabled to make their way into the city, resisted every effort for their destruction.[1]

Disappointments of Barnard.

The British reinforcements had not come a moment before they were needed; for, though the enemy had failed in every object which they had undertaken, Barnard had as certainly failed to make the slightest visible impression upon the city. He could not help seeing that he was in reality not besieging, but besieged. His artillery park was so ill supplied that it was actually necessary to buy from camp-followers the shot, fired from the enemy's batteries, which they had picked up on the field. He had not been able to silence one of the hostile guns. If the enemy were inferior to his troops in close fighting, their artillery practice was superior; their guns outnumbered his by four to one; their stores of ammunition were virtually inexhaustible; and they too had been reinforced, and reinforced in far greater strength than their opponents.[2] Barnard's victories, while yield-

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 14; Norman, p. 22; Hodson, p. 261; Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, pp. 8-9, 30.

[2] Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 178; Vibart, p. 32. It was the deliberate opinion of

ing no decisive result, had been dearly bought. From the 30th of May to the 30th of June, the Rifles alone had lost a hundred and sixty-five men, killed, wounded, and destroyed by disease.[1]

How bitterly conscious Barnard was of his own failure, is evident from the eagerness with which he endeavoured to make his Government and his own friends appreciate his difficulties. And those difficulties were indeed so great that it is doubtful whether any general could have surmounted them. But Barnard must also have felt that he had lost the confidence of those who served under him. The cause was not simply that he had failed. Soldiers seldom ask themselves why they trust one leader, why they distrust another. But up to a certain point they are as infallible judges of the qualities of their commander as schoolboys are of the qualities of their master. The explanation of the distrust with which Barnard was regarded is simply that he distrusted himself, and therefore allowed himself to be swayed hither and thither by mutually antagonistic advisers.[2]

His character.

But, if he had failed to inspire men with confidence in his powers as a general, he inspired them with something akin to love for himself as a man. In the midst of all his labours, his troubles, and his anxieties, he remained the perfect gentleman, the courteous, open-handed host, the thoughtful, tender friend. Hodson has feelingly related how one night, when he chanced to awake, he found the kind old man standing at his bedside, carefully covering him up from the draught.[3] He let the humblest of his soldiers

John Lawrence that Delhi would have been in our possession early in July but for the material aid and, much more, the moral stimulus given to the mutineers by the reinforcements from Jullundur and Bareilly, which only the imbecility of Johnstone and Hewitt allowed to arrive. "General Hewitt," he wrote, "might well have spared at least half the 1400 men under his command; such a body under an enterprising and efficient officer would have prevented the mutineers from ever crossing the Ganges." *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, August 1857, pp. 804-6, 809; Dunlop's *Service and Adventure with the Khakee Ressalah*, pp. 53-4. [See Baird Smith's letter published in the *Times* of May 11, 1858, giving reasons for believing that an assault early in July would have succeeded.]

[1] Rotton, p. 108.

[2] Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 186. An engineer officer writing to the *Times*, Sept. 1, 1857, p. 8, col. 6, from Delhi, says: "The great want in this (an action fought on June 28), as in all our actions, was the want of a head; officers lead on their parties without any method or arrangement."

[3] Hodson, p. 207.

know that he felt for their sufferings, and took a pride in their valour and endurance. While he thus endeared himself to all, he won their respect by his conscientious performance of duty. His anxiety and his failing nerves would not suffer him to sleep; and therefore, while life remained to him, he worked on day and night alike. The coming of Baird Smith cheered him: but his end was even then approaching; for on the 5th of July he was struck down by cholera, and before night he died.

His death.

The vexed question of assault was now reopened. Baird Smith, finding that it was as yet impossible to undertake a regular siege, on account of the paucity of guns and the insufficiency of ammunition, submitted a plan of attack to Reed, who had succeeded Barnard. Valuable time, however, was lost in considering the plan; and after a week's delay Reed was persuaded to reject it. Meanwhile the British had suffered heavy loss; and a day or two later Baird Smith himself acknowledged that the time for an assault had gone by.[1] On the 17th, Reed, who had been in wretched health since the beginning of the siege, made over the command to Wilson.

The question of assault reopened.

The new chief was a good officer in his own branch of the service, and could boast that he had already won two battles over the mutineers; but neither in heart nor in head was he strong enough to sustain a burden under which his two predecessors had succumbed within six weeks. Great men of action have suffered from sensitive nerves more often than the world suspects; but they have become great by learning to hold their nerve force under control. This, however, was precisely what Wilson had not learned to do. He allowed himself to be irritated by trifles, not only out of his equanimity, but also out of his urbanity. Yet it is certain that many expected great results from his appointment. Hardly, however, had he succeeded to the command before he began to think of retiring from Delhi altogether. The thought did not, indeed, originate with him. Even Hervey Greathed had suggested that the army would be better employed in restoring order in other parts of the country than in fighting battles that led to no result. Baird Smith, however, represent-

Wilson.

[1] *Times*, May 11, 1858, p. 6, col. 2; Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, pp. 95 98, 102.

ing that to retreat would be to abandon communication with the Punjab, and to withdraw the protection which the army in its present position afforded to that province, entreated Wilson to remain. Wilson was sagacious enough to see the force of these arguments, and wrote to John Lawrence, declaring his resolve to stand his ground to the last, and begging for reinforcements.

July 18.

The most trying period of the so-called siege had now been reached. The rains had set in; and men wetted to the skin often found, on coming off duty, that their tents were water-logged. Swarms of flies tormented the wounded as they lay in hospital, and crawled over the meat on the mess-tables. Owing perhaps to abundant food and water, the rate of mortality was indeed far below that recorded in Havelock's campaign; but still there was quite enough sickness to impair seriously the fighting strength of the force. Wilson's army was of the finest mettle: but the best troops would deteriorate after fighting, on an average, three battles a week for six weeks without making any apparent progress towards their object; and it was clear that the men were losing their discipline. Wilson's best title to praise is that he set himself resolutely to remedy this state of things. He insisted on the men wearing their uniforms instead of turning out in their shirt-sleeves, as they had fallen into the habit of doing; he organised a regular system of reliefs in order to give them the greatest possible amount of rest; and above all he expressed his resolve to protect the camp-followers, whom, in their unthinking hatred of the coloured races, they had treated with insolent cruelty.[1]

Deeds and sufferings of the army.

Meanwhile the fighting on the Ridge had been maintained almost without a pause. From every part of the country, from Jhánsi, from Rájputána, from the Punjab, from Central India, and from the North-Western Provinces, the mutineers had been and were still streaming in their thousands into Delhi; and it was the custom that each instalment of the reinforcements should go forth soon after its arrival, and prove its title to share in the honours of the garrison by attacking the

[1] Hodson, pp. 227, 282; Greathed, pp. 115, 165; Turnbull's *Letters written during the Siege of Delhi*, p. 14; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 33; Rotton, pp. 153, 155-6; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 119, 165-6, 175, 195-6, 231-2; Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 195, 198.

besiegers. Thus attacks were persistently made on the right and on the rear; while cannon thundered from the walls and from the enemy's batteries; and the crack of musketry continually re-echoed among the houses of the suburbs. It would need an epic to tell of the deeds of valour and of self-sacrifice that were performed, here and there on the side of the mutineers, everywhere on the side of the British. If hope long deferred was beginning to tell on the discipline of the latter, it could not weaken their spirit. In six weeks they had fought more than twenty battles.[1] The sound of the alarm became familiar to those who had never heard it in previous campaigns.[2] At any hour of the day or night the warning note might be heard; and then, as the enemy's masses came swarming to the attack, officers were to be seen hurrying to their tents to buckle on their arms, horse-artillery galloping to the front, foot-soldiers of divers complexions, and wearing divers uniforms, pressing forward to defend the threatened point. At Hindu Ráo's house, Reid held his own as stubbornly as ever with a handful of riflemen and his regiment of war-loving Gurkhas; for he knew that if his post were captured, the camp would be exposed to the enemy's fire, and the Ridge itself become untenable.[3] On the left and rear Hodson kept watch with an eye which nothing could escape, and, at whatever point the battle might be raging, was sure to appear in moments of difficulty, and restore the fortunes of the day by swift counsel or strong succour.[4] And there were many other nameless heroes who, each in his own sphere, contributed to make ultimate success certain. Towards the end of July, it was plain that invariable defeat was breaking down the confidence of the enemy.[5] While their attacks became less spirited, the British added, foot by foot, to the ground which they held, until the Sabzi-Mandi was completely in their power. It is true that on the 1st of August, the day of the great festival of the Bakra Eed, Mahomedans and Hindus were stimulated by their priests to join in a desperate onslaught upon the right: but the British, screened by their

June 8-July 18.

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Sept. 1857, p. 28.

[2] Greathed, p. 142; Turnbull, pp. 14-15; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 94-5.

[3] See letter in Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 672-3.

[4] Greathed, p. 122.

[5] Hodson, pp. 242, 248.

breastworks, received the fanatics with a steady fire; and the expiring effort was succeeded by a general lull.[1]

But when would the great object be attained? When would Delhi itself fall? We can only imagine from a word let fall here and there the bitterness of delay which all, from the General down to the meanest private, must have tasted in those days. "I confess," wrote one whose heart never failed him, "I confess sometimes it requires all one's trust in the God of battles, and all the comforting and sustaining words of those nearest and dearest to us, to bear up boldly and bravely through these weary days."[2] But utterances like these were simply expressions of a longing for the sympathy of some loving heart by men who would have scorned to utter a word of complaint to others. In the darkest days a tone not only of cheerfulness, but of gaiety pervaded the camp. In the mess-tents, however rude the table might be, however homely the fare, talk flowed as freely, jests were bandied as merrily as ever. Off duty, officers and men kept up their spirits by riding pony-races, or playing cricket or quoits. There was a marvellous sympathy and good-fellowship among all ranks. The gallantry of the Gurkhas and the Guides had made them special favourites with their white comrades; and sometimes a British private and a frontier-man might be seen sitting side by side, each puffing gravely at his pipe, and talking in his own dialect, without understanding a word of what his companion said. Wounded officers were carried out on their couches in the evening to enjoy the air, and listen to the music of the bands. Nor were the men in hospital forgotten. They knew that they might reckon upon their comrades coming round in leisure moments, to smoke a pipe with them, and chat over the events of the day. The spirit of the sufferers was admirable. One man, who had only a few hours to live, cheerily told an officer that he knew he would soon be up again, and ready for another brush with the mutineers. There was indeed a darker side to the picture. Thoughtless lads were heard to say that every Poorbeah in camp ought to be put to death: ignorant soldiers too often repaid the camp-followers, without whose services, given at the risk of their lives, they could not have existed for

[1] Norman's Narrative (Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 457-60); Vibart, pp. 103, 109.

[2] Hodson, pp. 263-4.

a day, with brutal words and savage blows; and few of their officers cared or ventured to restrain them, even if they did not set them the example. But, while no good man would think of defending such things, no thoughtful man, remembering the circumstances of the time, would be extreme to condemn them.[1]

State of affairs inside Delhi.

Meanwhile the people of Delhi had had ample opportunities for reflecting upon the comparative advantages of British and of Mogul rule. One of the King's sons, the Shahzada, Mirza Mughal, had been appointed Commander-in-Chief. His troops, though not so unmanageable as might have been expected, were perpetually squabbling with their officers, and had to be coaxed into the performance of their duty. As time passed, and they failed to dislodge their opponents, numbers of them deserted. Those who remained became daily less submissive to discipline, and more regardless of civil authority. Swaggering into the bazaars, they plundered the shops, and bragged of imaginary exploits to unarmed listeners, who, for their lives, dared not contradict them. The King was besieged by petitions from respectable citizens, complaining that the sepoys burst into their houses, and debauched their wives and daughters; but he was powerless to punish the offenders, or to grant redress to the sufferers. "Repeated injunctions," he wrote, "have been issued prohibiting plunder and aggression in the city, but all to no purpose." The rapacity of the sepoys indeed was not without excuse; for the poverty of the King was such that they could hardly get any pay. Nay, while rebuking them for plundering, he was himself driven to extort loans from the unhappy merchants. At last a clever subahdár of artillery, named Bakht Khan, arrived with the Bareilly brigade, and, favoured by the King, who was nettled by the haughty and overbearing demeanour of Mirza Mughal, took command of the army. But even Bakht Khan, though he did his best to restrain the licentious soldiery, could effect little without support. Moreover, Mirza Mughal could ill brook the deprivation of his command; and the sepoys clamoured for the dismissal of the subahdár. It was finally arranged that the army

[1] Medley, pp. 68-9; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 194; Hodson, p. 213. It is only fair to say that the bheesties were well treated. Medley, p. 93.

should be divided into three brigades, of which Bakht Khan should command one, and Mirza Mughal another. The quarrels of the rival chiefs were imitated by their inferiors. The cavalry were split up into numerous factions. Hindu sepoys reproached Mahomedans for having deceived them by false alarms about religion, and declared that if only they could be sure that their lives would be spared, they would gladly go back to their old officers. Mahomedans insisted on their right to slaughter kine, and fought with Hindus in the streets; while all who had anything to lose cursed the sepoys, and mourned over the downfall of the British Ráj.

The King, though he felt that he was impotent to exert the powers of sovereignty, tried feebly to support its external dignity. From time to time he took his seat upon the throne, and held durbars in the hall wherein his dread ancestors had given audience. A few weeks before, the highest English officials had been accustomed to dismount at the entrance of the passage leading to the hall, and to salute him, as they entered, with all the respect due to the representative of an ancient dynasty; but now sepoy officers galloped up to the very door, and, striding in with their swords clanking, sat down on the cushions, side by side with chiefs and courtiers, and insulted him to his face. On one occasion some hundreds of hungry sepoys rushed into the hall, and, thronging round him, demanded that he should imprison his sons, who had embezzled their pay, and swore that, if their pay were not given to them, they would murder him and his family. In the surrounding districts, as in the city, his authority was despised. The mutineers were strong enough to have detached parties to awe the population into obedience; but, if any of their commanders had the wit to perceive the necessity of such a step, the spirit of dissension was too strong to admit of its execution. The King tried to find solace for the miseries of his lot by describing them in doggerel verse: "The army surrounds me," he complained, "I have no peace nor quiet; my life alone remains, and that they will soon destroy." At last, in his misery, he declared that he would abdicate, and seek consolation in a religious life. "Wearied and helpless," he wrote, "we have now resolved on making a vow to pass the remainder of our days in service acceptable to God, and relinquishing the title of sovereign, fraught with cares and troubles, and in our present

griefs and sorrows assuming the garb of a religious mendicant, to proceed first and stay at the shrine of the saint Khwaja Sahib, and, after making necessary arrangements for the journey, to go eventually to Mecca."

But the restless intriguers who surrounded him still hoped to retrieve their lost cause. Emissaries were despatched to gain over native princes. Eloquent moulvis flocked from all parts into the city, and, from the pulpits of the mosques, preached a war of extermination against the infidels. It was announced that the Agra fort had been captured by the Neemuch brigade; and a salute of twenty-one guns celebrated the imaginary exploit. The disheartened sepoys were told that help would soon reach them; and on the 11th of August Mirza Mughal, as though to give additional force to these assurances, issued a magniloquent order, in which he boasted that, "in three or four days hence, please God, the whole Ridge will be taken, when every one of the base unbelievers will be humbled and ruined, and will be sent to hell."[1]

The Peshawar *versus* Delhi controversy.

Long before this period had been reached, a controversy of historical interest, relating to the siege, had arisen in the Punjab. So early as the 27th of May, Edwardes, who looked with a longing eye upon the goodly reinforcements which his chief was preparing to despatch against Delhi, begged him to divert a portion of them for the relief of Peshawar. "You know," he pleaded, "on what a nest of devils we stand. Once let us take our foot up, and we shall be stung to death." But Lawrence had more fear of the devils in Hindustan. Delhi was lost. Within its walls were gathered together the arch-traitors, the ringleaders in mutiny. It was the focus of rebellion, the vital point upon the recovery of which was staked the honour, nay the very existence of the empire. He might have said, in the spirit of Queen Mary, "If I were to die now, the word 'Delhi' would be found engraven upon my heart." His voice had been the loudest to urge its recovery. He must bend all his strength to support those who were marching against it, in obedience to

[1] Cooper, pp. 196-211; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 37; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 137-48; *Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi*, pp. 115, 118, 120, 124, 165, 168, 217, 219, 237-8, 278-9; Syad Ahmad Khan's *The Causes of the Indian Revolt*, p. 53; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, pp. 180, 186.

him. When, therefore, he saw that its recovery might be a question of time, he was only the more firmly resolved to continue his support. On the 9th of June he wrote to tell Edwardes that, if the besiegers should be in danger of failing for want of reinforcements, he thought of sending the European troops in the Peshawar valley to help them, and asking Dost Mahomed to occupy the valley with his troops, on the understanding that, if he proved a faithful ally, it should be ceded to him in perpetuity. "Peshawar," he said, "would accomplish his heart's desire, and would do more to make the Afgháns friendly to us than anything else which we could do." "One thing," he added, "appears to be certain, which is, that if disaster occurs at Delhi, all the native regulars, and some of the irregulars (perhaps many), will abandon us."

Edwardes was amazed at the proposal; and Nicholson and Cotton shared his feelings. He knew indeed the importance of Delhi; but his own station was all in all to him. He spoke of it as the anchor of the Punjab, the removal of which would allow the whole ship to drift to sea. June 11. He ridiculed the idea that Dost Mahomed would show himself grateful for the cession. Rather "he would assume our day to be gone in India, and follow after us as an enemy." "Europeans cannot retreat," he urged; "Caubul would come again."

Lawrence treated these arguments with the respect which the experience of their author demanded; but he was not convinced by them. "There was no one thing," he wrote to his lieutenant, "which tended so much to June 22. the ruin of Napoleon in 1814 as the tenacity with which, after the disasters at Leipsic, he clung to the line of the Elbe, instead of falling back at once to that of the Rhine."[1] A few days later he sent a telegram, announcing the march of the Bareilly mutineers for Delhi, and June 25. implying his resolve to give effect to the Peshawar arrangements if the prospects of the besiegers should become worse. Then Cotton and Edwardes sat down to address a last remonstrance to their chief. Cotton urged that the abandonment of Peshawar would cause the border tribes, the Punjabi Irregulars, the Sikhs, and all who had hitherto remained faithful, to turn

[1] It is hardly necessary to point out Lawrence's blunder. Napoleon had abandoned the line of the Elbe before the battle of Leipzig.

upon us, as, however plausibly we might explain it, their keen instincts would seize upon it as a proof of weakness.

June 26. Edwardes's letter was much more than a remonstrance. It reads like the passionate outburst of a man who, in his eagerness, feels that he is pleading, as it were, face to face with one bent upon rushing to his own destruction. The Punjab would be sacrificed by giving up Peshawar. "If General Reed," he insisted, "cannot take Delhi with eight thousand men, he will not take it with nine thousand or ten thousand. . . . Make a stand! 'Anchor, Hardy, anchor!' . . . If you hold the Punjab, you will facilitate the reconquest of India from the seaboard. . . . Whatever takes place in Central India, we shall stand in a firm and honourable attitude if we maintain the capitals on the sea, and the frontiers here. *Between the two it is all a family quarrel, an insurrection in our own house.* Make sure of one practicable policy. If General Reed, with all the men you have sent him, cannot get into Delhi, *let Delhi go.*"[1] So strongly convinced, indeed, was he of the truth of his opinions, that he wrote privately to Lawrence, begging him not to order him to abandon Peshawar, as, rather than obey such an order, he would feel bound by conscience to resign his post, and explain to Government his reasons for doing so.[2]

Before this letter was written, the Chief Commissioner, like the sensible, cool-headed statesman that he was,

June 10. had asked the Governor-General to decide between him and his lieutenant. He had requested that an answer might be sent to him in one of two forms: "Hold on to Peshawur to the last," or "You may act as may appear expedient regarding Peshawur." On the 24th of July he wrote again, as though to win over the Governor-General to his own view, "*The Punjab will prove short work to the mutineers when the Delhi army is destroyed.*"[3] But, before the

July 15. Governor-General received this letter, he had decided in favour of Edwardes.

The wisdom of this decision is beyond all doubt. Lawrence agreed with Edwardes in thinking that it was more important

[1] The italics are mine. Edwardes thought that Reed, if he could not take Delhi, should "fall back on the Sutlej, leaving the North-West Provinces to be recovered when they could be." MS. correspondence.

[2] *Ib.*

[3] The italics are mine.

to hold the Punjab than even to prosecute the siege of Delhi.[1] The question, then, is narrowed to this,—would the abandonment of Peshawar have involved the loss of the Punjab? Even if our knowledge of Asiatic character and Anglo-Indian history did not incline us to accept Edwardes's view of the results that would have followed the abandonment of Peshawar, the correctness of that view would be rendered probable by the fact that a mere rumour that the Trans-Indus was to be ceded to Dost Mahomed caused the greatest uneasiness and distress to the staunchest supporters of the Government.[2] The Afgháns were longing to invade the Punjab; and, if Dost Mahomed had not appreciated the solid advantages which he derived from his treaty, if he had not felt a wholesome respect for the resolute bearing of Edwardes, Nicholson, and Cotton, he would doubtless have undertaken an invasion. It is absurd to suppose that he or his subjects would have regarded the cession of Peshawar as anything but a sign of weakness; and, if they had remained content with the cession, if they had not taken advantage of our embarrassment to clutch at so splendid a prize as the Punjab, they would hardly have been human beings, they would certainly not have been Asiatics. It is as certain, then, as any conjecture can be, that, if the cession had taken place, the Punjab would have gone.[3] On the other hand, the fact that the mere delay in reducing Delhi caused the most dangerous symptoms to appear in the Punjab, proves how disastrous the abandonment of the siege must have been.[4]

To sum up, perhaps the weightiest words in the whole con-

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 145.

[2] *P. M. R.*, pp. 76-7, par. 126.

[3] "If," wrote Canning, in his letter of July 15 (Sir H. S. Cunningham's *Earl Canning*, pp. 122-4), "we were now to abandon territory, no matter how distant, it would be impossible that faith in the permanency of our rule should not be shaken. The encouragement to join the league against us would be irresistible."

[4] Lawrence thought that, if any disaster occurred at Delhi, it would be impossible to hold both Peshawar and the other important points in the Punjab. Edwardes, however, wrote, "We thought, whatever dangers occurred at Delhi, the Punjâb could be held till troops can come from England, by our holding two points in strength, Peshaure and the Mânjha about Lahore and Umritzir: and we recommended John Lawrence to stand or fall at these places, dismissing the idea of retreat." MS. correspondence. Mr. Bosworth Smith admits that, if Lawrence had resolved to abandon the siege, he could have ridden out the storm in the Punjab. *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 141-2.

troversy were those in which Edwardes counselled the maintenance, at any cost, of the frontier and the capitals on the sea, because "between the two it is a family quarrel." If it had been necessary either to abandon Peshawar, or to abandon temporarily the siege of Delhi, it would have been wiser to choose the latter alternative. The choice, however, would have lain between two great, though unequal, evils. It is fortunate indeed that such a choice never became necessary.[1]

State of the Punjab.

Meanwhile, although the Punjab was officially reported quiet, the authorities knew that they were, so to speak, standing upon a mine. Seven infantry and two cavalry regiments of armed natives were still scattered over the country.[2] Two of these, the 58th at Ráwalpindi and the 14th at Jhelum, were known to be ripening so fast for mutiny, that the Chief Commissioner resolved to disarm them. He laid his plans with consummate skill. The Jhelum regiment was to be surprised by a force from Ráwalpindi. Moreover, the two regiments were to be disarmed on the same day, lest either should hear of the fate of the other and thus gain time to prepare for resistance. The

[1] Mr. Bosworth Smith, in his elaborate vindication of Lawrence's proposed policy, makes the following remark,—"That he was prepared calmly to face the outcry which such a proposal would create . . . *shows that he regarded the struggle with the eye of a statesman as well as a soldier, that he embraced its imperial as well as its local aspects.*" It shows nothing of the sort. To say that, because a man is prepared to face an outcry against a measure, the measure must necessarily be statesmanlike, is as much as to say that moral courage and statesmanship are identical.

I must also protest against the injustice which Mr. Bosworth Smith does to the memory of Edwardes in asserting that he regarded the struggle from a provincial point of view, while Lawrence embraced its imperial aspects. How does Mr. Bosworth Smith interpret these words of Edwardes,—"Not that I would say secure your own province if the Empire required its sacrifice. We would sacrifice any other province without a pang or a doubt, but the Empire's reconquest depends on the Punjab." The fact is, and Mr. Bosworth Smith might have been generous enough to admit it, that each disputant was actuated by imperial motives. The italics are mine. [At the end of the first week in July, Baird Smith described the British position before Delhi as perfectly safe (Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, p. 95); and there can be no doubt that after this time Lawrence was unduly nervous. General Innes, I am glad to find, supports my view, that Edwardes was in the right. See his *Sepoy Revolt*, p. 106.]

[2] Exclusive of two regiments at Peshawar and one at the frontier station of Dera Ismail Khan. See *P. M. R.*, pp. 11-12, pars. 28-32; and Cavé-Browne, vol. ii. p. 48.

plan, however, was marred in the execution. Nicholson indeed took up a commanding position at Amritsar, from which he could overawe the Mánjha, and advance to the relief of any point that might be threatened. But the attempt to surprise Jhelum failed. The sepoys were therefore on their guard, and, though expelled from their lines, succeeded in gaining a village from which their assailants, overcome by the heat, and staggering under the effects of drink, failed to dislodge them. Next morning, when the attack was about to be renewed, it was found that the sepoys had disappeared. Almost all were eventually either slain, or captured and executed; but their momentary triumph was noised abroad. The native garrison at Siálkot, who unfortunately had not been disarmed, hearing that a British regiment had been beaten, flung off control, and, after a day of murder, pillage, incendiarism, and wanton destruction, made off towards the river Rávi, on their way to Delhi.[1]

July 5.

July 7.

Jhelum and Siálkot.

July 8.

July 9.

At eleven o'clock that night a messenger from Siálkot came into Lahore, and informed Robert Montgomery of the disaster. Before midnight he had despatched orders for the disarming of the troops at Ferozepore, Kángra, and Nurpur, and sent a messenger by express mail-cart to warn Nicholson of the work which lay before him.[2]

Measures of Montgomery.

The great Brigadier had already done enough to silence the murmurs of the little-minded men who could not endure to see a young man, a mere regimental captain, put above themselves. Directly after assuming command of the Moveable Column, he had disarmed, at Phillaur, two of the regiments that composed it, the 33rd and 35th Native Infantry; on hearing at Amritsar of the outbreak at Jhelum, he had disarmed the 59th; and now, on receiving Montgomery's express, he disarmed a body of cavalry belonging to one of the Siálkot regiments. His remaining force consisted of the 52nd regiment, which had never been under

Nicholson in command of the Moveable Column.

June 25.

July 8.

July 10.

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 49; Cotton, p. 198; *P. M. R.*, p. 42, pars. 77-8, pp. 44-5, par. 88.

[2] *Ib.* p. 36, par. 54; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 70.

The British artillery opened the battle. After they had fired a few rounds, the infantry sprang to their feet, and, with Nicholson at their head, advanced through a shower of grape and musketry, holding back their own fire till they were within twenty yards of the enemy. Then, with a loud cheer, they fired a volley, charged, captured the guns, and, after a short sharp struggle, drove the mutineers out of the serai. Changing front to the left, they swept down the line and turned the guns between the serai and the canal; while the enemy ran before them, and fled, hunted by our artillery, over the bridge, leaving all their guns upon the field. Meanwhile the 1st Punjab Infantry had won the town of Najafgarh. A few of the enemy, however, were found to be still lurking in a little village on our right rear. The Punjabis were therefore sent to expel them: but the rebels, seeing their retreat cut off, fought desperately; and the village was not carried till reinforcements were sent down.[1]

The conquerors were obliged to bivouac upon the wet field without food or covering; for it would have been dangerous to attempt to bring the baggage across the ford.

Aug. 26.

Next day they returned to the Ridge.[2]

On the 4th of September the siege-train arrived. The excitement among all ranks now became intense. Delhi must be taken within a few days at latest, if only their General willed it. But some uneasily suspected that he would even now hold back if he dared. Anxiety had broken down his health; and his nerves trembled as he thought of the magnitude of his task and the probability of failure. The truth was that he had written a few days before to Baird Smith, explaining why it had been impossible to attempt an assault earlier, and saying that, though he intended to begin more active operations on the arrival of the siege-train, he could not hope to succeed until he was reinforced by the army from below. Baird Smith had insisted in reply that to deliver the assault as soon as possible would be the most prudent course, as the enemy would otherwise have time to learn our intentions, and strengthen their defences.

Aug. 20.

When shall the assault be delivered?

[1] "Indeed," says Sir H. Norman (Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 464), 'more properly speaking, it was not taken, but was evacuated by the enemy during the night."

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 150-2, and pp. 332-4 (Nicholson's report).

Then Wilson had yielded, confessing that, though his belief as to the improbability of success was unshaken, he could suggest no way out of the difficulty. He had thus virtually thrown the responsibility of the siege upon Baird Smith. What wonder then that indignation should have burst forth against him? What wonder that Nicholson should have written to Lawrence, "Had Wilson carried out his threat of withdrawing the guns, I was quite prepared to appeal to the army to set him aside, and elect a successor."[1]

Sept. 11.

There was no longer, however, any danger of Wilson's postponing the assault. He might argue and expostulate and conjure up alarms: but Baird Smith was determined that he should not go back from his word. Baird Smith was as ill as Wilson. He was suffering intense pain from a neglected wound, and was so enfeebled by chronic diarrhœa that he could only keep himself fit for work by taking brandy and opium: but his strong, calm, buoyant nature triumphed over physical prostration. He had established an ascendency over his chief; and his chief knew it. He pestered Baird Smith with letters, opposed his plans, at last refused to communicate with him except through the staff: but he leaned upon his support. On the 7th he issued an address to the troops, which Baird Smith was believed to have written for him. He warned them that the hardest part of their task was now about to begin, but assured them that, if they maintained their discipline, they could not fail to succeed, and bade them spare women and children, but give no quarter to mutineers.[2] About the same time the last reinforcements arrived.

Wilson's address to the army.

Sept. 6 and 8.

It was fortunate for the British that this increase of strength was not counterbalanced. The mutineers were still about twice as numerous as their opponents, of whom little more than a third were European troops; and, if an able leader had arisen, who could have made himself obeyed, their superiority might have been greatly increased. But the mutineers throughout India were acting in groups, without concert or definite aim; and forces which might, for a time, have turned the scale, were wasting

Failure of the mutineers to concentrate in sufficient strength upon Delhi.

[1] Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 213-16; *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. p. 112; Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, pp. 49-54.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 75, 128-9, 135-7, 149.

their strength between the Jumna and the Nerbudda and on the east of Oudh.

The siege.

Meanwhile the engineers, directed by Baird Smith, and immediately supervised by Captain Alexander Taylor, an officer of rare ability and inexhaustible energy,[1] were hard at work. The same causes indeed which had originally made it impossible to invest the city, forbade them to follow the prescribed routine of siege operations. All that they could do was to select that portion of the defences against which the bombardment could be directed, and the assault afterwards delivered, with the greatest possible effect and the least possible loss. This portion was the front already invested. On the evening of the 6th they had run up a light battery on the Ridge, to cover the operations of the working parties who were to construct the heavy siege-batteries below. On the 7th the first heavy battery was traced seven hundred yards from the Morí bastion. This battery was to be the key of the attack. It was to consist of two parts, the right of which was to bombard the Morí bastion itself, while the left was to hold in check the fire of the enemy from the Kashmír bastion. While the work of tracing was going on, strings of camels kept coming down, laden with fascines and gabions, and by their incessant groaning kept the working party in a fever of anxiety lest the enemy should suspect what they were about. As soon as the camels were got rid of, the artillery-carts began to arrive, laden with shot and shell; and soon the siege-guns followed, each drawn by twenty pairs of bullocks. It was now near dawn; and the first faint light revealed a strange scene,—helpless oxen bellowing, and struggling with each other in an entangled heap, drivers cursing and slashing with their whips, sappers, pioneers, and infantry volunteers working at the unfinished battery and magazines, artillerymen storing ammunition. Wilson was in despair, and talked of withdrawing the guns: Major Brind, the officer in command, would not listen to the suggestion. Every man worked his hardest; but only one gun had been dragged on to its platform, when the enemy in the Morí bastion saw what was going on, and instantly opened fire. Round after round of shot and grape came crashing against the battery: but Brind replied

Sept. 8.

[1] *Richard Baird Smith*, pp. 78-80.

as well as he could with a single howitzer: the Europeans worked on at the remaining platforms: one gun after another was mounted and fired; and then, as the masonry of the bastion crumbled, and tottered, and soon began to fall in ruins under the cannonade, the enemy gradually lost heart, and by the afternoon had ceased to fire. For the next two days, however, the guns in the left section of the battery were utilised for holding the fire of the Kashmír bastion in check.[1] Sept. 9, 10.

Meanwhile the other batteries on the left were being constructed with but little interruption; for the fire of No. 1 deluded the enemy into the belief that the British attack was to be delivered from the right only. No. 2, which was to batter down the Kashmír bastion, and breach the adjacent curtain, consisted, like No. 1, of two sections, the left immediately in front of Ludlow Castle, and the right a little to the right front of the same building. No. 3 was erected inside a ruined office of the Custom House, which the enemy had foolishly neglected to occupy. It was only one hundred and sixty yards from the Water bastion, against which its fire was to be directed. A mortar battery was also thrown up near a palace called the Kúdsia Bagh, to play upon the curtain between the Kashmír and the Water bastions.[2] Sept. 8 (night)-Sept. 10 (night). Sept. 9 (night)-Sept. 12 (morning). Sept. 9 (night).

On the morning of the 11th, No. 2 was to open. There was, however, some unavoidable delay; and the enemy in the Kashmír bastion, seeing eighteen guns unmasked, but not firing, turned the delay to good account. With strange want of forethought they had neglected to mount heavy guns behind the curtains, to support the fire from their bastions; and, though they had not time now to remedy the error, they dragged a number of light guns into convenient nooks, from which they kept up an oblique cannonade. By eight o'clock,[3] however, the left section of No. 2 was ready. Nine guns were discharged simultaneously; and, the smoke clearing away, the gunners cheered exultingly as they saw the huge blocks of

[1] Greathed, pp. 259, 265; Medley, pp. 74-8.

[2] Greathed, p. 261; Medley, pp. 80-2.

[3] *Ib.* p. 87. Major Gaitskell, commanding the artillery brigade, in his official report, mentions 5.30 A.M. as the hour. *Englishman*, Nov. 11, 1857.

stone tumbling over on to the ground beneath from the Kashmír bastion and the curtain. In ten minutes the hostile guns were silenced. Still the work of breaching went on; but the enemy, seeing with consternation the ruin of their defences, strove hard to make up for their past remissness. Ever and anon a round shot, hurled from an enfilading gun on the right, tore through the interior of the battery from end to end; while infantry, lining the trenches in front, or skirmishing over the broken ground, maintained a galling musketry fire. Yet the British gunners, unheeding their losses, regardless of the fearful heat, went on fighting their guns hour after hour, with no other thought than to prepare the way for their impatient comrades to deliver the assault. Now, too, No. 3 battery was at work; and the Water bastion was hurled by its fire into a chaotic mass of ruins.[1]

Plan of assault.

The end, for good or for evil, was fast approaching. On the 13th, Wilson and Baird Smith arranged the plan of assault. The attacking force was to be divided into four columns and a reserve. The first column, under Nicholson, was to storm the breach near the Kashmír bastion, and escalade the face of the bastion itself. The second, under Brigadier Jones, was to storm the breach near the Water bastion. The third, under Colonel Campbell, was to make its way into the city through the Kashmír gate, which was first to be blown open. The fourth, under Major Reid, was to expel the enemy from the suburbs of Kishenganj and Paháripur, and then to enter the city by the Kábul gate, which was to be opened from within. The reserve, under Brigadier Longfield, was to follow the first column. Speaking generally, the outer defences of the city were to be taken possession of, and secured by the establishment of posts; while the succeeding operations were to be determined by circumstances and the discretion of the leader, it being understood that the palace was ultimately to be bombarded, and the king made a prisoner.[2] Who the leader must be, could not admit of doubt. If Nicholson had appealed to the army to elect a new general, and he would have done so if Wilson had refused to permit the assault, their choice would have fallen upon him. They had heard of his wild ride in pursuit of the mutinous 55th. They had heard of, some of

[1] Medley, pp. 85-92.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 94, 102-3; Kaye, vol. iii. p. 590. See App. M.

them had followed him in his victorious march through the Punjab, his onslaught at Najafgarh. And, since he had appeared among them, he had made them feel that what they had heard of him was not in excess of the truth; that he had come destined, as he himself believed, to put an end to their weary waiting, to lead them to the slaughter of their enemies, to give them possession of the imperial city. Even Wilson, though he might shrink from acknowledging his influence, could not but own his power.[1] To him, therefore, he entrusted the general direction of the assault.

Examination of the breaches.

But, before the assault could be delivered, it was first necessary to examine the breaches. Two engineer officers, Medley and Lang, arranged to start on this errand soon after sunset, with six picked men. There was no moon: but the heavens were bright with stars; and flashing rockets and fire-balls were continually lighting up the sky; while the roar of the guns, and the clear, sharp report of the shells alone broke the stillness of the air. Suddenly, as the clocks struck ten, the batteries ceased firing. Then the explorers, drawing their swords, and feeling for their revolvers, began to creep towards the breach near the Kashmír bastion. In a few minutes they reached the edge of the ditch. The officers and two of the men slid down. Quiet as they had been, however, they knew that they had startled the enemy; for they could hear the sound of feet moving towards the breach. They therefore climbed back again to their own side, and lay down on the grass to wait. Unseen themselves, they could see dark figures moving about in the breach and heard the sound of voices, and presently the ring of ramrods. Still they lay waiting, hoping that the enemy would go away, but in vain. Medley could see, however, that the breach was a good one, and, knowing that it would be hopeless to attempt to examine it further, gave the signal to return. As the eight started to their feet, the enemy fired, and the bullets whizzed about their ears; but no one was hurt, and all made their way safely back to camp. Medley then reported to Baird Smith that the breach, though capable of improvement, was still practicable; and Lieutenants Home and Wilberforce Greathed, who had examined the breach near the Water bastion, told him that there also the result was satisfactory. Upon this, Baird

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 206.

Smith advised Wilson to deliver the assault at daybreak. He pointed out that during the past week every man in the force had been working at the highest pressure, and that they could not endure the strain much longer. Wilson admitted the force of this argument, and issued the necessary orders at once. But, as the fateful moment drew near, his heart misgave him again; and he wrote to tell Baird Smith that he feared that it would be hopeless to assail the Water bastion. "What do you propose?" he asked: "you are determined I shall not have a moment's sleep to-night." Baird Smith promptly reassured him; and he lay down for a brief repose.[1]

Sept. 14. Preparations for the assault.

About three o'clock the whole camp was astir. There were some who looked forward to the struggle upon which they were about to enter, not merely with the martial ardour of soldiers, the stern longing of men who had the blood of innocent women to avenge, but with an enthusiasm as solemn as that which inspired the Ironsides who fought in the Civil War. The chaplain had administered the Holy Communion to a few officers and men at their own desire; and in some tents the Old Testament lesson for the day had been read. The chapter was that in which the doom of Nineveh was foretold. The words must have sounded strangely prophetic to those plain soldiers: "Woe to the bloody city! it is all full of lies and robbery . . . draw thee waters for the siege, fortify thy strongholds . . . then shall the fire devour thee; the sword shall cut thee off, it shall eat thee up like the canker-worm."[2]

Advance of the columns.

The columns fell in on the road leading from cantonments to the city, all but Reid's, whose place was on the right. There were some four thousand five hundred men, British soldiers with bronzed, war-worn faces, wearing uniforms which had been dyed dust-colour, Sikhs with their long hair twisted up behind, and tall, muscular Patháns with faces as fair as those of Englishmen.[3] Eager as they were to move on, they were depressed and wearied by delay; for the enemy had filled up the breaches in the night; and it was necessary for the batteries to reopen. But at length the signal

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. p. 212; Medley, pp. 96-100; *Times*, May 11, 1858, p. 6, col. 3; Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 222-4; Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 392; Vibart, p. 61.

[2] Rotton, pp. 259-60; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 156-7.

[3] Medley, p. 64.

was given; and, while the heavy guns still thundered at the breaches, answered by the heavy guns from the city, and shells burst, and rockets, flashing along the dark sky, hissed above their heads, the columns tramped silently and steadily down. Wilson rode up as they advanced, looking nervous and anxious. Near Ludlow Castle they halted, and took up their respective stations. The engineer officers with their ladder-men moved on in front. Then Nicholson went to Brigadier Jones, who commanded the second column, and asked whether he was ready.[1] The Brigadier replied that he was. Nicholson put his arm round his comrade's shoulder, and then hurried off to join his own column. The guns ceased firing; the Rifles, in skirmishing order, dashed to the front with a loud cheer and opened fire; and the columns streamed after to the assault of Delhi.[2]

Operations of the first and second columns.

The ladder-men moved quickly on: but the enemy, crowding in the breach, received the men of the first column with a terrible musketry-fire, and, catching up the loosened stones, hurled them down upon their heads, yelling, cursing, and daring them to enter. For a moment it seemed as if the avalanche would overwhelm them: man after man was struck down: but in another moment two ladders were thrown into the ditch: the stormers closed up behind: Nicholson, as ever in the front, slid down and mounted the scarp: the rest followed: the enemy, feeling that the breach was lost, fled; and the victorious column poured into the city, and took up its position in the main-guard.[3]

The shout of the Riflemen had served as a common signal for the first three columns; and the second, on hearing it, had started for the left breach. But they too were received with a musketry-fire so severe that out of the thirty-nine ladder-men twenty-nine were in a few minutes killed or wounded.[4] Notwithstanding, the ladders were planted; and the stormers plunged into the city, some at the Water bastion, others through the Kashmír curtain. Then, turning to the right, and joined by some of Nicholson's men, they ran down the road past the ramparts, sweeping the enemy before them like

[1] Kaye, vol. iii. p. 591.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 172; Medley, pp. 104-6; *Memorials of Gen. Sir E. H. Greathed*, p. 58, by Lieut.-Gen. A. C. Robertson.

[3] *Ib.* pp. 106-7; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 175.

[4] Medley, p. 108.

frightened sheep, and, rushing into the Morí, bayoneted the gunners, who stood resolutely to their guns, then leaped on to the parapet, and waved their caps to their comrades on the Ridge. Leaving a party to hold the bastion, they pressed on till they came to the Kábul gate, where they had been ordered to remain until they should hear that the third column had captured the Jamma Masjid. The bugles were sounded to collect the men of the various regiments, who had become scattered in the confusion; and Colonel Greathed, who commanded the 8th regiment, walked back to see that the gates and bastions which had been passed were in safe keeping. Meanwhile Jones, fancying that he had stopped at the wrong gate, pushed on again until he found himself unexpectedly under the Lahore bastion. With one bold rush he might have taken it. But he had received no orders to do so; and he was not a man to act without them. Falling back, therefore, on the Kábul gate, he planted his flag there, and awaited Nicholson's arrival.[1]

Before this, numbers of the mutineers, dismayed by the overpowering violence with which the columns swept through the breaches into the city, had begun to retreat, and actually crossed the bridge of boats: but soon, perceiving that the conquerors hesitated to follow up their advantage, they plucked up courage to return; and many of them occupied houses abutting on the Chandni Chauk, from which they would be able to fire upon the stormers, when they should advance to assault the Lahore bastion.[2]

Of the fourth column and the cavalry brigade.

Thus the further progress of the first two columns was likely to be disputed. But it had been provided in the plan of assault that the fourth column should fight its way to the Kábul gate to their support. At five o'clock all the detachments which composed this column were mustered for the start. The Jammu Contingent, lent by the Maharaja of Kashmír, was there, the stalwart Guides infantry, and the fearless little Gurkhas, who, though sadly thinned in numbers, were as confident as ever in themselves and in the leader under whom they had already gained twenty-five victories. Three guns, however, which had been promised, were late in arriving, and so inadequately

[1] See App. M.
[2] MS. Memo. and letters from an officer who served with the first column.

manned that Reid had to send for more gunners. As he was waiting, he heard that a portion of the Jammu troops which he had sent to make a diversion on the right by attacking a fort called the Eedgah, had prematurely engaged the enemy. He therefore decided to advance without further delay. Two breastworks lay before him, which the enemy had thrown up as a protection to Kishenganj, the first point which the column was to attack. The Rifles and Gurkhas carried the first with a rush. The enemy seemed to hesitate; and the column, pressing on, began to cross a bridge spanning the canal under the walls of Kishenganj. Now, however, the want of guns was felt. Thousands of rebels from the city were seen pouring down the dry bed of the canal to reinforce their comrades. Still, Reid was confident of success. Standing on the parapet of the bridge, he was just going to direct a false attack to be made on the enemy's front and a real one against their left flank and rear, when he fell wounded. The Gurkhas, dispirited by the loss of their leader, hung back: but the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, followed by the 61st regiment, rushed across the bridge. A few minutes later Reid came to his senses, and made over the command to Captain Richard Lawrence. But the battle was already lost. The various detachments of the column, crowded together, and harassed by a severe musketry-fire which the enemy poured into them from loopholes in the wall, had become so confused that their officers could not make themselves heard: the Jammu troops on the right, flying before their assailants, rushed panic-stricken into the column, and increased its disorder; and at last the situation became so desperate that Captain Muter of the 60th Rifles, assuming command independently of Lawrence, withdrew the troops around him to Hindu Ráo's house, followed some time afterwards by Lawrence and the Kashmíris.[1] The enemy, following up their success, were threatening this vital point of the British position, when the Cavalry Brigade under Brigadier Hope Grant, which had hitherto been covering the assaulting columns, moved down close under the Morí bastion, to support the beaten column. The enemy, clustering in the houses and gardens near Kishen-

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 181-4, 336; Letters from Gen. R. Lawrence and Col. Muter (Kaye, vol. iii. App. pp. 693-4, 698-700); Memoranda by Major Reid and Sir H. Edwardes (Malleson, vol. ii. App. A. pp. 579-89); Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. pp. 407-13.

ganj, turned upon their new opponents with so sharp a musketry-fire that it was necessary to send Tombs with his horse-artillery troop to the rescue. The musketeers were soon subdued: but the brigade was now exposed to a steady fire of grape from the Lahore bastion. The carnage was terrible. Forty-two men and six officers of the Lancers, twenty-five out of the fifty officers and men composing Tombs's troop, were struck. But for two hours the brigade never moved. The horses stood still under the iron storm: the men sat in their saddles as patiently as the sentries at the Horse Guards: Tombs never ceased fighting his guns; and at length the enemy's fire slackened and died away, and Hindu Ráo's house was safe.[1]

Meanwhile a struggle not less severe had been going on within the city. It was not till after Jones planted his flag on the Kábul gate, that Nicholson arrived thither; for he had been forced to diverge from his prescribed route, to silence a body of musketeers harassing his left. When he did join Brigadier Jones, the enemy near the Lahore bastion, misunderstanding the temporary inaction of the columns, were firing down the road; and the 75th regiment, after vainly attempting to force a passage, had fallen back upon the Kábul gate. Seeing that the mutineers were regaining courage and resolved not to give way to an enemy whom he despised, Nicholson gathered together a number of men from both columns, and advanced to assault the bastion. Then was seen how much Jones had lost by neglecting his opportunity. To reach the bastion, a narrow lane, all but choked in places by projecting bastions, had to be traversed. The enemy had planted a gun some distance down this, and another at the bottom; while their sharpshooters swarmed at the windows and on the flat roofs of the low houses on the left, and behind the parapets of the bastions. The danger was increased by the fact that the fourth column had failed to accomplish its task. Officers crowded round Nicholson, and tried to persuade him to be content with occupying the houses near the lane. But it was not in Nicholson's nature to wait. The column entered the lane. The leaders soon took the first gun, and advanced to within ten yards of the second; Lieutenant Butler of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers ran right past it, and

Attack on the Lahore bastion.

[1] Hodson, p. 290; Hope Grant's *Incidents of the Sepoy War*, pp. 123-7; MS. Memo. by Sir N. Chamberlain; *Life of Sir Hope Grant*, vol. i. pp. 248-9.

in single combat encountered the enemy behind: but the fire was so appalling that the men could not steel their hearts to follow him, and fell back behind the first gun, baffled and dispirited. For a few moments they halted: then they were told to try again, moved onward, and recovered and spiked the first gun; and now the officers, still nobly leading, strove by passionate exhortations, by heroic example, to nerve them for the last fatal rush. But they felt that they could not try. Showers of grape tore their ranks open; bullets flew down upon them like hail from above; stones and round shot were pitched among them; two officers fell mortally wounded; five more were struck, and the shattered column, hurled back in confusion, stood cowering under the storm.[1] Then Nicholson himself strode forward, and, raising his sword above his head, indignantly appealed to them to advance. In another moment he had fallen shot through the chest.

The historian will best express his reverence for the fallen hero by going on without a pause to narrate the course of the struggle, on the chances of which his thoughts were fixed, even while he was being lifted up and carried back to the Ridge. Just before the first and second columns had begun the assault, Lieutenants Home and Salkeld of the Engineers, Bugler Hawthorne of the 52nd, and Sergeants Carmichael, Smith, and Burgess of the Bengal Sappers, started in advance of the third column, to blow up the Kashmír gate. Outside the gate, the ditch was spanned by a wooden bridge, the planks of which had been removed, leaving only the sleepers intact. Passing through the outer gateway, Home, who was in front, crossed one of the sleepers with the bugler under a sharp musketry-fire, planted his bag of powder, and leaped into the ditch. Carmichael followed, but, before he could lay his bag, was shot dead. Then Smith, who was just behind, planted his own and his comrade's bag, and arranged the fuses; while Salkeld, holding a slow match in his hand, stood by, waiting to fire the charge. Just as he was going to do so, he was struck down by two bullets. As he fell, he held out the match, telling Smith to take it and fire. Burgess, who was nearer to the wounded man, took it instead,

The Kashmír gate.

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, January 1858. Article—"The First Bengal European Fusiliers in the Delhi Campaign," p. 133. Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 233-4; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 177-8; information from Sir Seymour Blane. See App. M.

but presently cried that it had gone out, and, just as Smith was handing him a box of matches, fell over into the ditch, mortally wounded. Smith, now, as he thought, left alone, ran close up to the powder bags, to avoid the enemy's fire, struck a light, and was in the act of applying it, when the port-fire in the fuse went off in his face; and, as he was plunging through a cloud of smoke into the ditch, he heard the thunder of the explosion, and barely escaped being dashed to pieces by the masses of masonry falling from above by clinging fast to the wall. For this gallant service Salkeld, Home, Smith, and Hawthorne were recommended for the Victoria Cross; but only the two last lived to wear it.[1]

Operations of the third column and the reserve.

The column passed through the ruined gate into the city, and pushed on to the Chandni Chauk; but Campbell, finding it impossible to advance further without undue loss, and learning that the other columns had not been able to penetrate the city far enough to support him, fell back to the church, between the Water bastion and the gate, and there joined the reserve, which had followed him and occupied the posts from which he had expelled the enemy.[2]

Results of the day's fighting.

Meanwhile those who remained on the Ridge had been waiting with intense anxiety for the issue of the struggle. They heard the sullen roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry in the city; they saw the litters, filled with dead, and dying, and wounded men, pouring in an endless stream to the hospital; but no one could tell them how their comrades were faring. But at last they heard a loud cheer resounding from the walls, and knew that all was well.[3] Gradually the din of battle began to be hushed; for the troops, though their lust for blood was still unappeased, were becoming too exhausted to do more. Towards evening Wilson rode through the city, map in hand, to ascertain what progress had been made. The space between the Water bastion and the Kábul gate was in our hands. Taylor had already taken every possible precaution for securing the position of the

[1] MS. notes sent to me by Lieut.-Col. Turnbull; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 173; Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 401. The accounts of the explosion naturally vary in details. I have followed that of Sergeant Smith, who, as far as I can judge, had the best opportunity of observing what took place.

[2] Norman, p. 43; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 179-80; Medley, p. 112.

[3] G. Bourchier's *Eight Months' Campaign*, p. 63.

assailants, by loopholing, fortifying, and garrisoning the captured houses, throwing up barricades across the streets, and posting piquets to keep up communication between the three columns. But Wilson was ill-satisfied with what he saw. Owing to the failure of Reid's attack, the right flank was still exposed; and even the first three columns had done little more than enter the city. Sixty-six officers and eleven hundred and four men had fallen during the day.[1] The mutineers had suffered heavily; but tens of thousands of them still remained. The finest soldier in the camp was mortally wounded. Irritable and weak from anxiety and illness, and having no firmness of character to support him, Wilson petulantly spoke of withdrawing the troops altogether. But Baird Smith, to whom he turned for advice, insisted on his holding on.[2]

The debauch of Sept. 15.

The night of the 14th passed away; and another day broke, a day of shame and humiliation for the victorious army. The enemy, knowing the weakness of British soldiers, had cunningly strewn the deserted shops and the pavements with bottles of beer, wine, and spirits. Many of the troops, indeed, were not exposed to, or resisted the temptation; but numbers drank themselves drunk. Lying helpless and senseless as a herd of swine, they had bartered away their lives for a few hours' debauch,—if the enemy had had the sense to butcher them. But the opportunity was lost; and Wilson, trembling at the thought of what might have been, ordered every remaining bottle to be destroyed.[3]

The exodus.

Conduct of the British soldiers.

The citizens and the more prudent or less resolute of the mutineers were now fast hurrying out of the city. Many, however, failed to escape; for the British soldiers, though they treated the women and children with forbearance and even kindness, showed no mercy to the men. Harmless citizens were shot, clasping their hands for mercy. Trembling old men were cut down. But, in justice to the soldiers who committed these cruelties, it should be said that they had received great provocation. Many of their comrades, rashly wandering from

[1] MS. Correspondence; Medley, p. 114. Neville Chamberlain stated the number at 1145—60 officers and 1085 men—killed and wounded. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. Part 1, p. 360. The loss of the Delhi Field Force in killed, wounded, and missing from May 30 to Sept. 20 amounted to 2151 Europeans and 1686 natives. *Ib.* Part 3, p. 230.

[2] See App. M. [3] See App. M.

their posts, had been enticed by lurking fanatics and budmashes into dark alleys, and there foully murdered.[1]

Capture of Delhi completed.

Meanwhile, the army was forcing its way by slow and painful steps into the heart of the city. On the 15th the magazine was reached, and the enemy of their own accord evacuated Kishenganj. On the 16th the magazine was stormed and carried. On the 17th the Bank was captured. The formidable Lahore bastion, however, still held out. On the 18th and 19th, therefore, the houses leading to it were sapped through by Taylor's suggestion, and in this way it was won without exposing the troops to the perils of street-fighting. Next day the Lahore gate, the Jamma Masjid, and the Selimgarh were taken. Finally, the gates of the palace itself were blown in: a few Gházis, who had remained in it, were slaughtered: the British flag was hoisted; and the city of the Moguls, now resembling a city of the dead, was again subject to the Nazarenes.[2]

Movements of the King.

The King, however, was still at large. Bakht Khan had urged him to share the flight of the mutineers; but one of his nobles, Mirza Iláhí Bakhsh, wishing to purchase the favour of the conquerors by some signal service, had persuaded him that, by separating himself from his army, he would gain the credit of having originally acted under their compulsion. Yielding to the tempter, he had consented to remain with his family for a short time at the tomb of the Emperor Humáyun, which was situated about six miles from Delhi. Hodson, who presided over the Intelligence Department, was promptly informed of his whereabouts by a spy named Rajab Ali; and at once resolved to carry out a purpose which he had long formed, by effecting his capture.

Hodson.

The fame which this officer won for himself in the history of the Mutiny is out of all proportion with the rank which he held. Following the path prescribed by custom for military men of ability, he had, early in his career, obtained work as a civil officer. He had the good fortune to be one of Henry Lawrence's disciples, and won, for a time, his confidence and regard.[3] But, after some years of unbroken

[1] *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 256-7; Kaye, vol. iii. p. 636.

[2] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 188-90; Norman, p. 44; Bourchier, pp. 73, 75.

[3] *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, pp. 411-12, 436.

success, the tide of his fortunes ebbed. He was accused of corruption. He was found guilty of injustice to a native chief, and irrevocably dismissed from civil employment. The degradation, however, really increased his ultimate chances of distinction. He had always been a soldier at heart: he was now a soldier by necessity; and, in the bitterness of his spirit, he resolved to do something that should compel the highest authority to recognise his deserts. The outbreak of the Mutiny gave him his opportunity. How he used it, this history has but faintly recorded. He managed the Intelligence Department with rare tact and skill. By the mingled ardour and prudence of his counsels, his readiness in undertaking, his judgement in executing a variety of bold and useful enterprises, he won the confidence of three successive commanders. Entrusted by Anson with the task of raising a corps for service while actually in the field, he moulded into a regiment the mob of recruits who formed his raw material, bound them to himself by the closest ties of personal devotion, and, forcing them, while yet only half trained, into the field, hurled them in a series of cavalry combats against the enemy, and proved to them that, under his leadership, they were irresistible. Capable of enduring the extremes of hardship and fatigue, revelling in danger yet never rash, knowing exactly what was possible, and never hesitating to attempt what was all but impossible, he was the beau-ideal of a partisan leader. Towards casual acquaintances his speech was brusque, and his manner distant and supercilious; but in his intercourse with his friends, he knew how to show all the graces and the sympathies of comradeship. The brave and gentle Seaton wrote of him, "During the whole of that siege we were together in the same tent, and it was to his unremitting care and nursing that in great measure I owed my life. It was then that I saw in all their splendour his noble soldierly qualities, never fatigued, never downcast, always cool and calm, with a cheerful countenance, and a word of encouragement for every one." But in the stress and whirl of a stormy life, his fine nature had been grievously marred. Poverty had corrupted his sense of honour; and time had not softened the truculence of his spirit. It has been proved by men who knew him well that he enriched himself by dishonest means, and that, during the siege of Delhi, he executed, firing the first shot with his own hands, without a regular trial, and solely upon

the statement of an interested informer, a native officer who had befriended him when his fortunes were low, but to whose prayers for justice not even gratitude could induce him to give heed.[1] Still, there were a few unquenchable sparks of nobility left in him; and others besides Seaton held fast to his friendship. Unscrupulous, unprincipled, he was yet a man capable of loving and of winning love from the good, a man without fear, if not without reproach.

Hodson and the King Sept. 21.

Hodson lost no time in going to Wilson with the story which his spy had told him, and, pointing out that the capture of the city would avail but little so long as the King remained at liberty, asked whether he did not intend to pursue him. Wilson replied that he had no European troops to spare. Hodson then volunteered to go himself with some of his own irregulars. Still Wilson refused. At last, however, he gave way. Hodson then asked for permission to promise the King that his life should be spared, explaining that otherwise it would be impossible to induce him to surrender. To this request Wilson at first emphatically refused to assent; but, after some further argument, he reluctantly yielded to the remonstrances of those around him.[2] Hodson was not, however, influenced by pity for the King. He had, indeed, himself declared that the King was old and wellnigh impotent, that he had throughout been a mere tool in the hands of others; but nevertheless he longed to take his life, and regretted that policy forbade him to do so.[3] The truth was that he had a cogent reason for the persistence with which he urged Wilson to show mercy. Secretly, and for his own purposes, he had already taken upon himself to sign

[1] See App. N.

[2] This is stated on the authority of Lieutenant-Colonel (then Lieutenant) Turnbull, who was Wilson's A.D.C., and was present when the discussion as to whether the King's life should be guaranteed took place. See also a letter from Sir T. Seaton. *Hodson of Hodson's Horse* (a new edition of *Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India*), pp. 231-2. Hodson himself wrote on Sept. 24, 1857, "I assured him (Wilson) it was nothing but his own order which bothered him with the King, as I would much rather have brought him into Delhi dead than living." *Ib.* p. 223. But, on Feb. 12, 1858, he wrote, "General Wilson refused to send troops in pursuit of him (the King), and, to avoid greater calamities, I then, and not till then, asked and obtained permission to offer him his wretched life, on the ground, and solely on the ground, that there was no other way of getting him into our possession." *Ib.* p. 230.

[3] *Ib.* pp. 223, 230.

a paper guaranteeing the safety of the King and Queen and of her family; and this transaction he naturally did not care to reveal.[1] After receiving his instructions, he set out on his errand with fifty of his troopers. Approaching the tomb, he concealed himself and his men in some old buildings near the gateway, and then sent messengers to demand the surrender of the King, on the sole condition that his life should be spared. Two hours after, they brought back word that the King would surrender, if Hodson would himself go, and pledge his word for the fulfilment of the condition. Hodson consented, and rode out from his hiding-place. A great crowd was gathered in front of the tomb. Presently the Queen and her son passed out through the gateway, followed by a palkee bearing the King. Hodson rode up, and bade the King give up his arms. The King in reply asked Hodson to confirm the pledge which his messengers had given. Hodson solemnly promised. Then, in the presence of a crowd who were too awed to strike a blow in his behalf, with the glorious white marble dome of that imperial mausoleum to remind him of the majesty of his ancestors, betrayed by his own kinsmen, his city captured, his army defeated and dispersed, his hopes shattered, the last king of the house of Timour gave up his arms to an English subaltern, and was led away captive to await his trial.

Hodson and the King's sons.

But the King's sons were still to be brought to their account.[2] Hodson resolved to go and capture them as he had captured the King. At first Wilson would not be persuaded to give his consent: but Hodson was importunate: Nicholson from his dying bed vehemently supported him; and Wilson at last yielded.[3]

At eight o'clock on the morning of the 22nd he started with Lieutenant Macdowell, his second in command, and a hundred picked men of his own regiment. Let the reader try to picture to himself the departing cavalcade,—wild-looking horsemen wearing scarlet turbans and dust-coloured tunics bound with scarlet sashes; their leader a tall spare man attired like them, riding his horse with a loose rein, with reddish brown hair and beard, aquiline nose, thin curved defiant nostrils, and blue eyes

[1] See App. N. § v.

[2] They were his children by another wife; and therefore Hodson's secret guarantee did not apply to them.

[3] Hodson, p. 300.

which seemed aglow with a half-kindled light.[1] Arriving at the tomb, he sent in Mirza Iláhí Bakhsh and Rajab Ali, both of whom he had brought with him, to say that he had come to seize the princes for punishment, and intended to do so, dead or alive. For more than half an hour the two Englishmen were kept in suspense. At last the messengers returned to ask Hodson whether he would promise the princes their lives. He replied that he would not. The messengers went back. Hodson and Macdowell waited on, wondering whether the princes would ever come. They heard furious shouting within. It was the appeal of a fanatical mob of Mussulmans to their princes to lead them out against the infidels. At length a messenger came out to say that the princes were coming. Hodson sent ten men to meet them; and Macdowell by his order formed up the troop across the road, to shoot them down if there should be any attempt to rescue them. Presently they[2] were seen approaching in a small bullock-cart, with the ten troopers escorting them, and a vast crowd behind. Hodson and Macdowell rode up alone to meet them. Once more they begged Hodson to promise them their lives. "Most certainly not," he replied, and ordered the driver to move on. The driver obeyed; and the crowd were following simultaneously, when Hodson imperiously waved them back, and Macdowell, beckoning to his troop, formed them up between the crowd and the cart, the latter of which was thus free to pursue its way, while the former, baffled, fell slowly and sullenly back. Then Hodson galloped up to the troopers who were escorting the cart, and told them to hurry on towards the city as fast as they could, while he and Macdowell dealt with the mob. Hastily joining his subaltern, he found the mob streaming up the steps of the gateway into the garden of the tomb. Leaving the bulk of the troop outside, he followed with his subaltern and but four men. Then, seeing the necessity of instantly awing the crowd, he commanded them in a firm voice to surrender their arms. They hesitated,—there were some six thousand of them confronting him. He sternly repeated the order; and they obeyed.

[1] Hodson, p. 320. *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, p. 108.

[2] There were three—two of the King's sons and one of his grandsons. Hope Grant, p. 133.

Within two hours five hundred swords and more than five hundred firearms were collected; and Hodson, followed by the crowd, rode off with the troop to overtake his prisoners. As he drew near, the crowd pressed close on to the horses of the troopers and thronged round the cart. He had intended that the princes should be hanged: but now he determined to dispose of them himself. "What shall we do with them?" he asked his subaltern: "I think we had better shoot them here; we shall never get them in." He rejoiced that circumstances had given him the opportunity of playing the part of executioner.[1] Halting the troop, he placed five troopers in front of the cart and five behind, and ordered the princes to strip off their upper garments. The crowd never stirred. Ten troopers sufficed to paralyse the host whom Hodson professed to fear. Did he still believe that he could not take his prisoners into camp? Galloping into the midst of the crowd, he reined up, and addressed them, saying that the princes had butchered the women and children of his race, and that Government had now sent their punishment. With these words he seized a carbine from one of his men, and shot the three princes dead. Finally, while the crowd stood by, awe-struck and motionless, he ordered the corpses to be taken away, and flung out in front of the Kotwáli. On this spot the head of a famous Sikh Guru, Tegh Bahádur Khan, had been exposed by order of Aurangzeb. A prophecy had long been current among the Sikhs that they should reconquer the city of the persecuting emperor by the aid of the white men. The prophecy was now in their eyes fulfilled; and Hodson had avenged the martyr of their religion.[2]

[1] "I am not cruel, but I confess I did rejoice at the opportunity of ridding the earth of these wretches." *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 224.

[2] Hodson, pp. 300-2, 310-13. To moralise upon the slaughter of the princes would be superfluous. The reader only requires to know the relevant facts. But there is one important question of fact regarding which there is not absolute unanimity. Hodson himself asserted that if he had not killed the princes, the crowd would have killed him,—"We should have been most unquestionably sacrificed if I had hesitated for a moment" (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. xvi-xvii, 224). Sir Hugh Gough says (*Old Memories*, p. 107) that Macdowell made a similar assertion to him,—"Our own lives were not worth a moment's purchase." But these excuses will not bear examination. Hodson had one hundred troopers under his command. With only four of the hundred, according to his own account and that of Macdowell (*Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. xiv-xv, 223-4), he had overawed *and disarmed* a crowd numbering six thousand at the tomb; and ten of the hundred, according to Macdowell (*Ib.* pp. xv-xvi), kept back the same crowd,

All this time John Nicholson, the fallen Lion of the Punjab, was dying slowly on the Ridge. As he lay tossing on his bed, he asked often how the army, with which he was no more to go forth to battle, was prospering; and, though his wound was such that he could not speak without agony, he still made his influence felt by written suggestion.[1] When he heard that Wilson spoke of retreating, he cried out, the fire of his indignation leaping upward in an expiring flame, "Thank God, I have strength yet to shoot him, if necessary."[2] At times he suffered such paroxysms of pain that it was necessary to drench him with morphia. Neville Chamberlain often came to sit by his bedside, and cheer him up; but he knew he was dying. Such as he was, such as he had made himself, a mighty spirit, wild and untamed, vibrating with ambitions only half realised, glowing with noble aspirations too imperfectly followed, his time of probation, he knew, was over. He had no wife to send him the last messages of love; he had held on his stormy course through this world alone. But to his mother, and to those two dear friends, of whom one still lives to cherish his memory, he sent his words of love. Of what sort that love was, let his last message to Edwardes show;—"Say that, if at this moment a good fairy were to give me a wish, my wish would be to have him here next to my mother." On the morning after he had said this, the 23rd of September, he died. He looked like a noble oak riven asunder by a thunderbolt.[3]

Death of Nicholson.

"increasing" though Macdowell says it was, while the princes were taking off their clothes, while Hodson was making his speech, and while the princes were being shot,—from which we may conclude that a Delhi mob, at that time, had not much stomach for a fight. Anyhow, it is impossible to explain away Hodson's significant admissions,—"I would much rather have brought the King into Delhi dead than alive," and "the orders I received were such that I did not dare to act upon the dictates of my own judgment to the extent of killing the King when he had given himself up." *Ib.* pp. 223, 239. See also Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 250, and *Life of Sir Hope Grant*, vol. i. p. 256. Sir Hope, immediately after hearing an account of the slaughter of the princes from Hodson's own lips, wrote in his journal, "This sad act was most uncalled for"; and General Reynell Taylor wrote (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. p. 507), "I have never admitted that their death was necessitated by the danger of rescue." Indeed it should seem that Sir Hugh Gough himself agrees with Taylor; for he describes Hodson's action as a "false step."

[1] Cave-Browne, vol. ii. p. 195.

[2] Letter from Neville Chamberlain to Herbert Edwardes, quoted in Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 480.

[3] So wrote Hope Grant.

"On the 20th," wrote Edwardes, "Delhi was completely in our possession, and every English heart thanked God for it. There seemed a hope, too, that Nicholson might live. On the 23rd that hope was extinguished; and with a grief unfeigned, and deep, and stern, and worthy of the man, the news was whispered, 'Nicholson is dead.'"[1]

Nicholson was dead. But, if his countrymen are careless of his fame, his spirit yet lives in the memory of the lawless frontiermen whose fathers loved, and reverenced, and dreaded him. They say that the hoofs of his war-horse are to be heard ringing at night over the Peshawar valley; and they believe that until that sound dies away, the empire of the Feringhees will endure.

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 79, par. 140.

# CHAPTER XI

## LATER EVENTS IN THE PUNJAB—OPERATIONS CONSEQUENT ON THE FALL OF DELHI—FIRST TWO CAMPAIGNS OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL

1857.

IT is time now to speak of those disturbances in the Punjab, the news of which had caused such grave anxiety to the Chief Commissioner before he heard of the recapture of Delhi.

Insurrection in Murree.

It happened that Lady Lawrence was staying at the hill station of Murree. On the 1st of September one of her native servants warned the Assistant-Commissioner to expect an attack that night. The information was perfectly true. The turbulent hill-men of the district had been incited to make the attack by some Hindustáni Mahomedans, who had worked successfully upon their religious passions and their love of plunder. In the dead of the night they came, expecting an easy victory; but, encountering a determined resistance from the police and the few Europeans who were living in the station, they stopped short, and, after a brief skirmish, fled. Many of them were pursued and taken. Others took refuge in Hazára, the inhabitants of which ultimately delivered them over to Becher for punishment.[1]

Insurrection in Gugera.

The rebellion in Mooltan was more formidable. The restless Mahomedan tribes of the Gugera district mistook the mildness of British rule, so unlike the cruelty which they had suffered at the hands of the Sikhs, for weakness, and were encouraged in their disaffection by the apparent inability of our army to win back Delhi. In this temper they were wrought upon by their fanatical leaders to

[1] *P. M. R.*, pp. 45-6, par. 88; pp. 140-3, pars. 55-80.

undertake a crusade for the glory of Islam. It was on the evening of the 14th of September that the Chief Commissioner heard that they had risen. Within three hours he had sent against them all the troops whom he could spare. For some time, indeed, their fastnesses, surrounded by swamps and thick jungle, protected them from attack. At length, however, the British troops, guided by some shepherds whom they had captured, surprised and routed them.[1] Thenceforward no disturbances of any importance occurred to break the peace of the Punjab; for, when the people became really convinced that Delhi had fallen, their confidence in British power, and with it their loyalty, or at least their resignation to British rule returned.

Greathed's march through the Doáb.

Still, whatever results the recapture of Delhi might have had, if it had occurred in June, it came in fact too late to produce all the sedative effects which had been expected to follow it. General Wilson saw that, if his success were to have any value, he must follow it up at once. Swarms of mutineers who had escaped from Delhi were pushing across the Doáb, with the object of entering Oudh. He resolved, therefore, to send a column in pursuit of them under Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Greathed, who had distinguished himself in the operations against Delhi. On the 24th of September, the column, consisting of two thousand seven hundred and ninety[2] men, of whom a third were Europeans, marched out of camp at daybreak in the direction of Aligarh. They had to cross the city before they could reach the Grand Trunk Road. As they marched along the Chandni Chauk, they realised, as they had never done before, the circumstance of war. Dead bodies lay all round them: dogs were gnawing naked limbs; and gorged vultures, disturbed by the tramp of the column, fluttered lazily away. The very horses snorted and trembled with fear. But now Delhi was left behind; and as the soldiers struck into the open country, they breathed with relief the pure morning air.[3] All were in high spirits after the long weariness of the siege. On the 27th they reached Sikandarabad. This town and the villages that

[1] *P. M. R.*, p. 16, pars. 44-5; pp. 53-5, pars. 124-32.

[2] This was Bourchier's estimate. Neville Chamberlain stated the number of fighting men to be 2639. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Nov. 1857, p. 512.

[3] Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 258-9; Bourchier, p. 81.

surrounded it bore marks of having suffered terribly at the hands of the Gujars. All the houses had been gutted; every article of property had been plundered; the bullocks had been driven away.[1] Early next morning Greathed continued his march, scattering the rebels like spray, and driving the mutineers before him. A village called Khúrja was passed, the inhabitants of which were believed to be rebels and murderers: but the soldiers' eagerness for vengeance was checked by the civil officers accompanying the column, who were unwilling that the innocent should suffer with the guilty, and feared lest severity might exasperate a loyal regiment which included many kinsmen of the villagers.[2] Aligarh was found unoccupied, save by a few Gházis, who were hunted down and killed by the cavalry. Leaving a detachment to hold it, Greathed pushed on up the Trunk Road, his troops burning villages and even shooting down unarmed peasants on the way.[3] As he advanced, a succession of letters written in every language, living and dead,[4] poured in upon him from Agra, beseeching, commanding him to hasten at his utmost speed, to succour that place. The fact was that an army of mutineers from Central India, reinforced by mutineers from Gwalior and Delhi, was hovering in the neighbourhood of the fortress, and all the old terrors of the garrison had revived. Greathed and his officers read these letters with a mixture of amusement and contempt. They felt sure that the authorities of Agra, with a strong fort and a sufficient garrison to protect them, were exposed to no such perils as they had themselves successfully overcome at Delhi. Nevertheless Greathed felt bound to turn aside. At midnight on the 8th of October, he sent on his cavalry and horse-artillery, with orders to proceed by forced marches to Agra. At four o'clock on the following morning he pressed on himself with the infantry. Early on the morning of the 10th he crossed the Jumna under the walls of the fort, having marched forty-four miles in twenty-eight hours.[5] "Those dreadful-looking men must be Afgháns,"

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Nov. 1857, p. 84.
[2] *Friend of India*, Nov. 11, Dec. 9, 1858; Bourchier, p. 79; Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. ii. pp. 253-4.
[3] Col. H. A. Ouvry's *Cavalry Experiences*, pp. 165-6; O. H. S. G. Anson's *With H.M. 9th Lancers during the Indian Mutiny*, p. 177.
[4] Bourchier, p. 97.
[5] Greathed's despatch (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. 1857-58, Part 3, p. 20).

remarked a lady to a civilian, as she watched the jaded, war-worn, sun-dried soldiers of the 8th Queen's tramp wearily over the bridge.[1]

Battle of Agra.

Greathed was informed on his arrival that the enemy had retired beyond a stream nine miles distant. The chief of the Intelligence Department had done his best to procure information: but Colonel Cotton had deliberately withdrawn his vedettes and patrols; and the commandant of the militia, who warned him that the enemy were approaching, was snubbed for his pains.[2] Greathed accepted without enquiry the information which was given him. The inmates of the fort, relieved from their fears, were congregated outside the southern gateway, to see their defenders pass by. The site which Greathed selected for his camp was the parade-ground, about a mile and a half south of the fort, bordered on its further side, at the distance of six hundred yards, by high crops. The guns were parked ready for use: but Greathed neglected to post piquets, and went off to the fort. The camp was marked out, and the men breakfasted. Some then lay down on the ground, and went to sleep. Others moved about, talking to their friends of the garrison. Crowds of natives from the town were flocking round the camp, and among them were four jugglers, who walked up, tossing their balls into the air and catching them, towards the tents. Suddenly flinging away their balls, they drew swords, and rushed in, striking out right and left. Simultaneously two troops of cavalry emerged from the crops, and a number of round shot crashed into the camp. But it was impossible to take soldiers like these by surprise. An officer galloped off to fetch Greathed. The infantry instinctively sprang up, and seized their muskets; the cavalry ran to saddle their horses; the artillery manned their

[1] C. Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, p. 70.

[2] March Phillipps, the magistrate of Agra, says that he himself and Muir, the chief of the Intelligence Department, had done their utmost to procure through spies "speedy and certain intelligence of the movements of the rebels," but that Colonel Cotton had deliberately withdrawn the vedettes and patrols (C. C. Seymour's *How I won the Indian Mutiny Medal*, pp. 155, 157-8). "Many natives," says Mr. Thornhill (*Indian Mutiny*, p. 292), "very reliable, had expressed their belief that the rebel force was still on our side the Khara Nuddee, and much nearer to us than the authorities had any idea of. These statements were communicated to the Government, but met with no attention, nor was more regard paid to the representations of the officer commanding the militia," etc. See also Malleson, vol. ii. p. 98, note.

guns. Meanwhile the members of the garrison who had gone to visit the camp, were rushing back panic-stricken to the fort with such headlong violence, many of them galloping on the artillery horses, which they had purloined, that the officers who were trying to get to their regiments could hardly make head against the torrent. The first comers saw a number of independent combats going on. The enemy's cavalry had begun the battle by charging the British artillery, but were hurled back instantly by a squadron of the 9th Lancers. On the right the 8th Queen's and two regiments of Punjab infantry were getting under arms: the 75th, many of them in their shirt-sleeves, were forming square to oppose a charge of rebel horse; and on their left a troop of horse-artillery and Bourchier's battery had already opened fire. When Greathed rode on to the ground, he deployed his infantry into line, and sent Lieutenant Watson with three squadrons of Punjabi cavalry to turn the enemy's left flank. The British infantry suffered severely from the fire of the enemy's heavy guns. Fortunately, as they were beginning to give way, Captain Pearson came hurrying up from the fort with his battery to reinforce them; the enemy were driven back; and Watson, charging at the right moment, threw them into complete disorder. They were already in full retreat along the Gwalior road when Colonel Cotton, with the regiment which had fought at Sacheta, joined the pursuers, and, as senior officer, assumed command. The pursuit was continued for seven miles. The enemy lost all their baggage, guns, and ammunition. It was they, in fact, who had been surprised.[1]

Oct. 11-14. Hope Grant appointed to command Greathed's column.

For the next three days the column halted at Agra. While it was there, Hope Grant received a letter from the Secretary to the Government of the North-Western Provinces, informing him that he was to come down, and take command of it. "You are to come on at once," wrote the Secretary, "in the mail-cart, if possible." Hope Grant would have been delighted to go, but he could not understand what authority a secretary had to give him such an appointment. General Penny, however, who had succeeded to the command at Delhi, reassured

[1] Greathed's despatch; Bourchier, pp. 100-5; M. Thornhill's *Indian Mutiny*, pp. 291-304; A. C. Robertson's *Memorials of Sir E. H. Greathed*, pp. 71-2, 94-5; Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 273-6. See App. O.

him; and, by travelling night and day, he overtook the column, which had left Agra three days before, at Firozabad. All ranks gladly welcomed him as their leader. On the 26th of October he reached Cawnpore; crossed the Ganges on the 30th; and marched, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, to Banthíra, a village in the plain beyond the Baní bridge, where he waited to take his part in the coming operations for the relief of Lucknow.[1]

Operations of Van Cortlandt and Showers.

Meanwhile other operations for the reduction of the country round Delhi were being carried on. Before the close of September, General Van Cortlandt had succeeded in restoring order in the districts to the north-west. On the 2nd of October, Brigadier Showers led out a column from Delhi to reduce the western and south-western districts, and returned on the 19th, after burning a number of villages, taking three forts, about seventy guns, and treasure to the amount of seventy thousand pounds, and capturing two rebel princes.[2] Before long, however, news arrived from Rájputána, which obliged General Penny to send another column into the field.

Nov. 10.

Retrospect of affairs in Rájputána.

For some weeks after the critical events in June, Rájputána had remained comparatively quiet. After George Lawrence had once impressed the population with the belief that he was determined to keep the upper hand, he was able to rely not only upon the good behaviour, but also to some extent upon the loyal support of the respectable classes, even including Mahomedans.[3] There was, indeed, a strong Mahomedan faction in Jeypore, which eagerly desired the success of the Delhi mutineers. But it was only from the dregs of the civil population and the soldiery that Lawrence had to apprehend serious danger. In August a number of prisoners escaped from the Ajmere gaol, and some of the Bombay troops stationed at Nusseerabad and Neemuch mutinied. In these three cases, however, authority speedily and easily vindicated itself. The most serious troubles which arose, were due to the sympathy of troops

[1] Hope Grant, pp. 159-75; Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 288.

[2] *Blackwood's Magazine*, June 1858, p. 719.

[3] It is worth while to remark that trade and agriculture went on as usual, and that the land revenue was collected in full. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 580.

in the service of native princes with the mutineers of the sepoy army.

On the 22nd of August the bulk of the Jodhpur legion, which was quartered at Erinpura, mutinied. Next day they were joined by two detachments of their comrades, who had lately been repulsed in an attempt to murder

Aug. 21.

some of the Europeans at Mount Abu. The whole force now marched out of Erinpura, and, near Páli, defeated an army which the loyal raja of Jodhpur had sent against them. Some days before, Lawrence, who was then at Ajmere, had heard what had taken place.[1] The troops which he had at his disposal were very few; but he knew that his authority would be lost unless he made some attempt to punish the mutineers. He therefore marched against a fort which they had occupied. Finding that it was too strong for him to take, and that he could not persuade them to come out and fight, he fell back on Ajmere. The legion then marched in the direction of Delhi.

On the 10th of November a column under Colonel Gerrard started from that city to deal with them. At Kanaud, which he reached on the 15th, Gerrard received information which led him to believe that he would be able to bring them to action on the morrow. Next morning, therefore, he pushed on for the village of Narnúl. The road was so deep with sand that the guns could hardly be dragged along, and the infantry had to halt again and again to give them time to come up. Ten hours were consumed in marching twelve miles, and the men chafed angrily at a delay which, they feared, would allow the enemy to escape. They were soon to find, however, that this very delay was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to them. At eleven o'clock in the morning they reached a village about two miles from Narnúl.[2] This place was so strong that, if the enemy had held it, they could not have been dislodged, except at the cost of much bloodshed. As a matter of fact, they had occupied it on that very morning; but their leader, concluding from the non-appearance of the British that they were not coming at all, and too heedless to take pains to verify his conjecture, had abandoned it!

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Jan. 1858, p. 791; Sir G. Lawrence's *Forty-three Years' Service in India*, pp. 285-6, 289-94.

[2] *Blackwood's Magazine*, June, 1858.

Gerrard halted for a short time to recruit his men. They were eating the food which they had taken with them, and drinking their grog, when they saw a little cloud of dust rising over some sloping ground in their front. In a few moments they discerned masses of horsemen through the dust. Presently a shot whizzed over their heads. No time was lost in replying to the challenge. The British advanced steadily; their artillery threw a shower of grape and round shot into the rebel ranks; and now the loud "Shabash"[1] of the Guides, and the flash of sabres and tulwars amid a cloud of dust on the right showed that a cavalry combat had begun. The enemy's horsemen met the shock of the Guides and the Carabineers right gallantly, but were, notwithstanding, overpowered and hurled back; the victors, wheeling to the left, swooped upon the gunners and cut down all that stood their ground; the 1st Bengal Fusiliers overpowered the infantry and captured the guns; and the Mooltani horse, charging the rebel right, completed the rout. Gerrard pressed on in pursuit; but, as he was sitting conspicuous on his white Arab, his red coat covered with decorations, a rebel aimed deliberately at him, and wounded him mortally. At this moment, the Fusiliers dashed into the rebel camp, and captured two more guns; but presently they were withdrawn, to support the British artillery, who were opening fire against Narnúl. The enemy took heart again, threw the Mooltanis into confusion by a sudden charge, and recovered the guns; but the Guides and Fusiliers came to the rescue, expelled them from some buildings which they still held, and won the battle.[2]

Battle of Narnúl.

Next day the troops rested. On the 23rd they came to a town, called Paltauli, and were there joined by Lieutenant-Colonel Seaton, who had been appointed to succeed Gerrard. Under his command they returned to Delhi, to prepare for a fresh campaign.

The people of Delhi had expiated, many times over, the crimes of the mutineers. Tens of thousands of men, and women, and children were wandering, for no crime, homeless over the country. What

**Affairs at Delhi after its recapture.**

[1] "Hurrah."

[2] *Blackwood*, pp. 721-4; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part. 4, pp. 9-14.

they had left behind was lost to them for ever; for the soldiers, going from house to house and from street to street, ferreted out every article of value, and smashed to pieces whatever they could not carry away. A Military Governor had been appointed; but he could do little to restrain the passions of those who surrounded him. Natives were brought forward in batches to be tried by a Military Commission or by Special Commissioners, each one of whom had been invested by the Supreme Government with full powers of life and death. These judges were in no mood to show mercy. Almost all who were tried were condemned; and almost all who were condemned were sentenced to death. A four-square gallows was erected in a conspicuous place in the city; and five or six culprits were hanged every day. English officers used to sit by, puffing at their cigars, and look on at the convulsive struggles of the victims. Sir Theophilus Metcalfe, a civilian whose house had been gutted by the mutineers, and who, to do him justice, would never have turned his back, in the days of their triumph, upon any number of them, was foremost in the work of retribution. One anecdote will show the terror which he inspired. An English lady happened one day to be inspecting some ornaments which a native jeweller had brought to her. Thinking that the prices which he asked for them were too high, she exclaimed, "I will send you to Metcalfe Sahib." In a moment the man had fled, leaving all his goods behind. To many, however, it seemed that not nearly enough had been done to avenge the massacres of the 11th of May, and to vindicate the outraged majesty of the imperial race. There were men,—and among them was James Outram,—who urged that the accursed city should be rased to the ground.

But there was one who pleaded, in fearless and earnest tones, for justice and for mercy. In many a letter to the Governor-General and to the authorities at Delhi, John Lawrence insisted that the great mass of the citizens had had nothing to do with the rebellion, and should be encouraged to return to their homes, that martial law should cease, and plundering be summarily stopped. He gained his end at last. In February, 1858, the Delhi territory was transferred to the Punjab Government: the citizens came back; and the whole population of the district gradually learned to feel that they were under a strong and merciful rule.

About the same time the fate of the King was decided. For some months he had lain in a miserable room in the palace; and rude visitors had thronged to stare at or to insult him. Fortunately for himself, he was so old and had suffered so much that he was almost indifferent to his shame.

1858.

On the 27th of January he was brought before a court-martial, and put upon his trial for rebellion and for complicity in the murder of Europeans. The trial lasted more than two months. The substance of the King's defence was that he had been a mere instrument in the hands of the mutineers. On the 29th of March he was found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. The sentence was just; for the King had not saved, as he might have done, the lives of those who had been brought captive to his palace. He was transported to Rangoon; and there, on the 7th of November, 1862, he died.[1]

Results of the fall of Delhi.

As the recapture of Delhi had produced no tranquillising results in the surrounding districts, it is not surprising that it had failed to do so in remoter parts of the country. It was indeed the turning-point of the war, and from the moment when it took place the British felt confident of ultimate victory: but it did not give a death-blow to the cause of the rebels, it simply made their ultimate subjection possible. If it had been much longer delayed, the anarchy which still prevailed might no doubt have become far worse; but, as a matter of fact, the only positive and unmistakeable benefits which resulted from it were the removal of the strain under which the loyalty of the Punjab had nearly given way, and the overthrow of the hopes which might have induced waverers to rebel. For some time the very fact that the city had fallen was simply disbelieved by the natives, who regarded the salutes and the illuminations with which the event was celebrated as the last desperate device by which the Feringhees hoped to make it appear that they had recovered their ascendency.[2] From the frontier of the

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 243-62; Montgomery-Martin, vol. ii. pp. 451-60; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Feb. 1858, p. 266; *General Report on the Administration of the Punjab Territories for 1856-7 and 1857-8*, p. 39, par. 127; *Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi; Cornhill Magazine*, July-Dec. 1862, pp. 528-34; etc.

[2] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 3, p. 484; *P. M. R.*, p. 142, par. 75; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Nov. 1857, pp. 155-6, 192.

Punjab down into the heart of Bengal, from the Himalayas to the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, Northern British India was still overrun by mutineers and rebels. The spirit of disaffection had even flown across the Bay of Bengal. Symptoms of disquiet began to appear in the newly annexed province of Pegu: the courtiers of the King of Burma urged him to seize the opportunity for attacking the power which had humiliated him; and, if he had not had a shrewd idea of its reserved strength, he would have been ready enough to follow their advice.[1] It was left for the new Commander-in-Chief, Sir Colin Campbell, to paralyse the surviving energies of the uprising, the first and most appalling shock of which had been so mightily withstood by the heroes who had appeared before him that it had not utterly destroyed the imperial fabric.

Sir Colin Campbell.

Sir Colin Campbell had been a soldier for forty-nine years. He had served in the Peninsula and with the Walcheren expedition; he had led a forlorn hope at the storming of St. Sebastian; he had served in the American War of 1814, in the West Indies, in the Chinese War of 1842, at Chilianwála, at Gujrát, against the hill-tribes of the north-west frontier, and in the Crimea. He was a man who, like Charles Napier, could not help loving war for its own sake, even while he knew its horrors; a man whose heart beat stronger on the day of battle; a general who could inspire his soldiers with his own spirit, because, when he harangued them, the glow on his cheek and the tremor of his voice told how strongly his own nature was stirred. He was not a heaven-born general. He was not such a thorough scholar in the art of war as Havelock. He had not the wonderful dash, the power to put everything to the hazard for a great end, the absolute fearlessness of responsibility which belonged to John Nicholson. But for the work he was called upon to perform, a work requiring methodical and precise movements, extraordinary care for details, and close supervision over the distant operations of a number of lieutenants working independently of each other, few commanders could have been better fitted. He set such a high value upon discipline that he could not brook hearing officers of rank ill-spoken of even when they had shown themselves hopelessly

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 820; Jan. 1858, pp. 1, 16.

incompetent;[1] yet he always manifested that care for the safety and comfort of soldiers which, when it follows a strong discipline, never fails to win their attachment. He had fought his life's battle too right gallantly. Harassed by poverty for many years, he had welcomed the tardy accessions to his fortune mainly because they enabled him to provide better for a dearly loved sister. He had never married; but his relations with this sister, and with his old, tried friends, show what a power of love he had. No commander-in-chief more acceptable to the mass of Anglo-Indian officers could have been selected. Many of them already knew his appearance well, his strong, spare, soldierly figure, his high, rugged forehead crowned by masses of crisp, grey hair, his keen, shrewd, kindly, honest eyes, his firm mouth with its short, trim moustache, his expression denoting a temper so excitable, yet so exact, so resolute to enforce obedience, yet so genial, so irascible, and so forgiving. His character does not leave so sharp an impression upon the mind as that of other actors in the Mutiny; yet it is one which is more appreciated the better it is known.

Blockade of the Lucknow garrison.

Sir Colin was at Calcutta, busily preparing to open his campaign, when he received from Lucknow news which warned him that he must not lose a moment, if he wished to avert a great disaster.[2] It will be remembered that only a small part of the force which Outram and Havelock commanded, had been able to enter the entrenchment on the evening of the 25th of September. A detachment which had been left behind at the Faríd Bakhsh made its way in early on the following morning. About the same time the enemy, catching sight of the rear-guard, opened fire upon it. Colonel Robert Napier was sent to the rescue, and by the morning of the 27th all the survivors of the force, with the exception of the detachment that had been left to hold the Alambagh, had joined Inglis's old garrison.

Sept. 26.

The two Generals had entered the entrenchment with the resolve of at once withdrawing the garrison to a place of safety. Circumstances, however, soon forced themselves upon Outram's attention which made him fear that it would be impossible to

[1] Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i. pp. 395-6.

[2] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1858, p. 485,—Art. "Lord Clyde's Campaign in India."

do so. He was told that means of transport for the women and children, the sick and wounded, could not be provided. He saw that, even if this difficulty could be overcome, his army would not be strong enough to escort them to Cawnpore. At the same time he feared that his stock of provisions was too scanty to last until his people should be relieved. His anxiety, as he thought of what might befall them, was intense. One night, when his private secretary happened to come into his room, he saw him kneeling upon the bed, with his head on the pillow, absorbed in prayer.

These doubts were solved a few days after he entered the Residency. Meantime he had to devise some plan for accommodating the multitude under his command. Accordingly he determined to seize and occupy the palaces on the bank of the river. He succeeded without much difficulty in doing this. Havelock was placed in command of these new posts; while Inglis continued responsible for the old garrison, now considerably reinforced. The officer who had been left in charge of the Alambagh on the 25th of September was directed to hold it as long as possible, since it would be invaluable as a halting place for a relieving army. Baffled in his resolve to withdraw the garrison, Outram determined to leave the 90th regiment to strengthen it, and to march back with the rest of the force to Cawnpore. On the 4th of October, however, he ascertained that the amount of food still remaining had been underestimated, and that, by dint of great economy, he would be able to make it last for some weeks longer. The enemy, he found, were too strong to allow him to withdraw any of his force; and he therefore resolved to wait patiently until Sir Colin Campbell should come to his relief.

On the north and east the limits of the British position were now considerably extended. On the south and west it was less capable of being improved. Still, even here new posts were occupied; outposts were taken and held on the road leading to the iron-bridge; and the old defences were repaired and new batteries constructed. The enemy, on their part, had by no means given up the struggle. It was true indeed that they had been obliged to fall back so far that their musketeers could no longer fire as effectively as before. They continued, however, to throw cannon-shot into the entrenchment, and carried on mining operations as vigorously as ever. Large bodies of

mutineers from Delhi had reinforced them; and if Outram and Havelock had been much longer delayed, these new assailants must have overwhelmed the defenders of the Residency. But the garrison now felt themselves too strong to remain merely on the defensive. Day after day they sallied forth, spiked guns, and destroyed houses and batteries, while they repeatedly took possession of the enemy's mines, and destroyed his miners. In other respects too their condition during the blockade was better than it had been during the siege. The advent of Outram and Havelock had taken a load off the minds of Inglis and his people; and all now believed that, however long and weary might be the time of waiting for relief, relief would surely come at last. Their material condition, however, was still wretched enough. By slaughtering their gun-bullocks they would have just enough meat to maintain strength for working and fighting. They would be able, too, to make their grain last by reducing the rations. But, as they had no bakers, they were obliged still to eat chapatties instead of bread. In consequence of this, many suffered from diarrhœa and dysentery; while the want of vegetables caused scorbutic affections. The miseries of the sick were aggravated by the crowded state of the hospitals. Those who were not absolutely incapacitated for duty became weak and ailing, and, having no tobacco, were driven to smoke leaves, tea, and even the bark of trees. They were harassed by continual night-duty. The cold autumn air penetrated their thin summer clothing. Inspired by the example and the sympathy of the generals, they sustained all these hardships without complaining, fought gallantly and worked faithfully, like British soldiers. But hope long deferred made their hearts sick. October drew towards its close, and still there was no news of Sir Colin's coming.[1]

Sir Colin's preparations.

Sir Colin's delay was due to causes beyond his own control. Before his arrival, the Government had prepared little for the equipment of the expected reinforcements or for their transport to the seat of war. The railway was only open as far as Ránigani, a hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta; and the remainder of the journey to Allahabad, the base for all operations against Lucknow, could

[1] Marshman, pp. 418-20, 427-34; Gubbins, pp. 334-45, 355-78; *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. pp. 237-57; Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 226-44.

only be performed along the Grand Trunk Road, which was infested by bodies of mutineers and rebel hordes, who, encouraged by the outbreak at Dinapore, had risen in Eastern Behar and the neighbouring province of Chutia Nágpur.[1] From the moment of his arrival, however, Sir Colin resolutely set himself to overcome these obstacles. He roused sluggish departmental officials to bestir themselves. He caused horses to be purchased for the cavalry and artillery; ordered guns to be cast, gun-carriages, harness, and tents to be made up, and rifle-balls to be manufactured and procured from England; sent for supplies of flour from the Cape; and engaged servants for the European soldiers. Finally, he contracted for the transport of the troops from Ránigany in bullock-waggons, and provided for their security by sending small moveable columns to keep the road clear. These efforts were as successful as they deserved to be. Early in October reinforcements arrived from the Cape; and within the next fortnight more followed from England. On the 27th, Sir Colin, having seen them all duly sent on their way, started himself with his staff from Calcutta.

He starts from Calcutta.

Near Sherghäti he narrowly escaped falling into the hands of a party of mutineers who happened to be crossing the road. On the 1st of November he reached Allahabad. Next day, after making arrangements for the protection of the districts he was leaving behind him, he resumed his journey. On the same day one of the columns marching to the front gained a victory at Kajwá, a village situated about twenty-four miles north-west of Fatehpur, over a rebel army which had threatened to break in upon the road.[2] On the 3rd Sir Colin arrived at Cawnpore.

Battle of Kajwá.

That city was exposed to a danger so serious as to make it right that he should reconsider his decision to advance in the first instance to the relief of Lucknow. Soon after the fall of Delhi, the Gwalior Contingent, refusing to be cajoled any longer by Sindhia, had accepted an offer made to them by the notorious Tántia Topi to lead them against the English, and were now moving upon Kálpi with the object of joining the Nana Sahib and the Dinapore mutineers in an attack upon Cawnpore. It was clear then that, if the Lucknow garrison could possibly

Cawnpore threatened.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Parts 1 and 4, *passim.*
[2] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1858, pp. 482, 485-7.

afford to wait a little longer for relief, Sir Colin would best serve the interests of the empire by proceeding first of all to deal these rebels such a blow as would place Cawnpore beyond the reach of danger. Outram himself, with characteristic unselfishness, earnestly recommended the adoption of this course. "We can manage," he wrote, "to screw on till near the end of November on further reduced rations . . . *it is so obviously to the advantage of the State that the Gwalior rebels should be first effectually destroyed that our relief should be a secondary consideration.*"[1] In spite of these facts, Sir Colin persisted in his original resolve. Leaving General Windham with only five hundred Europeans and a few Sikhs to protect Cawnpore, he proceeded on the 9th to join Hope Grant in the plain beyond Baní.

Oct. 28.

In spite of Outram's advice, Sir Colin resolves to relieve Lucknow before securing Cawnpore.

In order to ensure the success of the operation which Sir Colin was now about to attempt, it was most important that he should receive detailed information respecting the geography of Lucknow and its environs. Some days previously Outram had sent him a collection of maps accompanied by a despatch containing his own ideas as to the route which it would be advisable to follow. Something more, however, was required. If only some intelligent European member of the garrison could manage to communicate personally with Sir Colin, explain the maps to him, and supplement from local knowledge the information which they yielded, their value would be greatly increased. But so many native spies had already been captured by the enemy that an Englishman could hardly hope to elude them. It was impossible for a humane general to ask any man to volunteer for such a forlorn hope, when the penalty of failure would be death in some hideous and shameful form. Notwithstanding, a volunteer did present himself.

Among the uncovenanted civil servants in the garrison was

[1] Outram's *General Orders*, etc., p. 361; *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. p. 258. This letter was addressed to Captain Bruce, the head of the Intelligence Department at Cawnpore; and Outram told him to telegraph the substance to Sir Colin. Sir F. Goldsmid says in a note to p. 257, "The dates show that there would have been ample time to have attacked the Gwalior troops and accomplished the advance on Lucknow (which their dispersion must have facilitated) between the receipt of this letter of Outram's and the end of November." [As a matter of fact, though neither Outram nor Sir Colin knew it, Outram had enough grain to last till the end of *December* without any reduction of rations. See p. 279, note 1, *supra*.]

a clerk named Kavanagh. He was a man of great physical strength and iron nerve. The prominent features of his character were a vanity and a self-importance so preposterous as almost to amount to insanity.[1] But almost anything can be forgiven to a really brave man; and, for cool daring, the deed which Kavanagh was about to perform remains unsurpassed by anything which history can show. Believing that no man could be better qualified than himself to act as a guide to the Commander-in-Chief, he persuaded a clever native spy named Kanauji Lal to accompany him, and then told Outram that he was prepared to hazard the attempt. At first Outram could hardly believe in the sincerity of the proposal; then he pointed out the dreadful perils of the undertaking; but, when he saw that Kavanagh fully realised, yet did not fear them, his heart warmed towards him, and he consented to let him go. Then, however, Kavanagh began to reflect on the ruin which would befall his wife and children, if he should fail. "I vainly struggled," he wrote, "to convince myself that it *must* be done, till the convulsions of my heart were relieved by tears." Still, he had no thought of going back from his word. Disguising himself as a budmash, he placed in his belt a pistol with which he resolved to commit suicide in case he should fall into the hands of the rebels. At half-past eight in the evening he was ready to start. Outram and Napier warmly pressed his hand as they bade him God-speed; and then he and his companion passed out through the British lines. Crossing the river by a ford, they went up the left bank for a few hundred yards, re-crossed by the stone bridge, and entered the principal street of Lucknow. Fortunately the city was not lighted as brightly as usual. Passing out into the open country, they lost their way, and presently found themselves in the Dilkúsha park, which was occupied by the enemy. For some time they wandered about in dread of

Kavanagh volunteers to open communications between Outram and Sir Colin.

Nov. 9.

His adventures.

[1] There is proof enough of this in a little book written by Kavanagh, called *How I won the Victoria Cross*. I could make a most amusing collection of extracts from this work, if I had sufficient space. After describing his great adventure, he remarks, "For less than this names have descended from age to age as if never to be obliterated from the heroic pages of history." He then proceeds to compare himself with Aristomenes, Mucius, Horatius Cocles, and Decius, pointing out, however, that his motives were far purer than theirs. The book is really so entertaining that it ought to be better known.

capture. At last they came to a hut, entered it, and woke the occupants, who told them how to regain the road. About three o'clock in the morning they met a guard of sepoys. Kanauji Lal was terribly frightened, and threw away a despatch with which he had been entrusted. Kavanagh, however, explained that they were only going to visit a friend in a village some miles off, and coolly asked the sepoys to direct him on his way. They readily complied. After struggling on for about two hours longer, Kavanagh became so tired that he insisted on lying down to sleep. Presently he was roused by a native challenge, "Who goes there?" A few moments of suspense followed; and he found himself in the British camp.[1]

Nov. 10.

The route which Outram advised Sir Colin to follow differed in part from that by which he himself and Havelock had advanced to the Residency. Instead of crossing the canal at the Charbagh bridge, Sir Colin was to strike off eastward from the Alambagh as far as the Dilkúsha, cross the canal near that point, and thence pursue the route by which the main column had advanced on the 25th of September. His chief engineer advised him to adopt Havelock's original plan,—cross the Gúmti and move along its farther bank to the Iron bridge. This route led across open ground, where there were no strong posts to be taken, where his powerful artillery would have ample room to act, and where the enemy were not prepared to resist. Notwithstanding, Sir Colin decided to accept Outram's advice in principle.[2]

Sir Colin adopts in principle the route recommended by Outram.

On the afternoon of the following day Sir Colin reviewed his troops. The little army was drawn up in the centre of the great plain. It numbered some three thousand four hundred men. Peel's sturdy sailors were there with their eight heavy guns. There were artillerymen clustering round the guns which had come battered and blackened out of the combats on the Ridge. There were the 9th Lancers, Hope Grant's gallant regiment, with their blue uniforms, and forage-caps encircled by white

Nov. 11. Sir Colin reviews his troops.

[1] *How I won the Victoria Cross*, pp. 75-92.

[2] Outram's *General Orders*, etc., pp. 362-70; Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 254-5. If Sir Colin had adopted the Trans-Gúmti route, could he have safely removed the women and children from the Residency? General Innes has no doubt that he could have done so.

turbans. There were the Sikh cavalry, tall dark men, with piercing black eyes and well-chiselled features, curled black moustachios and silky beards carefully combed, wearing blue or red turbans and loose fawn-coloured robes, carrying silver-mounted firearms and curved scimitars, and riding gaily-caparisoned horses. Next to them, grouped round their standards, stood the 8th and 75th Queen's, whose wasted ranks and weary air told what they had suffered in the summer campaign, and the 2nd and 4th Punjab Infantry, who, like them, had followed John Nicholson to the assault of Delhi. All these, as the General rode past them, gazed at him silently and fixedly, as though trying to read in his face the quality of his generalship. But from the serried ranks of the 93rd Highlanders, who stood at the end of the line, there arose, as he came up to them, an enthusiastic shout of welcome; for they had learned to know his quality already in the Crimea.[1]

Operations of Nov. 12-15.

At sunrise next morning the army was put in motion. After marching about three miles the advanced guard came under the enemy's fire; but Captain Bourchier brought his battery to the front, and replied promptly and effectively, while Lieutenant Gough charged with a squadron of Hodson's Horse, and captured two of the guns as the enemy were endeavouring to remove them. The troops advanced without further opposition to the Alambagh, and halted under its walls. Sir Colin spent the next day in completing his arrangements. His army had been strengthened by successive reinforcements, and now amounted to about five thousand men. Leaving three hundred to garrison the Alambagh, he resumed his advance on the morning of the 14th. The enemy were taken completely by surprise, and evacuated the Dilkúsha and the Martinière almost without a struggle. Sir Colin then detached various bodies of troops to secure the ground which he had won; and although, before sunset, the enemy twice attempted to turn his position, they were easily repulsed. The men lay down to sleep without tents and with their arms by their sides. Next day Sir Colin signalled to Outram that he would begin his final operations on the morrow, and, in order to delude the enemy into the belief that he would

Nov. 13.

[1] O. J. Jones's *Recollections of a Winter Campaign in India in 1857-8*, p. 50; *Blackwood's Magazine*, October, 1858, p. 489.

advance on the left, made a strong reconnaissance on that side.[1]

Early next morning the march began. After crossing the canal, the army skirted the river-bank for about a mile; then threaded its way along a narrow and tortuous lane through some thickly-wooded enclosures. The enemy had clearly been misled by Sir Colin's reconnaissance; for they offered no opposition. At length the advanced guard reached a corner where the lane, passing through a village, turned sharply to the left. Winding round this point, they found themselves moving parallel to the Sikandar Bagh, which was only a hundred and twenty yards off on their right, and were suddenly deluged by a storm of bullets from that building and the houses near it. Their situation was almost desperate. The cavalry, jammed together in the narrow lane, prevented the infantry and artillery from advancing. "If," remarked a staff-officer, "these fellows allow one of us to get out of this *cul-de-sac* alive, they deserve every one of them to be hanged." Sir Colin rode fearlessly to the front, withdrew the cavalry into the side alleys of the village, and directed a company of the 53rd to line the enclosures bordering on the lane with skirmishers. The skirmishers returned the enemy's fire, and forced back the rebels who had collected outside the Sikandar Bagh: but the great castle appeared unassailable. The bank on the right side of the lane was so steep that it seemed impossible for artillery to ascend it. But nothing was impossible to the old Bengal Artillery. At this very bank Major Blunt and his troop rushed, and clambered up it, men and horses struggling with incredible energy; then dashed at full gallop across an open space on the top between the Sikandar Bagh and a serai a hundred yards further up the lane, unlimbered, and opened fire on the former building. At the same moment the 93rd Highlanders came up, and drove the enemy out of the surrounding houses and the serai; and Travers, following with his heavy battery, dragged two eighteen-pounders through an opening which the sappers and miners had cut in the bank, and opened a fresh fire on the Bagh. In less than an hour a breach appeared. The bugle sounded the assault. A Sikh officer, waving his tulwar above his head, led the way. The Highlanders, their

Nov. 16. Attack on the Sikandar Bagh.

[1] *Blackwood*, p. 491; Bourchier, p. 131.

officers leading like gallant gentlemen, and the ensigns holding up the colours to the breeze, followed, contending with the wild Punjabis for the lead. One of the latter was the first to gain the breach, but was shot dead as he entered it. A Highlander who followed him stood for a moment in the breach, then fell forward, a corpse. Another and another met the same fate. The fifth man, Lieutenant Cooper of the 93rd, leaped clear through the hole, and, closely followed by Colonel Ewart of the same regiment, Captain Lumsden,[1] and about a dozen privates, Sikhs and Highlanders, ran along a path to the right through some high grass which covered the enclosure, and, approaching the eastern side of the building, came upon a multitude of rebels. The latter, astonished at the daring of their handful of opponents, fled through one of the rooms into a court-yard behind; the British pressed after; and then followed a combat hand to hand. Cooper received a gash across the forehead, but not till he had himself struck down many of the rebels. Ewart brought down six of them with six successive shots of his revolver. Yet their inexhaustible numbers might have prevailed, if the remainder of the storming party, who had turned aside from the breach, and forced their way in, some through a door, others through a window, the iron bars of which they violently smashed in, had not come to the rescue. The defenders were caught as in a trap; and volley after volley of musketry tore through the surging throng. Then the air was rent by the screams of the rebels for help, the loud commands of the officers to go in among them and destroy them with the bayonet, and the curses of the British soldiers, as, in answer to despairing appeals for help, they bade their victims remember Cawnpore. In the midst of this awful scene a fire suddenly burst forth; and many rebels who sought an easier death by flinging themselves upon the bayonets of their opponents, were remorselessly hurled back into the flames. A writhing heap of bodies some five feet high lay upon the ground; and wounded men, who could not extricate themselves from the hideous pile, hissed out

[1] Kavanagh, p. 106; J. A. Ewart's *Story of a Soldier's Life*, vol. ii. p. 78; H. Burgoyne's *Hist. Records of the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders*, pp. 200-6. Captain Burroughs of the 93rd entered the breach before Ewart, but turned to the left. [It is not certain who was the first to enter the breach, or rather hole. See Burgoyne's work and Forbes-Mitchell (*Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*, p. 64).]

the foulest epithets at every British officer who approached. Those who had not yet fallen retreated into the towers at the angles of the building. One of these was so obstinately defended that it was necessary to bring up artillery; and then the fierce shouts of the victors, the sullen utterances of the vanquished were drowned in the deep thunder of the guns and the crash of masses of stone falling from the wrecked tower. Still from the topmost rooms there poured down an incessant musketry-fire: but the stormers forced their way up the stairs with fixed bayonets; and, though the caged rebels smote them wildly from above with their tulwars, they could not escape, they could not repel the rising tide. Now those above rushed down in terror on those below, and left them no room to strike: the corpses of the slain, pitched down from the windows above, fell with a dull thud upon the ground: and, when at sunset the horrid din was hushed, two thousand dead, but not one living rebel remained in the Sikandar Bagh.[1]

Attack on the Shah Najíf.

The survivors of the storming party were drawn off, and moved on in the direction of the Residency. The road traversed an open plain about twelve hundred yards broad. About five hundred and fifty yards down the road, and a hundred to the right of it, was a large mosque called the Shah Najíf, which stood in a garden enclosed by a strong and lofty wall, and fringed by jungle and mud cottages. Sir Colin determined to carry this stronghold before nightfall; and accordingly Peel brought up his twenty-four pounders, mortars, and rocket-frames, and placed them in battery against it. The enemy, however, aiming securely under cover of the jungle, and behind the loopholes in the walls, replied with a biting and incessant musketry-fire. Meanwhile the animals which were carrying ammunition up the narrow lane from the rear, shrinking from the fire in their front, and shoved forward by those behind, got jammed together in a confused mass; and it was only along a by-path, which an officer fortunately discovered, that fresh ammunition could be at last supplied to the troops engaged before the Shah Najíf. Even then, however, they could make no way. Sir Colin sat by them on his white horse, anxiously watching the struggle.

[1] Bourchier, p. 142; T. H. Kavanagh's *How I won the Victoria Cross*, pp. 104, 107-8; *Blackwood*, p. 493; Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 327; Norman's *Lecture on the Relief of Lucknow*, pp. 20-2.

He saw that the crisis of the battle,—of the campaign had come; that for his army there was no retreat, though success seemed impossible; that he must succeed, or leave Outram, and Havelock, and their long-tried garrison to perish. Gathering his Highlanders about him, he spoke a few words to them. He had not meant, he said, to expose them again that day. But the Shah Najíf must be taken: the artillery could not subdue its fire; they must go forward then, and carry it at the point of the bayonet, and he himself would go with them. The regiment was ready, and formed in column on the plain. Then Middleton's battery of the Royal Artillery came up, the drivers waving their whips, and the gunners their caps, dashed at full gallop through that unceasing storm of bullets close under the wall, unlimbered, and opened with grape; Peel fought all his guns with an unsurpassed energy; and the veterans of the 93rd, their grey-headed General and his staff, and Adrian Hope, their loved colonel, riding before them, marched with a great enthusiasm to do their part. But their enthusiasm spent itself in vain. The impregnable walls of the Shah Najíf, enveloped in a cloud of smoke, frowned grimly down upon them; they could not advance; they would not retreat; and at every discharge from the loopholes fresh victims fell. Hope and his aide-de-camp had their horses shot under them, and rolled over on the ground; two of the head-quarters staff were struck down; and, as night was now fast approaching, Sir Colin, despairing of success, ordered the guns to be withdrawn. At this moment Hope, followed by some fifty men, crept round through the jungle to the right, and was trying to find some weak point in the wall, when Sergeant Paton of the 93rd pointed out to him a narrow cleft which the fire of the artillery had opened. One man was first pushed up by his comrades; the rest followed; and, finding to their amazement that hardly a rebel remained to oppose them, ran to the gate and opened it. The British, as they poured in, could just see the white dresses of the last of the fugitives disappearing through the smoke into the darkness of night. Outside, Sir Colin remained with his staff, his anxious face lit up by the lurid glare shed from the flames which girt about the doomed mosque. Suddenly, above the infernal din of bursting shells and splinters falling from the walls rose the familiar Highland yell. Then his face grew bright again, and

he moved off to make his arrangements for the night, for he knew that the Shah Najíf was won.[1]

Meanwhile the garrison had been doing their utmost to co-operate with the men who were striving to relieve them. On the morning of the 16th, Havelock, to whom Outram had given the conduct of the operations, occupied the Faríd Bakhsh. His object was to storm two buildings called the Harn-Khána and the Steam-Engine House, and thus diminish the distance which Sir Colin would have to traverse. At about eleven o'clock he heard that the relieving force was attacking the Sikandar Bagh. Vincent Eyre then opened fire on the outer wall of the Faríd Bakhsh and the buildings beyond it. At a quarter past three two mines, which had been sunk under the Harn-Khána, exploded with excellent effect. Havelock now felt that the way had been sufficiently cleared to allow the infantry to act. A few minutes later the bugle sounded the advance: the troops, answering with a loud cheer, rushed to the assault; and soon both buildings were in their hands.[2]

Havelock operates in support of Sir Colin.

Sir Colin's troops lay down in their ranks to rest. Before daybreak they were awoke by the city bells ringing loudly, and the enemy's drums beating. No attack, however, followed. Sir Colin, therefore, at once began his preparations for capturing the Mess-house and the Moti Mahál, the only strong places that still barred his approach to the imprisoned garrison. For several hours Peel bombarded the Mess-house. By three o'clock in the afternoon its musketry was almost entirely subdued, and Sir Colin ordered it to be stormed. The rebels speedily fled; and the stormers, encouraged by Captain Garnet Wolseley, pressing after them to the Moti Mahál, within which they had taken refuge, forced an opening through the wall, and, after a fierce struggle, expelled them. Only a few hundred yards of open ground now separated the relievers from the relieved. A tempest of bullets from the Kaisar Bagh was rushing over this space; but notwithstanding, Outram and Havelock, Napier, Eyre, young Havelock, and four others started to cross it and welcome the Commander-in-Chief. They reached the Moti Mahál in safety. Havelock, after shaking

Nov. 17.

Attack on the Mess-house and the Moti Mahál.

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 493-5; Bourchier, p. 144.
[2] Marshman, pp. 436-7.

hands with Hope Grant, who was the first to congratulate him on being relieved, went up to the men, who cheered him enthusiastically. The old General was deeply moved by this sign of their regard. "Soldiers," he said, his eyes filling with tears, "I am happy to see you; soldiers, I am happy to think you have got into this place with a smaller loss than I had." The party still had to cross a road to reach the Commander-in-Chief, whose quarters were in the Mess-house. Four of the nine were wounded; and Havelock himself had a narrow escape. In a few moments, however, he and Outram joined their chief, and congratulated him upon the successful accomplishment of the relief of Lucknow.[1]

Meeting of the Generals.

The garrison, however, had still to be withdrawn in the face of the vast force of the enemy. This operation was a most difficult and delicate one; and while the preparations were going on, every man in the relieving force was on duty day and night. It was necessary to secure the entire left flank of the relieving army, in order to protect the passage of the women and children along the lane by which Sir Colin had himself advanced. He had already done something towards effecting this object by occupying on the 16th a large building, called the Barracks, to the south of the Sikandar Bagh. On the following day he seized and occupied a group of bungalows near the Barracks, and an important post, called Banks's House, close to the canal, and thus cut off the enemy from all communication between the Kaisar Bagh and the Dilkúsha. The left flank was now secure. On the 19th the women and children, the sick and wounded were removed. A flying sap had been constructed, to screen them from the fire of the Kaisar Bagh, while they were crossing the open space between the Steam-Engine House and the Moti Mahál. Between the Moti Mahál and the Shah Najíf they had to traverse a long stretch of plain, which was exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery and sharpshooters from the opposite bank of the Gúmti. Sir Colin, however, posted gunners in the Moti Mahál and picked marksmen in the Shah Najíf, who, by a steady cross-fire, kept them at a respectful distance; and thus the women and children moved across unhurt.[2] The men were amazed and indignant

Withdrawal of the garrison.

Nov. 17.

[1] Marshman, p. 439; Hope Grant, pp. 191-2; *Blackwood*, pp. 495-6.

[2] *Blackwood*, pp. 493, 496-7; Forbes-Mitchell, pp. 104-5, confirmed by infor-

at hearing that they too must abandon the position which had become endeared to them from the very stubbornness with which for nearly five months they had defended it against every attack. Outram, and Havelock, and many of the senior officers earnestly besought Sir Colin to follow up his victory over the disheartened rebels, seize the Kaisar Bagh and at once re-establish British supremacy over Lucknow. Twelve hundred men, they argued, would then suffice to hold the city. Inglis undertook to defend the Residency against any odds, if only six hundred men were left to him.[1] But Sir Colin had always regarded the Residency as a false position;[2] he insisted that four strong brigades would be required to hold Lucknow and preserve communication with the Alambagh; and he believed that every man in his force would be needed for the relief of Cawnpore. On the 20th, 21st, and 22nd, Peel continuously bombarded the Kaisar Bagh. Three practicable breaches were made; and a spy reported that the mutineers were preparing to evacuate the city. But the chief's resolve was not shaken. Hope Grant and other officers who then differed from him, afterwards admitted that he had been right. Nevertheless, it was certain that when the rebels saw his column in retreat, they would pluck up heart again and boast that, after all, they had forced the Feringhees to abandon the capital of Oudh.[3] At midnight on the 22nd, while the rebels in the Kaisar Bagh were thinking only of preparing to repel an assault which their opponents had no intention of delivering, the garrison silently defiled out of the entrenchment and moved along the lane to the Dilkúsha. The scene there on their arrival was one of the wildest confusion. Nothing had as yet been done to provide for the wants of the multitude of women and children.[4] Early in the morning, while they were

Nov. 23.

mation from Sir D. Baird, who served on Sir Colin's staff. Besides the authorities to which I have referred for the relief of Lucknow, I have consulted Sir Colin's despatch (*Calcutta Gazette Exty.*, Dec. 11, 1857, pp. 4-9) and *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 1-20.

[1] *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. pp. 276-7; Gubbins, pp. 405-6; Hope Grant, p. 196; Lady Inglis's *Journal*.

[2] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Nov. 1857, pp. 903-4. [General Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 75-7) has demonstrated that the Residency was the best position which Lawrence could have selected.]

[3] Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 258-9; Marshman, pp. 440-1; Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 342-3; *Life of Sir Hope Grant*, vol. i. pp. 300-1.

[4] *Blackwood*, p. 497; Bourchier, p. 159.

trying to settle down into their places, a well-known civilian might have been seen going up to one of the private soldiers' tents, to ask after the condition of a sick man who lay within. The visitor was Martin Gubbins. Entering the tent, he saw on the ground a dooly, on which General Havelock lay, grievously ill.[1] The veteran was indeed fighting his last battle here on earth. Weakened by the privations which he had undergone during the blockade, and no longer sustained by the excitement of campaigning, he had been attacked two days before by dysentery. He was convinced that he had not strength enough left to throw off the disease. His son, whom alone he would suffer to attend him, was sitting on the ground by his side, ministering to his wants. He knew that his Queen and nation appreciated what he had done for them; he did not suffer his heart to rebel because he must die without enjoying the rewards that they were preparing for him, without seeing his wife and younger children again. "I die happy and contented," he said; "I have for forty years so ruled my life that, when death came, I might face it without fear." Outram, who came in to see him in the evening, has touchingly recorded what passed between them. "I had a most affecting interview with him," he wrote; "his tenderness was that of a brother. He told me he was dying, and spoke from the fulness of his honest heart of the feelings which he bore towards me, and of the satisfaction with which he looked back to our past intercourse and service together, which had never been on a single occasion marred by a disagreement of any kind, nor embittered by an angry word." At half-past nine next morning he died.[2] Soon afterwards the troops with their convoy marched for the Alambagh. There Havelock was buried. "On the low plain by the Alumbagh," wrote a gallant soldier, one of the most distinguished of Sir Colin's officers, who has left us an unsurpassed record of the campaign, "they made his humble grave; and Campbell, and Outram, and Inglis, and many a stout soldier who had followed him in all his headlong march, and through the long fatal street, were gathered there to perform the last rites to one of England's noblest dead. As long as the memory of great

Death of Havelock.

Nov. 24.

Nov. 26.

[1] Gubbins, p. 417. Dooly—a litter on which a sick or wounded soldier is carried.

[2] Marshman, pp. 444-6; *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. p. 278.

deeds, and high courage, and spotless self-devotion is cherished amongst his countrymen, so long will Havelock's lonely tomb in the grove beneath the scorching Eastern sky, hard by the vast city, the scene alike of his toil, his triumph, and his death, be regarded as one of the most holy of the many holy spots where her patriot soldiers lie."[1]

Sir Colin was now anxious to start as soon as possible for Cawnpore, as he had received no news from Windham for several days. He made up his mind to leave Outram to occupy the Alambagh, and hold the rebels in check until he should be able to return and finally crush them out of Lucknow. At eleven o'clock on the morning of the 27th he left the Alambagh with the convoy and an army of some three thousand men. The low, tremulous sound which tells a soldier that artillery are at work at some distant place, was plainly to be heard. When Sir Colin reached the Baní bridge at evening, he learned that cannonading had been heard that day and the day before. The news added greatly to his anxiety.[2]

Sir Colin sets out for Cawnpore.

Nov. 28.

Meanwhile great events had been passing at Cawnpore. Sir Colin, knowing the difficulty of the task which he had imposed upon Windham, had laid down the most minute and precise instructions for his guidance. He was to occupy and strengthen the entrenchment which Havelock had constructed four months before; to send on to Lucknow any European infantry that might join him; and, if the rebels should manifest a decided intention of attacking him, to make the most of his scanty force by extending it conspicuously in advance of the entrenchment. But he was on no pretence whatever to assume the offensive, unless there should be no other way of saving the entrenchment from a bombardment.

Sir Colin's instructions to Windham.

Windham lost no time in setting labourers to work at the entrenchment. It was impossible, however, to convert it into a really defensible post; for it had originally been intended to serve as a mere *tête-de-pont*. Moreover it was so closely hemmed in by houses, gardens, and walls, that an enemy could easily approach it under cover, even with artillery, to within musket-range.[3]

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 497-8.
[2] *Ib.* p. 498; Bourchier, p. 162.
[3] Sir John Adye's *Defence of Cawnpore*, pp. 3-5; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, pp. 16-17.

Meanwhile Tántia Topi, who had been patiently biding his time, was preparing to take advantage of Sir Colin's departure. His army, including the followers of the Nana, who was with him, amounted to about twenty-five thousand men. Leaving a strong detachment to hold Kálpi, he crossed the Jumna on the 10th of November, and moved on towards Cawnpore, occupying the most important posts on his line of march, and thus cutting off Windham from all communication with the country from which he drew most of his supplies. The news of this movement made Windham so anxious that he wrote to his chief for leave to detain a portion of the expected reinforcements. On the 14th he received an answer, authorising him to do so. Three days later he led out his troops to a position which covered the town on the west, and there encamped them in the manner ordered by Sir Colin.[1]

Tántia Topi marches to attack Windham.

Nov. 17.

The permission which he had received to add to the strength of his force had in some measure reassured him. This feeling, however, soon passed away. Every day he looked out, hoping in vain to catch a glimpse of the advanced guard of Sir Colin's army returning triumphantly from Lucknow. Every hour he asked for letters from Sir Colin himself; but after the 19th none came. The news that did reach him was of the gloomiest kind. On the 22nd he heard that a body of rebels had seized the Baní bridge, and that an army was coming from Oudh to reinforce Tántia. Thinking that his chief might be in difficulties, he sent a wing of a native regiment at three o'clock next morning to recover the bridge. On the same day a letter arrived from a commissariat officer attached to Sir Colin's force, begging that ten day's provisions should be sent at once to Lucknow. Coupled with the fact that no despatch had been received from Sir Colin for three days, this request naturally suggested the fear that the Lucknow force was surrounded by the rebels.[2]

Anxieties of Windham.

Nov. 23.

In these circumstances it behoved Windham to decide promptly upon some definite course of action. His entire force amounted to no more than seventeen hundred men, composed mainly of detachments of European regiments, and ten guns. He knew that, if

He conceives a plan for foiling Tántia.

[1] Malleson, vol. ii. p. 231; Adye, pp. 7-9. [2] *Ib.* pp. 13-14.

Tántia, with his large force and numerous artillery, were to attack him in earnest, it would be impossible to save either the town or the entrenchment by the kind of defence contemplated by Sir Colin. His one chance of success lay in boldly taking the initiative, and attempting to destroy the enemy's scattered posts in detail. With the view of doing this he had already prepared and forwarded for his chief's approval a very skilful plan. Among the positions occupied by Tántia's troops were two villages,[1] situated close to the Ganges canal, and within a long day's march from Cawnpore. Windham's idea was to take his force up the canal at night, pounce upon and destroy one or other of these posts, and then return to Cawnpore in time to repel any counter-attack. Owing to the interruption of communication with Lucknow, he received no answer to his request for Sir Colin's approval.[2] Then was the time for him, if his belief in himself had only been strong enough, to show that he had the heart to execute the plan which he had had the head to conceive. Though, however, he had proved himself to be a soldier of extraordinary personal courage, he could not endure a test like this. No man indeed has any right to disobey the orders of a superior, unless he has reason to feel absolutely confident that, in doing so, he will succeed. No man who commits himself to such disobedience has any right to complain if, in the event of failure, the heaviest penalties are exacted from him. But our history would be other than it is, if men had not arisen in great conjunctures who counted the hazard of such penalties as nothing, when measured against the glorious privilege of rendering a service to their country.

Nov. 17.

But shrinks from the responsibility of executing it.

Though Windham could not nerve himself to strike a really decisive blow, his nature was not one that could acquiesce in inaction. Still hoping to receive authority to carry out his scheme, he resolved to be ready to do so on the first opportunity. Accordingly, on the morning of the 24th, he broke up his camp, and marched six miles in a south-westerly direction to a position close to the bridge by which the Kálpi road crossed the canal. Instantly accepting the challenge which this movement implied, Tántia marched with a detachment from Akbarpur, one of the villages

Second battle of the Pándu Naddi.

[1] Sheoli and Sheorájpur. [2] Adye, pp. 10-11.

of which he had taken possession, and halted next day on the right bank of the Pándu Naddi, at a point a little to the south-west of Windham's position. Early next morning Windham attacked and defeated him. Immediately after the action, however, he fell back upon Cawnpore, and selected a new encamping-ground at some brick-kilns near the Kálpi road, which, in anticipation of the probable movements of the enemy, he regarded as more defensible than the old one. A despatch had come at last, informing him that all had gone well at Lucknow.[1] He had only to hold out for a day or two longer, and his anxieties would be at an end. He might be pardoned then for indulging himself with the hope that Tántia would be too cowed by defeat to attack him again before the end of that time.

Nov. 25.

Nov. 26.

Tántia, however, was not in the least cowed. He had the wit to perceive that Windham would not have followed up a victory by retreat unless he had felt it necessary to secure Cawnpore against attack; and he resolved that that attack should be speedily delivered. Next morning Windham made his troops stand to their arms, as usual. He was ignorant of the enemy's intentions; for so many of his spies had lately been captured that the rest were afraid to venture out in search of information. His suspense, however, was soon terminated. About twelve o'clock, as he was reconnoitring from the top of a house, he saw the smoke, and heard the roar of an artillery more powerful than his own.[2] Without delay, he moved off to make his dispositions for repelling the attack.

Growing audacity of Tántia.

Nov. 27.

Ordering Brigadier Carthew, who had played a prominent part in the battle of the previous day, to move to the right, and defend the town on the side approached by the Bithúr road, he sent the left brigade under Colonel Walpole up the Kálpi road, to engage the enemy's right. He would have shown more judgement if he had contented himself with defending his position at the brick-kilns;[3] for so superior was Tántia's artillery[4] that Walpole's

Second battle of Cawnpore.

[1] Adye, pp. 16-21. [2] *Ib.* p. 22.

[3] Windham says he would have done so if he had not unwisely rescinded an order which he had given for sending his baggage to the rear. *Observations supported by Documents:* being a supplement to Col. Adye's *Defence of Cawnpore,* p. 15.

[4] Tántia had sixty or seventy guns (fifty, according to Adye, p. 27), Windham

men were soon in danger of being overwhelmed. When the battle had lasted about an hour, Windham, who had till then been engaged in watching Carthew's operations, returned to the left brigade. At the critical moment, an officer who commanded at a village on his right front pusillanimously retreated, without orders and without a show of resistance: the bullock-drivers rapidly deserted: ammunition began to fail;[1] and Windham, seeing that success was impossible, determined to fall back on the brick-kilns, and sent an order to Carthew to do likewise. Carthew at first took no notice of the order. From the outset he had successfully maintained his ground, and he believed that he could and ought to maintain it to the end. Presently, however, the order was reiterated; and, feeling the necessity of obedience, he reluctantly withdrew his brigade.[2] What he saw on approaching the brick-kilns, did not tend to soothe his irritated feelings. The soldiers of the left brigade were hopelessly confused; their tents and heavy baggage were strewn about in disorder; their cattle had been driven away by the enemy.

The worst, however, was still to come. About five o'clock a staff-officer came to Windham with the news that the rebels were attacking the entrenchment. It was clear that even the brick-kilns must now be abandoned. Windham accordingly sent an order to the officer whom he had placed in command there to retreat; and then, putting himself at the head of a detachment which had luckily just arrived from Fatehpur, attacked and forced back the rebels who were threatening the entrenchment. He then rode to meet Carthew, and ordered him to return to his original position on the right, and thence to move to and occupy the theatre. This building, which stood between the Bithúr road and the town, contained an abundance of clothing and stores. Carthew executed his order with skill and resolution, severely punishing the rebels who endeavoured to hinder him. The main body, on the other hand, had to

only ten. *Ib.* p. 18. Tántia's force amounted to about fourteen thousand disciplined soldiers and eleven thousand irregulars: Windham's to about seventeen hundred. Adye, p. 9.

[1] Windham thought that he could have covered the removal of his baggage but for this contretemps. *Observations*, etc., p. 15. Sir Colin characterised the conduct of the officer as pusillanimous and imbecile to the last degree, and said that it explained "much of what might otherwise have been injurious to Windham's reputation." *Ib.* p. 16.

[2] Malleson, vol. ii. p. 244, note.

abandon all their tents and baggage, and were harassed, as they retreated, by a severe musketry-fire. Many of them were raw recruits; and, as though they had not been sufficiently humiliated already, they disgraced their colours by rushing in panic to the entrenchment; broke open the stores; drank the wine intended for the sick; and smashed open their officers' boxes in drunken fury.[1]

Expecting that the enemy would renew their attack on the morrow, Windham spent the night in anxious consultation with his officers. He himself undertook to defend the part of the town next the Ganges, on the left bank of the canal. Walpole, commanding again on the left, was to defend the part, also on the left bank of the canal, that lay nearest to the brick-kilns. Brigadier Wilson was to guard the entrenchment. Carthew was to defend the Bithúr road, the key of the position, and thus to secure the stores and clothing intended for the women, children, and invalids of the Lucknow garrison. The force which Windham set apart for the execution of this, by far the most important and difficult part of the contemplated defence, was wholly inadequate.[2]

Early in the morning the enemy returned to the attack.[3]

Nov. 28.

Carthew took up his position at a bridge spanning a nullah which ran in front of the theatre. For two hours and a half the enemy fiercely assailed him with their artillery; but they could not dislodge him. At twelve o'clock he received an order to advance. His path ran up a level piece of ground about six hundred yards in length, at the opposite extremity of which the enemy had posted three guns. The skirmishers pushed on gallantly up to within a hundred yards of this point; but so destructive was the fire with which they were assailed from the guns and from the musketeers who occupied the houses on either side, that they could go no further. Undaunted by this failure, Carthew brought up two guns, which in a few minutes silenced the enemy's fire; but, having no cavalry to support him, he was unable to follow up his advantage. Meanwhile Wilson had made a parallel advance on Carthew's right against another battery. More successful at first than their comrades of Carthew's brigade, his skir-

[1] Russell, vol. i. p. 206; Maude and Sherer, vol. ii. p. 383; Forbes-Mitchell, p. 124.

[2] See Malleson, vol. ii. p. 247.

[3] Adye, p. 30.

mishers charged the guns, and for a moment held possession of them, but, unsupported by the main body, which had fallen too far behind, were attacked in their turn and destroyed. Wilson himself fell; the main body was driven back on the entrenchment; and thus Carthew's right was exposed. The battle, however, was not yet lost. Windham had only to reinforce Carthew, and all might still go well. Sir Colin too was sure to arrive in a few hours; and then the issue would be placed beyond a doubt.

Sir Colin's march to Cawnpore.

Early that morning Sir Colin had resumed his march from Baní. Every moment the sound of firing became plainer; but still there was no news of Windham. Mile after mile was quickly traversed. Just before noon a native ran forward from under a hedge, and handed to a staff-officer a letter dated November 26, and addressed "Most urgent, to General Sir Colin Campbell, or any officer commanding troops on the Cawnpore road." Sir Colin read, and saw that Cawnpore had been attacked. Presently another letter was delivered to him, and then another. Windham was hard pressed,—he had been obliged to fall back on his entrenchment. Sir Colin's thoughts soon flashed upon the minds of his troops. Had the rebels broken down the bridge over the Ganges? Perhaps there was a bare chance that they might be in time to prevent this crowning disaster; if not, they would be isolated in an enemy's country. On they pressed all through that long afternoon, becoming every moment more tired and footsore, yet still striving more impatiently to reach the goal, while the rumbling of the cannonade gradually deepened, as they neared it, into an angry roar, the gasping bearers staggered as they struggled to keep up with the troops, and the wounded whom they carried, too weary now to care what might be the fate of Cawnpore, groaned, and died. At last Sir Colin, unable to bear the agony of suspense any longer, hurried on in advance with the cavalry and horse-artillery, and, leaving even these behind at Mangalwár, rode on at a gallop with only his staff to escort him. As he approached the river, he could see that the bridge was still standing. In a few minutes he was upon it, and, as he spurred across, the light of the setting sun was shed over the broad flood, but the battle was still raging upon the further bank, and flames were rushing up above the city of Cawnpore.[1]

[1] W. Munro's *Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd (Sutherland)*

Conclusion of the battle.

At the critical moment of the battle, the moment when Wilson's attack had been repulsed, Windham's generalship had failed. He had already sent supports to Walpole, whose task was comparatively an unimportant one, and whose original force had proved amply sufficient. But to Carthew, who was sustaining the chief burden of the fight, with whose fortunes the fortunes of the entire army were bound up, he did not send a single man. In these trying circumstances, however, Carthew did not lose heart. He was obliged to fall back upon the bridge, and, when he reached it, he was isolated; but he still fought on. The enemy brought more and more guns to bear upon his position, and, swarming up in ever increasing numbers into the surrounding houses and gardens, assailed him and his little band with a terrible musketry-fire. Even then he would not give in. Not until it became clear that, if he remained where he was any longer, he would be surrounded, not until he had proved that he could have won the battle if his General had not neglected him, did he give the order to fall back upon the entrenchment.[1]

By this time Windham was giving an account of his stewardship to Sir Colin, who had ridden into the entrenchment a short time before. He had certainly not done all that might have been done. He had allowed the town, his baggage, and his stores to fall into the hands of the enemy. On the other hand, he had succeeded, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, in preserving intact the two vital points, the entrenchment and the bridge over the Ganges.[2]

The morning after. Nov. 29.

The night passed quietly. Looking out at daybreak, Tántia saw that the plain beyond the further bank of the Ganges was white with the tents of another British army. Knowing that that army would soon be upon him, unless he could prevent it from crossing the river, he caused his artillery to open fire upon the bridge. Peel's heavy guns and all the British field-batteries swiftly replied: for some time the banks of the river were overclouded with smoke; but the rebels were gradually overpowered, and

*Highlanders*, pp. 169-70; Bourchier, pp. 162-3; *Blackwood*, p. 498; H. Norman's *Lecture on the Relief of Lucknow*, p. 33.

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 3, pp. 235-6.

[2] *Observations*, etc., p. 12. Windham's despatch will be found on pp. 35-40 of Adye's work.

forced to abandon their attempt. Then the advanced guard of Sir Colin's army moved on to the bridge, and, followed by the women and children, the sick and wounded, the long train of baggage-carts, and the rear-guard, crossed the canal, and encamped on the plain, hard by the entrenchment from which, five months before, another procession had issued forth to die.[1]

Nov. 29. 3 P.M.-Nov. 30. 6 P.M.

The rebels, however, still clung resolutely to their position; and Sir Colin knew that he could not attempt to dislodge them while the convoy remained to impede his movements. The preparations for its departure were therefore pressed on with the utmost speed. On the night of the 3rd of December it started for Allahabad. For two days longer Sir Colin remained watching the rebels, to allow it time to get beyond the reach of danger. Meanwhile the rebels harassed him, as they had done since the beginning of the month, by desultory attacks. But the hour of retribution was now at hand.

The women, children, and invalids of Lucknow sent to Allahabad.

The position held by the rebels was on the whole very strong. Their left was protected by the Ganges. Their centre occupied the town, the narrow, winding streets of which were well adapted for defence. Their right stretched out behind the canal into the open plain. About two miles in rear of the right, and close to the Kálpi road, was the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, by far the most formidable portion of the rebel army. Reviewing the whole position, Sir Colin saw that the right was not only the one vulnerable point, but also the most important to gain, inasmuch as it would give him possession of the Kálpi road, the only line of retreat open to the Gwalior Contingent. He determined therefore to attack it with all the force which he could bring to bear against it, overwhelm it before aid could reach it from the centre; and then, seizing the camp of the Gwalior Contingent, plant himself upon the Kálpi road, and strike at the enemy's communications. His army, which had just been strengthened by reinforcements from England, amounted to five thousand infantry, six hundred cavalry, and thirty-five guns.

Position of the rebels at Cawnpore.

Sir Colin's plan of attack.

At ten o'clock in the morning of the 6th, Windham, who had been placed in command of the entrenchment,

[1] *Blackwood*, p. 500.

began the battle by opening fire from all his guns and mortars upon the enemy's left and centre. For about two hours a tempest of iron beat upon the houses of Cawnpore; and the rebels, crowded together in the narrow streets, were destroyed in great numbers. Their attention was so distracted by the fury of the attack that they brought down more and more troops to repel it, leaving their right unsupported.

Third battle of Cawnpore.

About noon.

Thus Sir Colin's first object was attained. Then the roar of the cannonade became hushed: the smoke passed away; and, the rest of the infantry being masked from observation, Greathed's brigade closed rapidly on to the line of the canal, and kept the centre engaged by a brisk musketry-fire, while, further to the left, the dark-clad riflemen of Walpole's brigade forded the canal, and, sweeping past the walls of the town, hurled back the head of every column which threatened to debouch from the streets to the assistance of the right. Meanwhile the cavalry and horse-artillery moved forward at a fast trot from the extreme left, and Hope's and Inglis's brigades, suddenly emerging from their hiding-places, streamed swiftly in two lines across the plain. The enemy, massed behind the brick-kilns, received them with a well-directed fire, but, unable to stem the rush of the skirmishers, fell back upon a bridge which spanned the canal. Aware of the importance of this point, they opened from it a fresh fire so heavy that the skirmishers, as they came hurrying up, momentarily faltered; but at the critical moment a deep, rumbling sound was heard, and Peel's sailors came running up, dragging their twenty-four pounders with them, dashed right on to the bridge, planted one of the guns, and opened fire. The infantry, greatly stirred by the sight of this gallant deed, and burning to rival it, rushed forward at the top of their speed, crossed the bridge, or forded the canal itself, and, scattering the enemy before them, raced on to the camp of the Gwalior Contingent; while Bourchier's battery, galloping up on the left, unlimbered within a short distance of the tents, and, pouring in round after round of grape, speedily cleared them. The surprise was complete. Chapatties were found heating on the fires; bullocks were standing tied up beside the hackeries; and surgeons were seen rushing out of the hospitals to escape the destruction which had come upon them unawares. Sending General Mansfield to prevent the centre and left from escaping, Sir Colin waited till nearly two

o'clock for his cavalry and horse-artillery. Then, as they had not arrived, he pressed on himself with Bourchier's battery and his small escort of cavalry in pursuit of the Gwalior Contingent. So demoralised were the fugitives that this slender force sufficed to keep them on the run. At length the cavalry and horse-artillery, whose guide had misled them, came hurrying up to join him, and started at full gallop after the flying rebels. Passing cart-loads of ammunition strewn along the road, spiking numbers of abandoned guns, and dealing death without remorse, they urged on their panting horses mile after mile, and never paused until the hunted rebels, throwing away their arms in despair, fled from the road to hide themselves in the jungle, or disperse over the country on either side. It was midnight before the conquerors returned to Cawnpore.[1]

Meantime, however, the completeness of the British triumph had been marred by the failure of the operations entrusted to Mansfield. That officer was the chief of the staff. Sir Colin felt for him a deep affection, and had a high opinion of his powers. But the old soldier was more than once mistaken in the judgements which he formed on the professional qualities of the officers who served under him;[2] and it is certain that Mansfield, though his look and bearing strongly impressed every observer with whom he came in contact, did not possess the eye of a general. The precise instructions which he received were to seize a position called the Subadár's Tank, which commanded the Bithúr road, the only line of retreat open to the enemy's centre and left. Thus he had before him the chance of forcing something like two-thirds of the entire army to surrender. When he reached the tank, large masses of the enemy were already retreating. He opened fire upon them, but, in spite of the remonstrances of his officers, would not allow his infantry to advance. Presently a portion of the hostile left, which had not yet had time to gain the road, opened fire upon his force. He might have captured their guns if he had not shrunk from incurring the loss which an attack upon their position would have involved. As it was, he allowed

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 501-3; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 37-40; Bourchier, p. 175; Lord Roberts, vol. i. pp. 371-2.

[2] He subsequently appointed Walpole and Brigadier Campbell of the Bays to commands for which they proved themselves wholly unfit.

them also to escape, and returned to camp, having accomplished absolutely nothing.[1]

Hope Grant follows up the victory.

In consequence of this failure, Sir Colin was obliged to send another body of troops in pursuit. He placed Hope Grant in command. Early in the afternoon of the 8th the detachment started. From an observation of the traces which the fugitives had left behind them, Hope Grant felt sure that they must have diverged from the Bithúr road, and made for a ferry some miles off to the north-west, in the hope of escaping across the Ganges into Oudh. He therefore turned in the same direction, marched with all speed through the night, reached the village of Sheorájpur, about three miles from the ferry, just before daybreak, and, leaving his baggage there, hurried on to intercept the rebels. Approaching the river, he caught sight of them. For a moment they turned to bay; but, swiftly bringing his artillery into action, he poured a concentrated fire into their disorderly and crowded masses with such terrible effect that they gave way, and ran as fast as they could up the bank, leaving fifteen guns behind them.[2]

Dec. 9.

Sir Colin's plan for the reconquest of the Doáb.

Sir Colin was unable to follow up his success at once, owing to the want of carriage. He was obliged therefore to remain inactive at Cawnpore, waiting until the carts which had transported the convoy to Allahabad, should return. In the meantime he thought out his plans for the future course of the campaign. He saw that before he could proceed to the reconquest of Rohilkhand and Oudh, he must reopen communication with Delhi and the Punjab. He could only do this by regaining possession of the Doáb, which formed the connecting-link between the plains watered respectively by the Indus and the lower Ganges. Greathed's brilliant march had had no lasting effect; for the rebels whom he had scattered had closed up again in the rear of his column, and renewed their depredations. Sir Colin resolved therefore that the work of reconquest should now be performed thoroughly. Three of the most important points in the Doáb, namely Delhi at its north-western, Allahabad at its south-eastern extremity, and Agra, midway between the two,

[1] My account of Mansfield's operations is founded upon a comparison of Malleson, vol. ii. pp. 275-6, with *Blackwood*, p. 504.

[2] Hope Grant, pp. 208-10.

were already in his possession. The one point still to be gained was Fatehgarh on the Ganges, nearly opposite to Agra. His design was that several converging columns should advance upon Fatehgarh, sweeping before them the rebels who still infested the Doáb to that place, and driving them thence across the Ganges into Rohilkhand. Accordingly he directed Walpole to make a semicircular sweep to the left through the Lower Doáb on Mainpuri, there to join Seaton, who was escorting a convoy of stores and cattle through the Upper Doáb, and finally to move on Fatehgarh, whither he would himself march with the main army.[1]

Operations of Seaton, Walpole, and Sir Colin.

Seaton left Delhi on the 9th of December, having heard on the previous night that a number of rebels were gathered together in the Aligarh district, through which his route lay. His convoy was of enormous length, extending over about nineteen miles of road. How was it possible to arrange for its safety, and to fight battles at the same time? Seaton solved this problem by a very simple and effective method. On his arrival at Aligarh he located the convoy under the cover of the fort guns, and then, marching in a south-easterly direction, defeated the rebels at Khasganj and Patiáli, returned to fetch the convoy, gained another victory at Mainpuri, and moved thence to Bewar. There on the 3rd of January, 1858, he was joined by Walpole, who had encountered no opposition worth mentioning on his march from Cawnpore.[2]

Sir Colin himself began his march on the 24th of December, and, clearing the country on his flanks as he advanced, arrived on the 31st at Gursahaiganj. About five miles from this town, the road to Fatehgarh crossed a stream, called the Káli Naddi, by a suspension-bridge. If the rebels who had fled before the converging columns had had the wit to break down this bridge in time, they might have secured for themselves a temporary asylum in Fatehgarh. On the day of Sir Colin's arrival at Gursahaiganj they were engaged in the work. But it was then too late. Next morning Hope's brigade drove them away, and a party of engineers, sappers, and sailors proceeded to restore the damaged portion of the bridge.

Jan. 1, 1858.

On the morning of the 2nd, Sir Colin rode down to the bridge, to see how his men were faring. Just as he arrived,

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 505-7.

[2] Bourchier, pp. 179-82; Sir T. Seaton's *From Cadet to Colonel*, vol. ii. pp. 235-62.

swarms of men clad in white dresses appeared on the top of a hill which rose gradually from the opposite bank of the river, and, running down the slope into a village facing the bridge, opened a sharp fire of musketry.

The repair of the bridge had just been completed. The 53rd Regiment crossed over, and extended to cover the bridge-head. One wing of the 93rd took post behind the bridge as a reserve; while the other was sent to hold a ford three miles to the right, and thus secure the British flank. Then the General, sending an order for the main body of the army to come to his support, brought all his available artillery to bear upon the village. The enemy, however, fought the battle with resolution; and one of their guns especially, worked from behind the cover of a house close to the bridge, destroyed many of the British until Lieutenant Vaughan of the Naval Brigade succeeded in dismounting it by a well-directed shot. By this time the head of the main column had arrived; and the 53rd, a regiment composed mainly of ungovernable Irishmen, hearing that they were to be relieved, and determined to keep to themselves the glory of striking the decisive blow, rushed forward to attack the village, in defiance of the General's orders. The enemy gave way unresistingly, and retreated in good order along the road to Fatehgarh. But Hope Grant was there to pursue them. Leading his cavalry at a rapid pace through the fields on the left, he disappeared for a time from the view of his comrades; but presently a cloud of dust arose, and through the swaying corn, and across the plain beyond it, squadron after squadron of horsemen was seen charging down in the direction of the road. Then the rebels, feeling their flank assailed, broke their ranks, threw away their arms, and fled; the horsemen dashed in among them, and speared or cut down all whom they could reach; guns, colours, baggage-carts, and ammunition-waggons were left behind; and the terrified survivors, only pausing for a few moments, when they reached their camp, to lay their hands upon such things as they could carry, hurried on breathlessly across the Ganges into Rohilkhand.

Battle of the Káli Naddi.

Next day Sir Colin reoccupied Fatehgarh. Three days later he was joined by Walpole's and Seaton's united columns.[1]

Jan. 6.

An important question had now to be decided. What por-

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 507-10; Hope Grant, pp. 214-17.

tion of the disturbed country was Sir Colin to reconquer next? Writing to him on the 20th of December, Canning suggested that Oudh ought to be taken in hand at once, as the rebels were more united there than elsewhere, and more likely to take advantage of a respite. Sir Colin, on the other hand, was anxious to utilise the remaining three months of cold weather for the reduction of Rohilkhand. He was loth to expose his troops to the cruel hardships of the hot weather campaign which would be inevitable if so difficult and tedious a task as the reconquest of Oudh were next to be undertaken; and he believed that it would be quite safe to leave the Oudh rebels to themselves until the following autumn, provided they were simply prevented from making incursions into other provinces. He further argued that sufficient troops could not yet be mustered for the double work of conquering and retaining Lucknow, to say nothing of Oudh, and securing the Grand Trunk Road, and that the safety of the British residents at Naini Tál would be imperilled unless the Rohilkhand rebels were promptly attacked. But Canning had by this time acquired too firm a grasp of the political situation to be satisfied with these arguments. The restoration of order in Rohilkhand, a province which had long been under British rule, was, he pointed out, a mere matter of police. But Oudh was very differently circumstanced. Broad political reasons demanded that it should be dealt with at once, even if purely military considerations, like those adduced by Sir Colin, pointed in the opposite direction. It represented a dynasty, and every eye in India was bent to see whether we were strong enough to assert our sovereignty over it. The example of Delhi, indeed, forbade us to expect any very widespread or immediate effect from the recapture of Lucknow; but still, to leave Lucknow in rebel hands would be as fatal as it would have been to retire from Delhi. For these reasons, Canning insisted that Oudh should be taken in hand as soon as possible, with these limitations; first, that a sufficient number of troops should be set apart to keep open the communications through the Doáb, and secondly, that the recapture of Lucknow should not necessarily involve any immediate attempt to subjugate the whole of Oudh.[1]

The Oudh *versus* Rohilkhand controversy.

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 65-86. See also *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4 to 8 March 1858, pp. 345-7.

Preparations for the siege of Lucknow.

There never was a more loyal soldier than Sir Colin Campbell, never one who was more thoroughly convinced that military power should be subordinate to civil government. As soon, therefore, as he saw that his arguments could not prevail, he set himself to fulfil the Governor-General's wishes. But some time was required for the completion of the preparations. The army needed to be largely reinforced before it could venture to undertake so important an operation as the siege of Lucknow. Sir Colin's first business then was to select some post, the occupation of which would enable him at once to maintain his hold upon the country which he had just reconquered, and to cover the advance of the reinforcements to Cawnpore, where they were to concentrate before advancing against Lucknow. Fatehgarh, the position which he was then occupying, seemed to him the most suitable. Situated, as it was, on the high road to Bareilly, the capital of Rohilkhand, it would present an obstacle to any rebels who might advance thence to the invasion of the Upper Doáb. Similarly, it threatened Lucknow, with which it was connected by a direct road, and would thus support Outram in his endeavours to hold the Oudh rebels in check. It would also overawe the remains of the Gwalior Contingent at Kálpi, in case they should meditate an incursion into the Lower Doáb. Finally, as a result of the checks which it imposed upon these three hostile points, Bareilly, Lucknow, and Kálpi, it would screen from attack the siege-train, destined for the reduction of Lucknow, in its transport from Agra to Cawnpore.[1]

While Sir Colin was awaiting the arrival of his reinforcements, the hot-headed and ignorant journalists of India abused him for what they regarded as his inactivity. As a matter of fact, however, few men could have done more than he did. Moveable columns, issuing forth from Fatehgarh, scoured the surrounding country, punished insurgent villages, and, by skilful demonstrations, deluded the Rohilkhand rebels into the belief that their country was to be the next object of attack. Brigades were detailed to garrison Fatehgarh and the districts dependent upon it. Finally, an arrangement was made with Sir John Lawrence, in accordance with which a force should be collected at Roorkee, and march thence into Rohilkhand, to hold the rebels of that province in check until Sir Colin could

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 511-12.

find time to deal with them. On the 1st of February, the siege-train having started from Agra, Sir Colin left Fatehgarh for Cawnpore, and thence proceeded to Allahabad, to confer with Canning. On the 9th he returned to Cawnpore, to superintend the final preparations for the siege of Lucknow.[1]

Meanwhile, two powerful armies were marching from the east to join in the siege. The immediate object, however, for which they had been sent into the field was the protection of the Benares Division, which they would have to traverse before entering Oudh. Though the iron hand of Frederic Gubbins had maintained order in the city of Benares, anarchy had prevailed in the districts. The authority of the British had not, indeed, been everywhere overthrown. Conspicuous among those who strove to uphold the cause of civilisation was an indigo-planter, named Venables, who, as well as some other private gentlemen, was temporarily invested by the Government with executive powers. Supported by a handful of troops, he reoccupied Azamgarh after it had been abandoned by the civil officers, held it till the close of July, inflicted two defeats upon insurgent mobs, and, by an unsparing use of the gallows, did something to check the development of crime. But, in spite of all that that heroic man and others who vied with him could do, the peaceable inhabitants of the country were continually robbed and harassed by the malcontents who lived among them, and others who kept swarming across the frontier from Oudh. It was not till the Gurkha army which had marched down from Khátmándu in answer to the Governor-General's appeal, arrived, that the prospect began to brighten. In the middle of August this force took possession of the stations of Azamgarh and Jaunpur. Within the next few weeks it gained four victories over hordes of insurgents. In one sense these victories were decisive. They enabled the civil officers to regain a hold, which they never afterwards entirely lost, upon the districts that had passed beyond their control. The rebels, however, though continually beaten, continually rallied, and renewed their depredations. Moreover, the authorities at Allahabad complained that their districts north of the Ganges were also overrun by rebels from Oudh. These invaders had for weeks past been systematically conquering

Anarchy in the Benares and Allahabad Divisions.

1857.

[1] *Blackwood*, pp. 512-13; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 116.

the country. They had driven away the police, and appointed their own, destroyed the crops, annexed village after village, exacted tribute from the peaceful villagers, and murdered all who resisted them. Canning saw that he must take some decisive steps to remedy these evils. Brian Hodgson, a retired civilian, who had once been Resident at Khátmándu, and was then staying in Calcutta, urged him to trust Jang Bahádur and take full advantage of his friendly zeal.[1] Accordingly he asked him to lead a Gurkha army through the northern portion of the Benares Division, expel the rebels who were harrying it, and then proceed to Lucknow and join the Commander-in-Chief. At the same time he placed Brigadier-General Franks in command of an army consisting of two thousand three hundred Europeans and three thousand two hundred Gurkhas, and ordered him to take steps for protecting Benares itself from attack. Columns were likewise organised for the purpose of keeping open the communication between Allahabad and Cawnpore.[2]

Jang Bahádur and General Franks march for Lucknow.

Jang Bahádur, at the head of an army of nine thousand men, entered British territory in December, and was joined by Colonel MacGregor, who was to accompany him as the representative of the British Government. On the 6th of January, 1858, he defeated a body of rebels near Gorakhpur, and thus enabled the civil authorities to resume their work in the district. His army was joyfully welcomed by the chief landholders and the respectable villagers. On the 19th of February he reached the left bank of the Gogra. There he met a small force under Colonel Rowcroft, who was charged by MacGregor with the duty of holding Gorakhpur. On the 25th he crossed the river, and pursued his march towards Lucknow.[3]

Franks had begun to move just five weeks earlier. He had taken up his position with a portion of his army at a town

[1] Sir W. Hunter's *Life of Brian Houghton Hodgson*, pp. 257-8.

[2] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 550, 24 Nov. 1857, pp. 631, 657; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 624-6; vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 3, p. 300, pars. 2, 3; pp. 386-93, 454-5, 501, pars. 9-11; pp. 505-6, 509-12; Part 4, p. 44, pars. 12-13; pp. 219-20, pars. 32, 38; p. 872, etc. etc. In the Azamgarh district, as in the North-Western Provinces generally, old zamíndárs dispossessed by auction-purchasers were to a man against the Government.

[3] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Jan. 1858, pp. 965, 1033, 1148; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, pp. 101, 111.

called Badlapur between Jaunpur and Azamgarh. There he heard that a rebel chief, named Mahndi Husain, with a force of fifteen thousand matchlock-men, of whom about five thousand deserved to be called soldiers, intended to oppose his entrance into Oudh. As soon as his preparations were completed, he marched out of Badlapur, defeated one of Mahndi Husain's lieutenants, re-established civil authority in the country north of Allahabad, and then returned. On the 14th of February he again moved forward to a point within a few miles of the frontier. There he had to make up his mind to halt until the news should arrive that Jang Bahádur was ready to co-operate with him. This news reached him on the 19th. Instantly he began his advance, crossed the frontier, and, before night, had gained two victories over detachments of Mahndi Husain's army. Mahndi Husain, however, understood the value of the stake for which he was contending. Between the point where he had rallied and the point which the British had reached was a strong fort, called Budhayán. He knew that, if he could make himself master of this stronghold, he would be able at least to delay Franks's advance. He exerted all his powers of strategy to gain his object, but in vain. Franks was too clever for him, and seized the fort on the afternoon of the 21st. Still, the rebel leader did not give up hope. He collected his whole force near the town of Sultanpur, and there, in conjunction with an officer named Gaffur Beg, who had been sent from Lucknow to support him, prepared to make his last stand. His force, which had been strengthened by various roving bands, now amounted to twenty-five thousand men, of whom five thousand were sepoys, and twenty-five guns. Gaffur Beg assumed command. He drew up the force behind a deep stream which was crossed by the main road leading to Lucknow. Near this road he posted his strongest battery. But he made the mistake of neglecting to guard another road which crossed the stream some distance off on his right. On approaching the stream, Franks saw at a glance how to act. Making a false attack on the enemy's front, he sent the bulk of his force to seize the unguarded road. The enemy were busily engaged in trying to repel the false attack, when suddenly they saw with dismay that their position had been turned. One charge, led by Franks himself, decided the battle. The enemy's gunners, fighting their guns to the

last, were cut down. The rest fled, leaving twenty guns upon the field.

Marching on, Franks reached Selimpur on the 1st of March, and there halted, to await orders from the Commander-in-Chief.[1]

Outram at the Alambagh.

It is now time to relate what Outram had done and suffered since Sir Colin had left him in command at the Alambagh. Before Sir Colin's departure from Lucknow, the Alambagh, in itself a strong position, had been made stronger by earthworks. A portion of the force was stationed there, while the position occupied by the main body stretched behind, across the Cawnpore road to right and left, and was protected by batteries, trenches, and abattis, and at some points by swamps. The entire force amounted originally to four thousand four hundred and forty-two men, of whom rather more than three-fourths were Europeans, and twenty-five pieces of artillery. So large a proportion had to be set apart for garrisoning the Alambagh itself, and a fort which protected the right flank, and for escorting the convoys that were constantly travelling to and from Cawnpore, that little more than two thousand men were available for action in the field. From time to time, it is true, Outram received reinforcements, which amounted to several hundred men; but, on the other hand, he was obliged to send the worn-out survivors of the 75th to seek rest in the hills. The enemy's forces outnumbered his in the proportion of nearly thirty to one. They consisted of thirty-seven regiments of sepoys, fourteen of new levies, one hundred and six of irregulars, twenty-six of cavalry, four or five which fled to Lucknow from Fatehgarh, a camel corps, and artillerymen, besides tálukdárs' retainers and armed budmashes, in all at least a hundred and twenty thousand men.

In spite, however, of their vast numerical superiority, the rebels were so thoroughly cowed by the severe punishment which Sir Colin had inflicted upon them, that for some days they remained wholly inactive. In the first week of December,

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 March, 1858, pp. 230, 243; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 839-43. In the three actions which he had fought with Mahndi Husain, Franks's loss amounted to only 2 men killed and 23 wounded. "The secret of this," says General Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 276), "lay in the formation of his fighting force being not in line but in open skirmishing order."

they began to throw up batteries in front of the British position. On the 22nd they made a determined attempt to sever the communication of their opponents with Cawnpore; but Outram, having ascertained their plan of attack beforehand from his spies, defeated them so completely that for the next three weeks they hardly ventured to molest him. On the 12th and 16th of January they plucked up courage to attack him again, but were defeated as thoroughly as before. For the next month they contented themselves with bugling loudly, and occasionally throwing cannon-balls in the direction of the British position from a very respectful distance. The only effect of these demonstrations, however, was to disturb the sleep of their opponents.

If, however, the mass of the rebels were cowards, their leader was a man fitted both by his spirit and by his capacity to support a great cause, and to command a great army. This was Ahmad Ulla, the Moulvi of Fyzabad, who had first made himself famous by the ardour with which, in the spring of the preceding year, he had preached the crusade against the Feringhees.[1] Knowing that the army of the Commander-in-Chief was approaching, and that he must therefore dislodge Outram speedily, or not at all, he attempted another attack on the 15th of February. His troops, however, failed to support him. Three times more, on the 16th, 21st, and 25th, he tried and failed. The time was now at hand when he and his troops would be attacked in their turn. Thenceforth they had enough to do in preparing to repel the attack, and left Outram in peace.[2]

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the service which he and the soldiers who composed his force had rendered to their country. For more than three months they had neutralised the baneful activity of a hundred and twenty thousand rebels, diverting all their attacks on to themselves, and standing the shock unmoved. If they had once suffered themselves to be forced from their position, they would not have been allowed to escape across the Ganges, and the victorious rebels would have been free to attack Cawnpore, to break through Sir Colin's communications, and to carry fire and sword whithersoever they pleased.

[1] See p. 92 *supra*.

[2] *Life of Sir J. Outram*, vol. ii. pp. 279-317; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), pp. 50-3; *Calcutta Review*, Jan.-June, 1860, pp. 1-16.

Feb. 9-27. Final arrangements of Sir Colin.

For nearly three weeks after his visit to the Governor-General, Sir Colin remained at Cawnpore. The defensive works at that city had been strengthened with the view of repelling a possible attack from the remnant of the Gwalior Contingent. The army was continually swelled by new reinforcements; and day after day dense battalions of infantry, bright squadrons of cavalry, batteries of artillery, hackeries laden with ammunition, commissariat waggons, and legions of camp-followers passed over the bridge. On the 28th of February Sir Colin, having seen the last detachment start, quitted Cawnpore, and made a forced march to Banthíra, where the whole army was encamped. So powerful a British army had never before been seen in India. There were seventeen battalions of infantry, twenty-eight squadrons of cavalry, and a hundred and thirty-four guns and mortars. Though Sir Colin was already chafing against delay, he determined to wait a few days longer, in order to give the Gurkhas time to come up, lest their commander, finding himself deprived of the glory of sharing in the siege, should take offence, and return to Nepal. He had already accepted a plan of operations, which had been devised by his Chief Engineer, Brigadier Robert Napier.[1]

Defences of Lucknow.

During the past three months the enemy had greatly increased the strength of their position. They had broken down all the bridges over the canal, which served them as a wet ditch, and had connected the lower portion with the river by a deep and straight cutting. Behind the canal, from the place where this cutting touched the river to a point about half a mile beyond Banks's House, they had built a strong earthen rampart with bastions at intervals; and from this point to the Charbagh Bridge they had thrown up a parapet with occasional batteries. These works formed their first line of defence. The second line extended from the river, in front of the Moti Mahál and the Mess-house, to the Hazrat Ganj, the main street of the city, which it touched at the Imámbára. The third and last line defended the Kaisar Bagh, which the rebels regarded as their citadel. These three lines were not the only defences. The main streets were protected at various points by bastions and

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 120, 130-2; *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1858, p. 513; *Times*, Ap. 20, 1858, p. 10, col. 1; Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 396, note †.

barricades; and almost every house was loopholed and fortified. About a hundred and twenty[1] guns and mortars were mounted upon the batteries.

The immense diligence, however, which had been brought to the construction of these defences had not been wisely directed. As neither Havelock nor Sir Colin in his former attack had operated on the northern side of the Gúmti, the rebels had neglected to provide for the defence of that side. Sir Colin's plan was based upon the observation of this neglect. A portion of the army, under Outram, was to cross the river, advance up its opposite bank, and, taking the enemy's left flank in reverse, enfilade it with an artillery fire, while Sir Colin himself was to cross the canal with the remaining portion, and, turning the right flank, move along the Hazrat Ganj straight against the Kaisar Bagh.[2]

Sir Colin's plan of attack.

On the morning of the 2nd of March, Sir Colin marched from Banthíra with a portion of his force across the level, well-cultivated plain that stretched towards Lucknow. Here and there, with bits of red cloth still fluttering on the bones, lay the sun-dried skeletons of rebels who had fallen in attacking Outram's gallant band. As the troops approached the Dilkúsha, the enemy's skirmishers discharged a few shots at them from the edges of the crops on their flanks; but the fire was swiftly silenced; the skirmishers fell back; and cavalry and horse-artillery, leaping and bounding over the ditches, galloped in pursuit. And now a high and far-reaching bank of earthworks was in sight; and above the trees that fringed it behind rose the domes and minarets of Lucknow.[3] Before long the Dilkúsha was captured, and Sir Colin ordered batteries to be erected to subdue the fire which the enemy maintained from the opposite bank of the canal. The batteries were completed that night, and opened fire on the following morning. Soon the rebels were forced to withdraw their guns; and the remainder of the British force moved up to the Dilkúsha. On the 4th, Franks's column arrived. Early in the morning of the 6th the force destined to operate on the further side of the Gúmti crossed that river. Onward

The siege.

March 3.

March 3, 4.

[1] Medley, p. 164; Shadwell (*Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 145) says 131.
[2] Medley, pp. 164-6.
[3] *Times*, Ap. 19, 1858, p. 8, col. 6; p. 9, cols. 1, 2.

they streamed, infantry and artillery, the Bays in their white-covered helmets and bright scarlet, the Lancers with their flagless lances, the Hussars in blue and yellow, over the bridges and into the fields beyond, till they came to a road lined with trees. The enemy, meanwhile, were gathered in irregular groups over the corn-fields. Suddenly a confused mob of cavalry and infantry, conspicuous in white dresses, were seen rushing wildly from behind the trees that fringed the road; and after them the Bays came galloping with arms uplifted and sabres flashing in the sun; and the horse-artillery, joining in the pursuit, hurled shower after shower of grape and canister. Gradually the column disappeared.[1] That evening it encamped close to the village of Ismáilganj. On the 8th Outram received twenty-two heavy siege guns. On the morning of the 9th, having pushed his piquets a little more forward, and constructed a battery to play upon the Chakar Kothi, the key of the hostile position, he began his attack in earnest. The battery opened fire. Then the right column under Walpole advanced against the enemy's left, and drove them through a dense jungle which they had occupied; while Outram, commanding the left column in person, captured the Chakar Kothi, thereby turning the first line of works, and hunted the rebels through the suburbs to the bank of the river. Here the columns reunited; and two batteries were constructed,—one near the point where the cutting touched the river, to enfilade the first line of works, and the other, a little further up, to subdue the fire from the city. Just after the guns of the former had been unlimbered, the officer commanding it observed that the works were apparently deserted. A regiment of Highlanders was seen about six hundred yards off on the opposite side of the river. If only they could be communicated with, the works might be taken possession of at once. Understanding this, Lieutenant Butler of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers and four privates ran down to the bank, and shouted and gesticulated in the hope of attracting the attention of the Highlanders, but in vain. Then, without a moment's hesitation, Butler took off his coat, plunged into the river, swam across, sprang on to the parapet of one of the works, and there remained until the Highlanders and a Punjab regiment came up and took possession.

[1] Russell, vol. i. pp. 279, 283.

At two o'clock Sir Colin, who had been waiting until Outram's operations should be sufficiently developed to allow him to begin his own, sent a force of infantry to attack the Martinière. No serious attack, however, was required. The rebels, astonished and confused by Outram's enfilading fire, made only the feeblest attempt to resist, and fled across the canal. It was then that the post of which Butler had taken possession was occupied. During the night the whole of the first line of works was captured. Outram spent the next day in strengthening his position in the suburbs, and bombarding the Hazrat Ganj and the Kaisar Bagh; while Sir Colin stormed and captured Banks's House. Next day Outram resumed his advance, and, capturing the houses as he proceeded, took possession of the iron bridge, and fought his way up to the stone bridge, but, finding that it was exposed to a heavy fire, contented himself with posting piquets to guard the ground which he had won, and sent back the bulk of his force to camp.

March 10.

March 11.

Meanwhile Sir Colin had made great progress. Napier had erected batteries at Banks's House; and from these a heavy fire was directed against the Begam Kothi. At half-past three in the afternoon a narrow breach was effected; and Adrian Hope's brigade was ordered to advance to the assault. Captain Clarke, commanding the 93rd Highlanders, waved his sword in the air, and rushed straight upon the breach, shouting, "Come on, 93rd." The 93rd answered the call by a ringing cheer: the 4th Punjab Rifles followed in support; and though for a few moments the garrison, trusting to their vast numerical superiority, maintained their footing in the breach, they were soon overborne by the vigour of the assault, and driven back into the buildings. Every door and window was barricaded; and bullets flew from every loophole. One after another the barriers were burst open; the enemy were hunted from court to court and from room to room; and when, after two hours' fighting, the Begam Kothi was won, eight hundred mutineers lay dead in the central court alone.[1] The loss of the conquerors was small: but one of those who fell had won for himself so high a reputation in the course of the war that his death was spoken of as a national misfortune.[2] After the assault, he

[1] E. H. Verney's *The Shannon's Brigade in India*, pp. 103-4; Forbes-Mitchell, p. 210.

[2] Russell, vol. i. p. 320.

had, without orders, accompanied Napier through the breach. As he was peering into a dark room in the palace, in the hope of catching some lurking rebel, a shot fired by unseen hands struck him, and, staggering back a few paces, he fell mortally wounded. A number of Highlanders were outside. Rushing in, they saw that it was Hodson of Hodson's Horse who had fallen, and, in a frenzy of rage, bayoneted every one of the mutineers.[1]

On this day the Sikandar Bagh, the Shah Najíf, and the Kaddam Rasul had also fallen; and Jang Bahádur and his Gurkhas had arrived to take their part in the siege.

On the two following days, while the Gurkhas advanced against the suburbs on the left, and Outram kept up his enfilade fire, the engineers under Napier, supported by infantry and the fire of heavy guns, sapped through the houses to the left of the Hazrat Ganj. The citadel was gradually being approached; but, before it could be attacked, the Imámbára had first to be stormed. Against the walls of that stronghold, therefore, a heavy fire was directed. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 14th the stormers,—Brasyer's Sikhs and the 10th Foot,—rushed into the breach, and, after a hot struggle, expelled the garrison. The sun was now high in the heavens, and the cry "Water, water!" was heard on every side;[2] but the stormers, though distressed by their exertions, were stimulated anew by the sight of the rebels whom they had just defeated flying towards the citadel, and many started in pursuit. At the same time some men of the 90th under young Havelock, following in a parallel line, gained possession of a palace commanding a portion of the citadel, and thus turned the second line of works, which Outram had already turned at the other end. At this juncture the engineers suggested that further operations should be postponed until the morrow: but the Sikhs and the men of the 90th, whose martial passions had been stirred up by victory into an unquenchable flame, were madly eager to go on; and Brasyer and Havelock, gladly taking advantage of their temper, led them forward into a court-yard

March 12, 13.

[1] Hodson, p. 350. Several conflicting accounts of Hodson's death appeared in the newspapers in the spring of 1883. The account which I have followed was based on the statements of Hodson himself, of his orderly, and of the doctor who attended him. [See also my article on "Hodson of Hodson's Horse" in the *National Review* for August, 1884, and App. N.]

[2] Russell, vol. i. p. 326.

adjoining the citadel. Then Havelock ran back to fetch the men of the 10th, who had remained behind; and they, willingly responding to his call, rushed forward, joined the Sikhs, and with them fought their way to the rear of the Tára Kothi and the Mess-house. Thus the third line of works had been turned.[1] But now the enemy, some six thousand strong, who, congregated in the Tára Kothi and the Mess-house, had been defending the second line, saw that their retreat was threatened, and rushed down towards the citadel, intending to break out into the city. Havelock and Brasyer, with their little band, were in great peril. Then Havelock, taking a few Sikhs with him, seized two of the bastions in the third line, turned their guns against the rushing throng, checked them and drove them off towards the Chattar Manzil. Presently Franks and Napier brought up reinforcements; and the citadel was won.

Then the bonds of discipline, already strained by the tumultuous joy begotten of an unexpected triumph, were burst by the mad lust for plunder. British soldiers and Sikhs ran hither and thither through the spacious courts within the citadel, firing at the windows, while others, bent upon seizing the treasures that lay stored within the rooms, surged around the doors and dashed their muskets against the panels, or fired at the fastenings. By the fountains, and among the orange-groves of the courts, the bodies of dead and dying sepoys were scattered; and a British soldier, unnoticed by his heedless comrades, was leaning against a statue, gasping out his life, and at every gasp deluging the white plaster with his blood. The groans of the dying were drowned by the yells of the combatants, the frequent reports of firearms, the crash of shivered window-panes, and the roar of a fire which the plunderers had wantonly kindled in the middle of the court. Ever and anon soldiers came streaming out of the rooms through the shattered doorways, laden with plunder, and, laughing at the threats and entreaties of their helpless officers, flung all that they could not carry away, pictures, and furniture, and china vases, into the flames.[2]

The progress made during the day had been far greater than Sir Colin had anticipated. In addition to the places already mentioned, the Mess-house, the Moti Mahál, the Tára Kothi,

[1] Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 285-7.
[2] Russell, vol. i. pp. 329-33.

and the Chattar Manzil had been captured. But, if he had known how to use his opportunities, if he had accepted the wise counsel of one of his lieutenants, he might have gained a far more splendid and decisive success,—he might at one stroke have achieved the subjugation, not only of Lucknow, but of the whole of Oudh. Eager to strike another blow at the rebels while they were confused and demoralised by the loss of their citadel, Outram had applied for permission to recross the river and attack them. If he had been allowed to do so, he might have cut off their retreat. Sir Colin's answer was one which, if it had proceeded from a less sagacious man, might have been regarded as a symptom of insanity. Influenced by his almost miserly reluctance to expend the lives of his soldiers even for the attainment of a great object, he forbade Outram to execute his plan if he thought that by doing so he would lose a single man.[1] A Neill or a Nicholson might have dared to disobey so absurd an order. Outram, however, was not a man to act in opposition to his instructions; and thus a great opportunity was lost.

Sir Colin spent the 15th in preparing to attack the posts which the enemy still held on his side of the river. He also sent his two cavalry brigades, under Hope Grant and Brigadier Campbell of the Bays, along the roads leading to Sítapur and Sandíla, to pursue the fugitive rebels, who were believed to have gone in those directions. On the 16th, Outram, leaving Walpole's brigade to watch the bridges, crossed the river, and marched to attack the Residency. The defenders received their assailants with a fire of musketry, but dared not attempt to withstand an assault, and ran in confusion towards the river. Outram pushed on, and captured the Great Imámbára and the Machi Bháwan. But a host of rebels who, taking advantage of the departure of the cavalry and of Outram's absence from the northern bank, had fled over the stone bridge, threw themselves upon Walpole's piquets, to divert their attention; while the fugitives from the Residency, who had crossed the river higher up, circled round Walpole's rear, gained the Fyzabad

[1] See Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 406. It is a remarkable fact that Sir Colin had given a similar answer to Colonel Ewart in the preceding November. "I told (Sir Colin) that an incessant fire was kept up by the rebels, and asked his permission to sally out of (the barracks) and drive them away. His reply was 'I will only give you permission . . . if you will guarantee that you will not lose a single man.'" *Story of a Soldier's Life*, vol. ii. p. 88.

road, and, joined by those who had engaged the piquets, escaped, twenty thousand strong,—to renew the war. The cavalry brigades, which had gone on a bootless errand, were recalled, too late. Meanwhile a determined attack which another body of rebels had made upon the Alambagh had been repulsed. On the 17th, Outram took possession of three other posts, the Husainabad, the Daulatkhána, and Sharfu-dáola's house. On the 18th he advanced still further, clearing the houses and streets in his front. One strong place, however, still remained to be captured. This was the Músa Bagh, a palace situated on the right bank of the river, about four miles to the north-west of the city. About nine thousand rebels had established themselves here. Sir Colin determined not only to dislodge them, but also to cut off their retreat. Accordingly he directed Outram to march against them, while Campbell was to lie in wait on the left front of their stronghold, and fall upon them in case they fled in his direction; and, on the other hand, Hope Grant was to prevent them from escaping across the river. Campbell had had no experience of Indian warfare; and Sir Colin could not have chosen a more incompetent leader. Outram performed his part successfully. The rebels fled by the line which Campbell was supposed to command. But Campbell, shutting his eyes to the directions of his guides, and turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of his officers, missed his way. Meanwhile Hope Grant and his powerful brigade, which ought also to have been placed on the right bank, could do nothing but watch the rebels streaming unmolested from the Músa Bagh into the open country. Thus, for the third time, a large rebel force was allowed to escape; and Sir Colin had thrown away nearly all the advantages which he might have gained from the capture of Lucknow.

A few rebels, among whom was the Moulvi, still remained with strange pertinacity in the doomed city; but on the 21st they were dislodged, and the siege was at an end.[1]

The appearance of the city was sadly different now from what it had been nine months before. The gilded domes, the minarets, the long façades were battered and riddled with shot:

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 694-706; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 143-73; *Life of Sir J. Outram*, vol. ii. pp. 319-33; *Calcutta Review*, Jan.-June, 1859, p. 236; V. D. Majendie's *Up among the Pandies*, p. 203; Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 287-9; Lord Roberts, vol. i. p. 407. In the 20 days' operations, 127 men were killed, and 595 wounded.

swollen and distorted corpses were floating down the river, and foul birds of prey were hovering over them: the once gorgeous rooms of the palace were strewn with shattered mirrors, broken furniture, battered statues, and putrid corpses: artillery horses were picketed in the gardens: soldiers in their shirt-sleeves were smoking and drinking in the corridors: the bazaars were deserted; and in the squalid streets in the meaner portion of the city no living thing was to be seen save here and there a pariah dog, a decrepit beggar, or a lurking budmash, for the bulk of the peaceable inhabitants had fled in terror, and the sepoys and rebels had wandered forth to join the tálukdárs who still bade defiance to the British power.[1]

The Oudh proclamation.

During the last few days of the siege the interest of the more thoughtful spirits in the British camp had been keenly excited by a proclamation, to be addressed to the civil population of the province, which the Governor-General had recently forwarded to Outram. Setting forth that the mutineers had received great assistance from the citizens of Lucknow and the inhabitants of Oudh generally, the proclamation declared that the lands of the province, with the exception of those held by six specified persons who had shown conspicuous loyalty, and of others to be granted as rewards to them and to all who could prove that their conduct had been loyal, were confiscated to the British Government. The boon of life and of immunity from disgrace was promised to all rebels who should submit at once, and were not guilty of the murder of Europeans. For any additional boon they were to trust to the mercy of the British Government. In a letter which he received at the same time, Outram was warned not to publish the proclamation until after the capture of Lucknow, lest the large measure of indulgence which it offered to the rebels should be attributed by them to weakness.[2]

In the judgement of Outram, however, the proclamation, so far from being lenient, was most dangerously severe; and his view was shared by every man in camp who expressed an opinion upon the subject. Acknowledging the receipt of the Governor-General's instructions, he pointed out that the tálukdárs had been unjustly treated in the settlement of 1856, and that, even if they had been well treated,

March 8.

[1] Majendie, pp. 234-5. [2] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), p. 409.

it would have required a degree of fidelity on their part quite foreign to the usual character of an Asiatic to have remained faithful to our Government under the shocks to which it was exposed in Oudh.[1] For these reasons he urged that they ought to be treated as honourable enemies rather than as rebels, and warned Canning that, if nothing more than their lives and freedom from imprisonment were offered to them, they would be driven by despair to wage a guerilla war which would involve the loss of thousands of Europeans by battle, disease, and exposure, whereas, if the possession of their lands were guaranteed to them, they would exert their influence to support the Government in the restoration of order.[2]

The Governor-General was doubtless pained to find that an officer whose character and judgement he thoroughly respected should differ from him on a question of such importance. But, as he had not drawn up his proclamation until after he had taken counsel with men who, from having filled posts within the province, or upon its frontiers, were apparently qualified to give him sound advice, he would not alter it in principle. The only concession which he made was to add to it the following clause: "To those amongst them who shall promptly come forward and give to the Chief Commissioner their support in the restoration of peace and order, this indulgence will be large, and the Governor-General will be willing to view liberally the claims which they may thus acquire to a restitution of their former rights."

Some weeks later he answered Outram's criticisms in detail. Admitting that some of the tálukdárs had been unjustly treated at the settlement, he argued that their rebellion had been due not to that treatment, but to the reluctance which they had felt to surrender their arbitrary power, and to the dislike with which they had viewed the necessity of renouncing their lawless habits, and submitting to the restraints of civilised life. "Whilst," he reminded his correspondent, "confiscation of proprietary rights in the land is declared to be the general penalty, the means of obtaining more or less of exemption from it . . . have been pointed out, and are within the reach of

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. (1857-58), p. 401, par. 5.

[2] It should be mentioned that, on the 15th of January, Outram had written to Canning, "the lands of men who have taken an active part against us should be largely confiscated." *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 289, par. 36.

all without injury to their honour." To have offered greater indulgence would, he insisted, have been to treat the rebels not as honourable enemies, but as enemies who had won the day.[1]

The proclamation was destined to create at least as great excitement in England as it did in India. On the 12th of April[2] a copy was put into the hands of Lord Ellenborough, who had just succeeded to the office of President of the Board of Control. Indignant at what seemed to him the outrageous harshness of confiscating the lands of a whole people, he composed for transmission to the Governor-General a despatch condemning the proclamation in terms not of grave censure, but of studied invective.[3] Nor was this all. He had not even yet acquired that official discretion, to the want of which his own recall from India had partly been due. Having written the despatch, he was so carried away by his feelings that, without showing it to his colleagues, without even submitting it to the Queen for approval, he sent it out direct to the Governor-General. Nay, three weeks later, he so far forgot himself as to suffer a copy of this secret despatch to be laid on the table of the House of Commons. Some days previously Disraeli had announced that the Government entirely disapproved of the policy of the proclamation; and this announcement, which might be construed as a direct invitation to rebellion, had been, as Canning afterwards justly complained, "carried by the telegraph over the length and breadth of India."[4]

As an inevitable consequence of this series of mistakes, Lord Ellenborough soon found himself obliged to resign his office. The Governor-General's tenure of power, however, was not for an instant endangered. It was felt at home and in India that he had been unfairly treated.[5] The Directors sent him a copy of a

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 286, par. 17; vol. xliii. (1857-58), p. 403, par. 4, p. 404, par. 7.

[2] *Ib.* p. 410, par. 2.

[3] The view which Lord Ellenborough took of the proclamation was attributed by Lord Derby to the fact that Vernon Smith, who had preceded him in the office of President, and to whom the copy of the proclamation had been addressed, had forgotten to pass on to him a letter in which the Governor-General had promised to send home a despatch explaining his policy. I cannot believe, however, that, if Lord Ellenborough had received this letter, his despatch would have been conceived in a different spirit; for he had received a copy of the original letter written to Outram on the 3rd of March, and, referring to it, he said, "The people of Oudh will see only the proclamation." *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliii. p. 410, par. 3.

[4] *Life of the Prince Consort* (People's Edition), Part III. p. 39. [5] *Ib.*

resolution, expressing their continued confidence in him; and numerous public men wrote to offer him their sympathy.

Nevertheless, in issuing this proclamation, the Governor-General committed a grave error. Outram's warning did not stand alone. John Lawrence had already pleaded that the time had come to offer an amnesty to all mutineers and insurgents who had not committed murder. To defeat them was not enough. "No mutineer," he wrote, "ever surrenders; for directly he is caught, he is shot or hanged." If the hope of mercy were not held out to them, they must be exterminated; and to exterminate countless hordes of desperate men, who could outmarch their pursuers, would not be easy. George Campbell, a distinguished civilian, had urged the Governor-General to assure the tálukdárs that bygones should be bygones.[1] And indeed, considering the provocation which they had received, the temptations to which they were exposed, and the pressure which had been put upon them, the bulk of the tálukdárs had not shown any virulent hostility. Won over by the charm of Henry Lawrence's manner and the wisdom of his policy, some of them had sent supplies for the provisionment of the Residency and had aided our fugitives after the mutinies in Oudh: until Havelock retreated to Cawnpore, hardly one of them had lifted a finger against the besieged garrison; and since then, though they had sent their retainers into the field, they had, with few exceptions, personally remained passive. But now they were alarmed and exasperated. The concessions which the Governor-General offered them they generally disregarded or disbelieved. The broad fact which they realised was that their lands were confiscated; and the bolder spirits determined to resist the British to the last.[2]

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. pp. 176, 191, 193-5; Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. ii. p. 14; *Life of Sir Hope Grant*, vol. i. p. 320.

[2] See App. S. It is only fair to notice the two chief arguments which Canning adduced in defence of his proclamation. Quoting from a letter dated May 22, 1858, in which Captain L. Barrow, one of the Deputy-Commissioners, stated that "every talookdar is wavering, that most have tendered their allegiance by letter or vakeel, and that many have personally attended" (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii., 1859, p. 292), he argued that "the spirit of the proclamation has not been misunderstood." It is sufficient to reply first, that all those tálukdárs who had submitted, had done so not in obedience to the proclamation, but tempted by the circular which Outram sent to them along with the proclamation, and which assured them that their lands should *not* be confiscated; secondly, that in spite of this circular and of another which Montgomery issued on the 23rd of June (Sykes, *Compendium of the Laws specially relating to the Taluqdars of Oudh*,

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pp. 382-3) many tálukdárs refused to believe in the sincerity of the promises that were made to them ; and thirdly, that in the cold weather of 1858 many tálukdárs kept up a harassing guerilla warfare against Sir Colin Campbell.

Canning further pointed out that, according to Montgomery in order to carry a new settlement into effect, "some authoritative declaration, either of the failure of the village system or of the imperative policy of a return to the former tenures, was required. . . . The authority thus sought was obtained in the issue of the Proclamation of the Governor-General. . . . This sentence having been recorded against all estates in Oude, there was no longer difficulty in returning to the tenure which prevailed at the time of annexation."

But if the proclamation gave Montgomery the authority which he sought, it does not follow that some other "declaration," equally "authoritative" and not open to objection, might not have been made. When Dalhousie wrote his letter of instructions to Outram with the view to the conclusion of a summary settlement, he expressly stated (Sykes, p. 14) that no proprietary right was to be recognised : the tálukdárs, at the time of which Montgomery wrote, were beaten and submissive, and not in a position to oppose any settlement which the Government might desire to carry out ; and, as the new settlement was to favour them as decidedly as the summary settlement had favoured the village occupants, it is not easy to understand how, even in the absence of Canning's proclamation, any difficulty could have arisen. Sir George Campbell, who was consulted by Canning before the issue of the proclamation, advised him "to assure the talookdars that bygones should be bygones, that their property and reasonable claims should be respected, and that the whole question of landed rights should be again considered." *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. ii. p. 14.

Furthermore, Canning himself admitted (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii, 1859, p. 293, par. 4) that the proclamation "must have produced the expectation of much more general and indiscriminate dispossession than would have been consistent with justice or with policy."

## CHAPTER XII

### ANARCHY IN WESTERN BEHAR—EASTERN BEHAR, BENGAL, AND CHUTIA NAGPUR

1858.

Sir Colin hears startling news.

THE Commander-in-Chief was still at Lucknow, meditating on the work that remained to be done, when he received a startling message from the east. In order to make the import of this message clear, it will be necessary to review what had passed in the Patna Division since the removal of Tayler from the Commissionership.

State of the Patna Division after the dismissal of Tayler.

Though Halliday had declared that Patna was in no danger, he took care, on appointing a successor to Tayler, to send two hundred British soldiers and two guns for its protection. This force was strong enough to overawe the Mahomedan citizens who were congratulating each other on Tayler's removal. But, from the moment when the rebels got the upper hand in the neighbouring district of Gorakhpur, the country round Patna had no peace. If some districts were not actually disturbed, all were alike insecure. To the horrors of invasion were added the horrors of anarchy. Kunwar Singh soon found imitators. In the district of which Gaya was the capital, a zamíndár proclaimed that the British Government was at an end, murdered every villager who opposed him, and parcelled out among his followers estates which did not belong to him. Bands of mutineers roamed at will over the country, plundered, destroyed public buildings, levied tribute, and ravished the wives of respectable Hindus.[1] Deplorable, however, as these evils were, they were merely local. The strong rule of Tayler had prevented

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 2, pp. 337, 401 ; Part 3, p. 246, pars. 7, 8 ; p. 258, pars. 2, 3 ; p. 263, par. 1 ; p. 350 ; Part 4, p. 140, inc. 306 in No. 1, etc. etc.

disturbances from breaking out until the critical months of the mutiny had passed; and, when they did break out, the timely victories of Eyre had prevented them from becoming general.

Kunwar Singh's raid into the Azamgarh district.

After the destruction of his stronghold, Kunwar Singh, with his heterogeneous army of sepoys and feudal retainers, pursued the career of a freebooter far away from the land of his birth. But in the spring of 1858 he saw an opportunity of proving in a worthier fashion his claim to rank among the heroes of his race. The necessity of concentrating as many troops as possible before Lucknow had seriously weakened the British garrisons in the country east of Oudh. Now was the time for him to strike a crushing blow at the Government which had robbed him of his birthright. He forced Andrew Ross, the magistrate of Gházipur, to abandon his hold on the district in which he had bravely striven to maintain order. Marching on into Oudh, he seized on the 17th of March a village called Atraulia, close to the Azamgarh frontier. A number of the rebels whom Franks had lately defeated flocked to his standard. On the 20th, Colonel Milman, who, with a force of between two and three hundred men, was encamped at Koelsa, near Azamgarh, was informed of the danger to which the district was exposed. At three o'clock on the following morning he marched to attack the rebels, surprised them in some mango-groves, and drove them away. His men piled their arms, and rested while their breakfasts were being cooked. Suddenly he heard that the rebels were returning to deliver a counter-attack. Riding to reconnoitre, he found them posted behind a mud wall in the midst of clumps of trees. His troops soon followed. As the rebels threatened to outflank him, he retreated to Koelsa. The rebels, who had followed him at a distance, were evidently determined to press their advantage: he was unable to procure supplies; and he therefore decided to continue his retreat, and take refuge within an entrenchment at Azamgarh.[1]

Milman blockaded by Kunwar Singh in Azamgarh.

On his arrival, he at once sent off messengers to Benares, to Allahabad, and to Lucknow, for succour. By the 27th three small detachments from Benares and its neighbourhood had joined him. On the previous day, however, the rebels had come up,

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 854-5; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 9 Nov. 1857, pp. 229-31.

and seized the town. On the 27th the garrison made a sortie, but were driven back into the entrenchment. As they had only a few days' provisions left, their one hope of safety depended on the speedy arrival of relief.[1]

Canning sends Lord Mark Kerr to rescue Milman.

The Governor-General, who was at Allahabad when the news of the disaster reached him, was seriously alarmed. It seemed quite possible that Kunwar Singh, flushed with victory, would make a raid upon Benares, and cut in two the line of communication between Lucknow and Calcutta. Fortunately there was at Allahabad a portion of the 13th Light Infantry under Colonel Lord Mark Kerr. This officer was ordered to march at once to the relief of Azamgarh. Before night he was on his way. Four days later he reached Benares. There he was joined by a troop of the Bays and a few gunners with two guns and two mortars. On the 2nd of April he moved forward again. At ten o'clock on the night of the 5th he halted within eight miles of Azamgarh. Till midnight, messengers kept coming in from the staff-officer at that station, imploring him to push on without a moment's delay. But, as he knew nothing of the country through which he would have to march, he determined to stay where he was till dawn. At four o'clock the march began.

Mar. 31.

April 6. Battle of Azamgarh.

Two hours later, Lord Mark, who was riding in advance of the column, saw masses of sepoys occupying some buildings and mango-groves on the left of the road, and lining the ditches of the fields on its right. Returning to the column, he sent a company of infantry to turn the fields. The enemy fell back on another line of ditches: but at the same time their comrades on the other side of the road opened a heavy fire. Thereupon Lord Mark ordered up his guns, which began to throw shrapnel into the buildings. Still the enemy showed no signs of giving way; many of them had climbed the mango-trees, and from their branches kept up an incessant fire of musketry; and their reserves were threatening to cut off Lord Mark's baggage-train. At last a small breach appeared in the main building. Some thirty volunteers rushed to the assault, but, discerning through the breach an inner wall which still remained uninjured, were obliged to fall back. The guns again opened

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15-31 Mar. 1858, pp. 959, 973.

fire. After some time had elapsed, Lord Mark was about to try a second assault, when the building was suddenly evacuated. A pile of corpses three feet high was found covering the space within. The Bays galloped in pursuit of the fugitives. Meanwhile, an attack on the British rear had been repulsed, and a detachment which Lord Mark had sent to protect the baggage was able to rejoin him. Within a few hours the column entered the entrenchment of Azamgarh.[1]

Sir Colin sends Lugard to relieve Azamgarh.

The garrison was now strong enough to assume the offensive; but it was forced, in obedience to orders from the Commander-in-Chief, to remain inactive until further reinforcements should arrive from Lucknow. On the 15th, General Sir Edward Lugard, with three regiments of European infantry, seven hundred Sikh cavalry, and eighteen guns, appeared on the opposite bank of the river Tons, which flows past Azamgarh. Kunwar Singh knew now that he must give up his designs against the garrison; but his presence of mind did not forsake him. He posted the flower of his troops to oppose the passage of the river by the relieving force, and made use of the time which he thus gained to effect his escape. Flying before a column under Brigadier Douglas, which Lugard sent to pursue him, and eluding another column which was waiting on the borders of Behar to cut off his retreat, he crossed the Ganges, and sought an asylum in the familiar jungles of Jagdíspur. There he was joined by some thousands of peasants, raised by his brother, Ammar Singh. Next day he signally defeated a force which had set out from Arrah to attack him. The authorities, terrified by this fresh disaster, sent messengers to beg Douglas to hasten on at once to the rescue. Douglas promptly responded to the appeal. Before his arrival, the old Rájput, who had fought so honourably and so ably against the British power, died.

Kunwar Singh makes for Jagdíspur.

April 22.

April 23. His last victory.

His death. April 26.

Ammar Singh succeeded to the command. Lugard, who had already left Azamgarh, hastened, on hearing the news of the defeat of the Arrah force, to overtake

April 30.

[1] *Calcutta Englishman*, April 15, 1858; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 930-1.

Douglas. He at once began to make the most strenuous efforts to subdue the rebels. His great difficulty was to get at them. The jungle, through which they could easily thread their way, offered a serious obstacle to the movements of his unwieldy columns. His soldiers, therefore, working like coolies in the suffocating heat, cut roads through the tangled maze. Again and again they brought parties of the rebels to action, and invariably defeated them. But these victories, except in so far as they kept up the impression that the British would never give up the struggle, were not worth the powder and shot which was expended in gaining them. The rebels had one great resource, which baffled all the skill and all the prowess of the British,—swiftness of foot. Knowing that fighting was not their strong point, they ran away as often as they were attacked, and simply did their best to annoy their opponents by doing as much damage and making as great a disturbance as they could. By the middle of June, Lugard was so exhausted by the hardships, the fatigue, and the anxiety which he had undergone, that he was obliged to resign his command, and go home. He had succeeded for the moment in driving the rebels out of the jungle, and he persuaded himself that he had broken their spirit. He was mistaken. Even Asiatics have too much spirit to submit, when submission is rewarded by an ignominious death. "We must cling together," pleaded one who was taken prisoner; "for, when we go to our homes, we are hunted down and hanged."

His followers maintain a guerilla war against Lugard.

All through the sweltering summer months the wretched struggle dragged on. Douglas, who succeeded Lugard, had seven thousand men under his command, and he spared neither himself nor them; but it was all that he could do to keep the insurrection within bounds. He had in his head an admirable plan for hunting down his pestilent enemies; but he was obliged to wait until the return of the dry season should enable him to execute it; for the country was so sodden by the rains that operations on a large scale were for the time impossible. Yet he could give his weary soldiers no rest; for the Grand Trunk Road had to be guarded, and numerous petty expeditions had to be undertaken. The men of one regiment were so ill that they could hardly eat or sleep; and the most robust suffered from the

And against Douglas.

alternation of scorching suns and drenching showers. Meanwhile the rebels were practically masters of Shahabad. Breaking up into small parties, they roamed over the country, maintaining themselves by plunder, and wreaking savage vengeance on all who refused to help them. One party, with a mob of budmashes, made a raid upon Gaya, burst open the gaol, and released the prisoners. Another swooped down upon Arrah, and fired a number of bungalows. Placards appeared, offering rewards for the heads of the English officials. At last, however, the time came for Douglas to execute his plan. Dividing his force into seven columns, he arranged that four should move from Buxar, driving the rebels before them, towards Jagdíspur, and, with a fifth, which was in the neighbourhood of Sasseram, form a connected line from the Ganges to the Soane, and thus hem in the western and southern sides of the jungle, while two others, one of which he commanded in person, should hem it in on the east. As the Ganges bounded it on the north, the rebels would be compassed in on every side, and must surrender. On the 13th of October the columns began to move. Every hour the ring within which the rebels were confined became smaller. On the 15th all the columns were within a short distance of the jungle. Douglas accordingly sent a few trusty men to deliver instructions to the several commanders to close simultaneously on to it. The country which the men had to traverse swarmed with the enemy; but they braved every peril, and delivered their messages. Early in the afternoon of the 17th, Douglas sent final and most minute instructions for the execution of the last move. He felt sure that he was going to succeed. But one column was delayed for some hours by a sudden inundation; and the rebels, promptly seizing the opportunity, rushed out of the jungle, and struck eastwards with the object of crossing the Soane.

Oct. 18.

Douglas was bitterly disappointed; but he did not give up hope. It happened that one of his staff was the young officer who had won his Victoria Cross at the first battle of Cawnpore, upon whom had been conferred the title which his father would have received if he had lived, and who, moreover, had inherited his father's military talents, Major Sir Henry Havelock. It had occurred to him some time before that the one way to neutralise the

Sir Henry Havelock's plan.

advantage which the rebels derived from their superior speed would be to pursue them with mounted infantry, armed with Enfield rifles, who would be able to overtake them, and keep them engaged until a supporting force should come up and annihilate them. Douglas had approved of the idea. Accordingly, at about eight o'clock on the night of the 18th, Havelock set out from the neighbourhood of Jagdíspur with sixty mounted infantry, under orders to make for Arrah, and thence move up the left bank of the Soane. A force of cavalry followed him; and at ten o'clock an infantry column was despatched, and pursued a course parallel with and north of the rebels' line of flight. Douglas himself, with another infantry column, marched for Arrah at daybreak. Within a few hours the rebels found themselves headed. It was impossible for them to cross the Soane. For a long time they could not make up their minds to do anything. At last they turned round and fled southwards. Their pursuers dogged them. The country was flooded, and the mounted infantry were up to their saddles in water; but the rebels, whose one thought now was to save their lives, were going at a terrific pace, and, though the horses rapidly became exhausted, the chase had to be maintained. On the afternoon of the following day, Havelock overtook the rear-guard of the fugitives, drove them into a village, and shut them up in it until an infantry column came up to his aid. Three hundred of the rebels were soon destroyed. Two hundred more darted out of the village, and made a desperate effort to rejoin their comrades, but were hunted down, and shot or sabred. The main body fled on, doubling again and again like hares. Still, the mounted infantry kept up the chase; but numbers of horses dropped down dead, and every villager whom Havelock questioned about the direction which the fugitives had taken, lied. On the evening of the 23rd he got within a few hundred yards of them; but the horses were too tired to be able to pass them; and, though sorely harassed by the rifles of their pursuers, they succeeded in escaping into the Kaimúr hills.

Oct. 19.

Oct. 20.

But there was still no rest for them or for the British. It was an axiom of the Commander-in-Chief that no district could be regarded as subdued while a single armed rebel remained within it. He therefore ordered Douglas to dislodge the fugitives from their

Campaign in the Kaimúr hills.

new asylum. The undertaking involved extraordinary toil and hardship. The hills were covered with dense jungle and huge boulders, which greatly impeded the progress of the columns. In many places the ground was so slippery that the baggage-animals fell down. Still Douglas persevered. At midnight on the 24th of November, he saw fires burning some way off in the jungle. As silently as deer-stalkers the troops crept along till, when they were within fifty yards of the fires, a few figures rose and moved off. The troops charged. The rebels stole down the hills, entered the plains, and tried to cross the Ganges. But the captains of some steamers, which were patrolling the river, opened fire upon them, and sent them flying from the bank. Their spirit was now at last broken. They no longer attempted to preserve their organisation. The leaders fled for their lives. The rest skulked off by twos and threes to their homes; and, before the close of the year, peace was restored to the land.[1]

Condition of Bengal.

Meanwhile the eastern, north-eastern, and south-eastern districts of the country subject to the Government of Bengal had remained comparatively quiet, and such disturbances as had arisen in no way affected the development of the more vital parts of the organism of disaffection. The zamíndárs in many cases proved themselves actively loyal. Here and there, indeed, the stories of mutinies at distant stations awoke feelings of excitement and distrust in the power of the British; here and there the people, though they committed no breach of the peace, were believed to be disaffected; while in Assam a conspiracy was actually discovered. But, speaking generally, the inhabitants of these districts passed satisfactorily through the ordeal.

The mutineers of Chittagong and Dacca.

The sepoys, however, were naturally influenced by the conduct of their brethren. On the 18th of November, 1857, the 34th Native Infantry at Chittagong suddenly rose, and, after committing the usual acts of violence and plunder, marched off and made for the hills of Tipperah. Four days later an attempt to disarm the troops at Dacca was stubbornly resisted; and

Nov. 22.

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 1024, 1256; July-Dec. 1858, pp. 1403, 1671, 1858, 1981-2, 2004-5, 2008-9; Jan.-June, 1859, pp. 25-31; 267-8; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 277; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 3-17 July, 1858, pp. 251, 267, 283; 23 July, 1858, pp. 937, 939; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 4, p. 169, inc. 3 in No. 19, p. 564, par. 4.

the mutineers, worsted in a desperate conflict, fled. Meanwhile the Chittagong mutineers were hurrying blindly up the country towards their intended place of refuge. But the Raja of Tipperah, loyally responding to an appeal of the Commissioner of Chittagong, sent a body of his retainers to stop them. Turning aside, they ventured again into British territory; but they met with no sympathy from the people. On the 15th of December the chief civil officer at Sylhet sent the Sylhet Light Infantry, a loyal native regiment, commanded by Major Byng, to pursue them. After marching the extraordinary distance of fifty-five[1] miles in thirty-six hours, Byng learned that the mutineers had retraced their steps, and were making for Látu. To reach this place, he had to march back twenty-eight miles along the road which he had just traversed. His men followed him without a murmur, came up with the mutineers early on the 18th, and completely defeated them. Byng was killed early in the action; but Lieutenant Sherer, who succeeded to the command, ably filled his place. Flying to the north-east, the mutineers were beaten again on the 12th of January by a detachment of the Sylhet regiment; and the survivors, shut up in the hills, perished from exposure or disease.

The Bhagalpur Division.

Aug. 14, 1857.

Meanwhile the Bhágalpur Division, without being actually disorganised, had been in an unhealthy condition. Soon after the mutiny at Dinapore, the 5th Irregular Cavalry had mutinied, and carried fire and sword over the country. Most of the zamíndárs had supported the authorities in maintaining order: but the number of dacoities had increased; and the people generally were in an irritable temper. Moreover, the headquarters of one of the detachments which had mutinied at Dacca were at the station of Jalpaíguri within the Division.

Exploits of Yule and Dalrymple.

When, therefore, Commissioner Yule heard of the mutiny, he knew that he must act promptly if the mutineers were to be prevented from handing on the torch to their brethren. Accordingly, on the 29th of November, he left Bhágalpur with a few of the 5th

[1] In former editions I said eighty miles, accepting the statements of the despatches: but the distance from Sylhet to Látu, where the regiment halted, is only twenty-seven miles; and from Látu to Partábgarh, whence the troops retraced their steps, the distance, as I learn from General Sherer, is only twenty-eight miles.

Fusiliers, and marched northwards in the direction of Jalpaíguri. While he was on his way, two cavalry detachments at Madáriganj and Jalpaíguri mutinied, and rode off southwards towards Dinájpur. Dalrymple, the collector of that station, and a few Europeans and Eurasians whom he gathered round him, resolved to remain where they were and defend the Government treasure to the last.[1] But, when the mutineers were almost on the point of attacking the station, they were warned that a force of British sailors was marching towards them, and struck off westward on the road to Purneah. The moment that Yule heard of their movement he hastened back to intercept them, arrived at Purneah in time to prevent them from plundering, defeated them, and, having by a rapid march to the north-west frustrated an attempt which they made to gain the town of Náthupur, forced them to fly for refuge into Nepal. Halting at Náthupur, he received a message warning him that the Dacca mutineers were about to swoop down on Jalpaíguri, and begging him to come to the rescue. He did not lose a moment in complying with the request. Making a series of prodigious marches towards the threatened station, he dashed past it in the hope of stopping the mutineers, and attacking them before they could cross the river Tísta. They succeeded, however, in turning his position, and, making good use of their start, got safely across the river. But, though baffled in his original object, Yule was determined to prevent them from gaining a foothold in British territory. Marching westward, to the south and, as it were, alongside of them, he forced them also to take refuge within Nepal.

Dec. 4, 5.

January.

The Chutia Nágpur Division.

While Yule was performing these exploits, the Chutia Nágpur Division remained in the same disturbed condition in which it had been at the time of Sir Colin's departure from Calcutta. Many of the landowners, indeed, steadily supported the authorities; but the aboriginal tribes gathered together in large numbers to plunder, to revenge themselves upon chiefs who had offended them, or to support pretenders of their own choice. The British officers marched from one threatened point to another with such scanty forces as they could muster; but, though they beat the insurgents in a number of petty combats, anarchy

[1] Malleson, vol. ii. p. 431.

police, whom they detested as myrmidons of Forjett. A score of them hurried to the lock-up, burst it open, rescued the drummer, and carried off the two policemen to their lines. A European constable and four native policemen went thither at once, and demanded the release of their comrades. Instead of granting their demand, the sepoys assaulted them: a fight ensued: the police fought their way out, leaving two sepoys for dead: numbers of sepoys turned out; and a messenger ran to warn Forjett.

Ordering the European police to follow him as fast as they could, Forjett mounted his horse, and galloped at full speed to the scene of mutiny. The sepoys were trying to force their way out of the lines, and their officers, with drawn swords, were doing their best to hinder them. As soon as the sepoys saw Forjett, their excitement rose to fury. "For God's sake, Mr. Forjett," cried the officers, "go away." "If your men are bent on mischief," replied Forjett, "the sooner it is over, the better." The sepoys hesitated. Forjett sat still on his horse, confronting them. Presently his assistant came galloping up. Fifty-four Europeans followed. Bringing them to the halt, Forjett cried, "Throw open the gates; I am prepared for them." The sepoys were fairly mastered; their excitement quieted down; and they slunk back within their lines.

Twenty-four hours more, and the festival would be over. Like a good general, Forjett followed up his victory by keeping his men still on the alert. The consequence was that, on the last night, not only were the sepoys quiet, but it was unnecessary to make a single arrest in the town. A few days later Forjett caused a gibbet to be erected in the yard of the police-office, sent for the most influential of those citizens whom he knew to be disaffected, and, pointing to the gibbet, told them that, if he should find the least reason to believe that any of them meditated an outbreak, they should be instantly hanged. They listened in solemn silence, and went away overawed. All danger, however, was not yet over. Forjett was informed by one of his detectives that a number of sepoys were in the habit of holding secret meetings in the house of one Ganga Parshád. He accordingly caused this man to be arrested in the night, and brought to the police-office. There, partly by threats, partly by the promise of a large reward, he induced him to tell what he knew. Next evening he went to the house, and, going into

a room adjoining the one in which the meetings were held, peeped through a hole which had been drilled in the wall. Presently he saw the sepoys come in, one by one. From what he heard he gathered that they intended to mutiny during the Hindu festival of the Diwáli in October, pillage the city, and then quit the island. Another day, knowing that the officers were still disposed to trust their men, he persuaded Major Barrow, the commandant of one of the regiments, to go with him to the house. "My God," said Barrow, when he saw the sepoys through the holes, "my own men! is it possible!" The plot was reported to the Brigadier and the Governor. "Mr. Forjett has caught us at last," said Shortt. Courts-martial were held, and two of the sepoys were executed, and six transported for life. The Diwáli passed quietly, and thenceforth Bombay was safe.[1]

Mutinies in the north of the Presidency.

Still, in many parts of the Presidency the state of affairs was such as to cause the Governor grave anxiety. Although the Bombay army, on the whole, was tolerably staunch, there were many Poorbeahs in its ranks who sympathised with their brethren in North-Western India. In September two plots to mutiny, at Hyderabad in Sind and at Ahmadabad, were nipped in the bud, and at Karáchi in Sind a mutiny actually took place.[2] But it was in the Southern Marátha country that the most formidable danger lurked. The brother of the Raja of Kolhápur, a clever and ambitious man, was known to be disaffected. Emissaries from the Nana Sahib and from various Southern Marátha chiefs stole into Kolhápur, and did their best to persuade him to rebel. All through the autumn Jacob's mind was kept on the rack by rumours of intended risings. At last, on the night of the 5th of December, he was awakened by the clatter of horses' hoofs. Rushing out of doors, he was met by a native officer, who told him that ominous shouts had been heard in the town. The explanation was soon forthcoming. A band of insurgents, instigated doubtless by the Raja's brother, had thrown themselves into the town and shut the gates. Jacob instantly

Sept. 15.

Affairs in the Southern Marátha country.

[1] C. Forjett's *Our Real Danger in India*, pp. 106-44; *Report on the Administration of Public Affairs in the Bombay Presidency for the year* 1857-58, p. 20, par. 97.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 31-2, pars. 160-1, 166-7.

galloped into the camp, and sounded the alarm: the troops turned out: one of the gates was blown open: the storming party rushed in: the rebels fled; and thirty-six who were taken prisoners were then and there tried by drum-head court-martial, convicted, condemned, and executed. But for this prompt action, the wave of rebellion might have streamed down the whole of the Southern Marátha country, and overflowed into the dominions of the Nizam.[1]

The other states of the Southern Marátha country, indeed, were agitated by troubles of their own. Seton-Karr and Lester, backed up by an able officer, Colonel Malcolm, were steadily disarming the population: but a succession of petty outbreaks had occurred, and had been with difficulty repressed. Early in 1858, Malcolm had to march eastward against the Raja of Shorápur, a weak and hot-headed young chief, owning the sovereignty of the Nizam, who had been hurried by unscrupulous advisers into rebellion. It was clearly necessary to subdue the insurrectionary spirit before it could take hold of the people of the surrounding country. Accordingly, the Government resolved to make an administrative change.

Feb.

In May, Jacob was appointed Commissioner of the Southern Marátha country. At the same time Seton-Karr was directed to make over the political agency to his assistant, Charles Manson, who was to act under Jacob.[2] It is hardly necessary to say that these changes reflected no censure upon Seton-Karr. The Government simply felt that it would be wise, in the existing emergency, to place the supreme control of so turbulent a country in the hands of one man.

Jacob and Manson promoted.

Unfortunately, Manson, having been connected with the Inám Commission, was regarded with suspicion by the native chiefs. The ablest of these was Bába Sahib, chief of Nargúnd. A few weeks before, he had heard with sorrow and alarm that one of his brother chiefs had been arrested by Manson; and, now that Manson had been promoted, he was seized by the fancy that proofs of his own disloyalty had been obtained, and that he was to be the next victim.

Manson and Bába Sahib.

[1] *Report on the Administration of Public Affairs in the Bombay Presidency for the year* 1857-58, pp. 18-19, pars. 93-4; Jacob, pp. 178-97.
[2] *Ib.* p. 210.

On the 26th of May, Manson left Kolhápur, where he had been conferring with Jacob, intending to visit the northern states of the country, and try whether his personal influence could keep the chiefs steady. He was accompanied only by twelve troopers of the Southern Marátha Horse. Four hours later Jacob received a telegram, to the effect that Bába Sahib was believed to have risen. He at once sent a messenger on horseback to deliver the news to Manson, to tell him that he had telegraphed to Lester to send a force to Nargúnd if the news should turn out to be true, and to recommend him to return to Kolhápur and consult with him, on his way to join this force. The messenger overtook Manson at a place called Kúrandwár. Manson, still confident in the strength of his own influence, told him to go back and tell Jacob that he intended to hurry across country to Nargúnd, and, if possible, nip the revolt in the bud. He then pushed on rapidly with the troopers. On the 29th he arrived at Rámdrúg, the chief of which place was Bába Sahib's half-brother. From him he learned that Bába Sahib had committed himself irretrievably. He resolved, therefore, to go southward and join Malcolm, who had already marched to attack the rebels. That evening he started. After an exhausting stage, he halted for the night near a village called Suríban, and lay down with his troopers in a temple to sleep. About midnight Bába Sahib and a number of his followers stole up to the temple, fired a volley, and rushed in with drawn swords. Starting from his sleep, Manson jumped up and fired his revolver at his assailants; but in a moment they overpowered him, cut off his head, and flung his body into the fire. Bába Sahib then returned to Nargúnd, and hung up the gory head over a gateway.

For two days he enjoyed his triumph. On the 1st of June, Malcolm appeared before the walls of Nargúnd, defeated him, and drove him and his followers into the fort. Next morning the fort was found empty. Bába Sahib had fled in the night.

Nemesis overtakes Bába Sahib.

June 11.

Frank Souter, the superintendent of police, rode with a few men in pursuit, and on the 2nd caught him, disguised as a pilgrim, in the jungle. Soon afterwards he was tried, condemned, and executed. Within a few weeks Jacob completely restored order in the country above the Ghâts.[1]

[1] Jacob, pp. 221-32.

The Sawant Dessayees.

Some months earlier, a tribe called the Sáwant Dessayees had taken advantage of the disturbed condition of the Presidency to plunder villages in the country below the Gháts. The dense jungles afforded them so secure an asylum that for many months they were able to defy the various columns that were striving to get at them. Before the end of 1858, however, they were subdued by the aid of the Portuguese Government of Goa.[1]

[1] Jacob, pp. 199-201, 232-8.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE CENTRAL INDIAN AGENCY—THE MALWA CAMPAIGN

BEFORE the crisis in the Bombay Presidency was over, a series of great events had occurred in that part of Central India for the security of which Lord Elphinstone had made such great sacrifices. The most important point in this country was Indore, where the Marátha prince, Holkar, held his court.

1857. The Central Indian Agency.

Holkar's state, like that of Sindhia, was in subsidiary alliance with the British Government, and under the supervision of the Central Indian Agency. His capital was the headquarters of the Agency. The most important of the other states for which the Agent was responsible were Bhopál, Dhar, Dewas, and Jáora.

At the time of the outbreak at Meerut the appointment of Agent was held by Sir Robert Hamilton. A few weeks before, however, he had been obliged to return to England for his health; and his work was now being done by Colonel Henry Marion Durand of the Royal Engineers.

Henry Marion Durand.

This officer was in the prime of life, being only forty-four years of age. Early in his Indian career he had been pointed to as a man of promise; but for the last thirteen years his life had been one hard and bitter struggle against ignorant or unscrupulous enemies. The truth is that his nature was such as could not have failed to provoke enmity. There never was a man, even in the Indian service, who held stronger opinions than Durand, or expressed them with more fearless or uncompromising sincerity. His Indian experiences had so disgusted him that he had tried to

find employment at home; but he had failed; India could not afford to lose him; and, now that he had at last achieved a position worthy of his powers, he knew that he had succeeded, not by flattery or intrigue, not by concealing unpleasant truths, but by the sheer fact that he was indispensable. Still, he had suffered acutely from the disappointments which he had undergone; and, as one result of them, his manner and conversation had become tinged with an acrimonious bitterness which prevented all, except the most sympathetic, from understanding his real nature. For, though he was a dangerous man to provoke, though he could be as hard as adamant when hardness was called for, his heart yearned with tenderness towards the weak and the suffering. Perhaps his most prominent characteristic was absolute manliness, a quality which is by no means universal even among men of exceptional force of character. He never would allow a private sorrow, a personal wrong, to relax the fibres of his mind, or tempt him to slacken in the rigid performance of public duty. He would have attributed the strength which had enabled him to stand up under the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, not to himself, but to the Higher Power in which he believed with a faith remarkable even in that era of Anglo-Indian history. Men who did not appreciate him have said that he lacked sympathy with natives. The criticism is not substantially true; but there is some foundation for it. Few men understood natives better; but he was quicker to detect their faults than to appreciate their virtues; he was always willing to support, to instruct, or to advise deserving natives, and to give them credit for proved well-doing; but his sympathy was not of that ever-ready, all-embracing, genial kind which belonged to Henry Lawrence. This failing, however, did not in the least affect his fitness for the work which now lay before him.

April 5. Gathering of the storm at Indore.

When Durand entered upon his duties, there was not a ripple to break the calm which prevailed in Central India. Three weeks later, however, a sepoy was caught in the act of carrying a treasonable message to the Rewah Durbar. From that time symptoms of disquiet appeared, which forced upon Durand the conviction that a storm was brewing. On the 14th of May he heard that the storm had burst at Meerut. He instantly realised the appalling seriousness of his position. On the north, east, and

west, Indore[1] was locked in by native states swarming with national and contingent troops. On the southern side, it is true, there was a British station, Mhow. But this station was by no means a pure source of strength; for, while the native portion of the garrison consisted of a regiment of infantry and a wing of a regiment of cavalry, there were no Europeans except the gunners of a single battery, the drivers of which were natives. These gunners, moreover, were the only British soldiers whose services Durand could command. Indore itself was garrisoned by two hundred men of the Malwa Contingent.

In spite, however, of the great dangers which threatened him, and the slenderness of his resources, Durand did not for a moment lose heart. He saw that what he had to do was to preserve intact the line of the river Nerbudda, and thus prevent the fire of insurrection which was leaping up in Northern India from spreading southwards; to guard the great road from Bombay to Agra, along which ran the telegraphic line, and by which troops could most conveniently advance to his relief, and to hold on to Indore as long as possible. He saw too that, in order to minimise the internal dangers which threatened the peace of the states of the Central Indian Agency, he must try to prevent the native troops of the Company's army from intriguing with the Contingents.

Very much depended upon the loyalty of Holkar himself.

Holkar.

The lustre shed upon the family name by the exploits of his ancestor, Jeswant Ráo, had not faded; and it seemed certain to the most experienced and sagacious observers that, if he were to rise, all the lesser chiefs would follow his lead.[2] But Durand, though he had not that confidence in Holkar which he might perhaps have acquired if he could have brought himself to cultivate his acquaintance, felt no suspicion towards him. "Holkar's fears and interests," he wrote, "are on our side, and, so far as any Durbar, especially a Mahratta Durbar, is trustworthy, Holkar's seems so."[3] As a matter of fact, Holkar's loyalty, if not unwavering, was all

[1] It should be mentioned that the city of Indore was situated in an isolated fraction of Holkar's dominions, which were broken up like the several parts of Cromarty in Scotland.

[2] *Last Counsels of an Unknown Counsellor* (John Dickinson), edited by Major Evans Bell, p. 68.

[3] Sir H. M. Durand's *Central India in 1857*, p. 16. The writer is a son of the late Sir Henry Durand.

that we had any right to expect from a Marátha prince who was still a youth, and who had no Dinkar Ráo to guide him. For Sir Robert Hamilton, to whom he owed his throne, he had a sincere regard: those who insist that he played a double game have failed to search out more evidence than would justify a faint suspicion; and his advocates have shown that when the crisis came, he approved himself a friend by deeds.[1]

The first step which Durand took was to reinforce his little garrison by a detachment of two hundred and seventy Bhíls, whom he summoned from Sírdapur, and two troops of cavalry, two hundred and seventy infantry, and two guns belonging to the Bhopál Contingent. These reinforcements arrived on the 20th of May. Holkar himself placed at the disposal of Durand three guns and three companies of infantry. In the middle of June another detachment of Bhopál cavalry arrived under Colonel Travers, who thenceforth held command of the entire force, and, though glad to be able to avail himself of the advice of Durand, for whom he had a most affectionate respect and admiration, was, for all military arrangements, solely responsible.[2]

Policy of Durand.

May 14.

To help the reader to picture to himself the events which followed, it will be well to give a short description of the Residency and its environs.

The Residency was a two-storied stone house, standing in a sort of park, about four hundred yards east of the river Khan and two miles south-east of the town. The Mhow road skirted the north-western side of the park, and crossed the river by a bridge. The troops lent by Holkar were posted among a group of buildings about a hundred yards north-west of the Residency; while the remaining troops were posted in the neighbourhood of some Government offices on its north-east.

Before the arrival of Travers, there had been many signs that the storm was rushing swiftly down upon Central India. Successive messages had told of the mutinies at Nusseerabad, at Neemuch, at Jhánsi, and of that of the United Malwa Contingent at Mehidpur; and it was rumoured that the troops at Mhow intended to mutiny, and march upon Indore. So alive was Holkar to the significance of these events that on the 9th of June he besought Durand to send off the Government

[1] See App. P.

[2] J. Travers's *Evacuation of Indore*, pp. 3, 4. Letters from Gen. Travers.

treasure and the English ladies to Mhow for better security, and to convert the Residency into a defensible post. Durand did not listen to this advice.[1] He knew, indeed, what must have escaped the observation of Holkar, that the soil in the neighbourhood of the Residency was so thin as to make the erection of defensive works impossible.[2] It was understood, however, that, in the event of a mutiny, all the European and Eurasian residents were to throw themselves into the Residency.[3] A few days afterwards two officers, Captains Ludlow and Cobbe, suggested that Holkar's three guns should be brought up to the Residency, in order that they might be more under control. Durand and Travers rejected this advice on the ground that to adopt it would cause a panic, and that prudence required the gunners of the Bhopál Contingent to be kept separate from those of Holkar.[4]

A few days later the news of a disaster greater than any of which he had yet heard, reached Durand. The Gwalior Contingent had mutinied. In consequence of this, communication with Agra by the direct road was cut off. A great hope, however, remained. General Woodburn's column was advancing towards Mhow. The mere news of its approach was enough to shake the mutinous resolves of the troops at that station. But Woodburn turned aside from his course to suppress a disturbance which had broken out at Aurangabad, and remained there even after he had accomplished his purpose.[5] On the

[1] *Last Counsels, etc.*, p. 79.

[2] Travers, p. 23. In answer to Dickinson's charge that Durand did not send the ladies to Mhow, Travers simply says "Durand had, no doubt, what appeared to him at the time, good reasons for not accepting the advice." *The Indore Episode* (a printed sheet containing some extracts from Dickinson with replies by Travers). [I do not think that Travers's answer will be accepted as satisfactory.]

[3] The uncovenanted servants afterwards complained that, although their numbers were considerable, Durand had neither availed himself of the opportunity of organising them as a defensive force, nor appointed any place to which they might retire in the event of a mutiny. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 Mar. 1858, p. 141; *Last Counsels, etc.*, p. 80. To this charge Travers replies that there were not more than half-a-dozen to organise, and that the Europeans and Eurasians knew that the Residency was to be their rendezvous, as was proved by the fact that, with the exception of one obstinate man, they all hastened thither on the outbreak of mutiny. *The Indore Episode.*

[4] *Ib.*; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 Mar. 1858.

[5] Durand afterwards wrote that Woodburn had apparently thought it impossible to reach Mhow in time at that season of the year. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 9 Nov. 1857, p. 171. Woodburn was summoned to Aurangabad by the British Resident at Hyderabad. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), p. 575.

28th, Lord Elphinstone telegraphed to Durand that the column could not advance, and asked what would be the effect on the country for which Durand was responsible. Durand replied that he could not answer one hour for the safety of Central India, if the fact that the column was not advancing should become known.[1] Already the fact had penetrated the thin reserve of the telegraph clerks, and become a theme for the gossips in the bazaars. One more hope and one more disappointment remained for Durand. The report that Delhi had fallen had reached Indore, and instantly exercised a sedative influence on the disorderly portion of the population. But on the night of the 30th of June one of Travers's servants went to Durand, and informed him that there was to be a mutiny next morning. The man was rebuffed for his pains.[2]

July 1.

Next morning, at about eight o'clock, Durand received a letter from Agra, informing him that the report of the fall of Delhi was unfounded. Half an hour later, as he was embodying the substance of this letter in a telegram for Lord Elphinstone, a native servant rushed into his room, and said that there was a great uproar in the bazaar. Durand laid down his pen, and walked out to see what was the matter. As he came on to the steps outside the Residency, Holkar's three guns opened fire and hurled a shower of grape into the Bhopál Contingent lines.

The mutiny.

Durand and Travers were equal to the occasion. The former at once wrote to summon the Mhow battery to his assistance. The latter hastened to join his men, and, ordering the infantry and artillery to turn out, led off the cavalry and attempted to form them up to charge Holkar's guns. But the native officer was a traitor, and three times broke the formation. The men helplessly moved their horses about in doubt and confusion. Travers, however, was a man of action. He gave the word, "Charge," and, though only five men had the heart to follow him, galloped straight upon the guns, and captured them. But no one backed him up; Holkar's infantry were firing upon him; and he was obliged to retire. The enemy's guns, supported by infantry, were then moved round, with the object of bombarding the front of the

[1] T. Lowe's *Central India in 1857*, pp. 19, 20.

[2] Memo. by a Mr. Beauvais, who was residing at Indore at the time. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 Mar. 1858, p. 155.

Residency; but the gunners of the Bhopál Contingent had had time to get their guns ready, and, aided by two English sergeants, opened a fire which soon forced the supports to fall back. If the cavalry could only have been induced to charge, the day might have been won; but nothing could be done with them. They were not positively mutinous; but they were not loyal. Instead of charging, they rode about the enclosure, thinking only of escaping the enemy's fire.

Still, the infantry might do something. Travers called upon them to follow him. But they would not obey; and the men of the Bhopál Contingent, twelve only excepted, actually threatened their officers' lives. As a last resource, Travers brought the Bhíls, who had at least remained passively loyal, into the Residency, in the hope that they would pluck up courage to fight behind cover. But the enemy's round shot and grape were crashing through the walls; their infantry, now reinforced by the Malwa and Bhopál Contingents, were threatening to advance to the assault; it was reported that Holkar himself was coming, at the head of his troops, to join in the attack;[1] and the Bhíls ran panic-stricken into the inner rooms. Thirty-nine of the Christian residents, mostly Eurasian clerks with their women and children, had been murdered by the mutineers. About ten o'clock the cavalry sent word that they dared not remain where they were any longer, lest their retreat should be cut off, and begged that the defenders of the Residency, and the women and children, would take advantage of their escort to effect their escape. Durand had to decide at once to accept or to refuse the offer. Besides himself and Travers, there were only seven officers, three doctors, two sergeants, fourteen native gunners, and five civilians to defend an unfortified house against some six hundred trained soldiers.[2] It would be madness for him to attempt to hold out against such odds, unless help should speedily arrive; and the Mhow battery, the only available reinforcement, could not possibly arrive for two hours, and might then be unable to fight its way unsupported through the vastly superior numbers of the enemy. It was indeed a bitter humiliation to him to be obliged to retreat before an enemy whom, if his own troops had supported him, he could have easily overwhelmed; but it

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 March 1858, p. 148.

[2] *The Indore Episode.*

was better to suffer humiliation than to sacrifice the lives of women and children. He resolved, therefore, with the concurrence of Travers and all the officers, to retreat at once. The point to which it would have seemed natural to retreat, if it had been possible to do so, was Mhow. But, in order to gain the road to Mhow, Durand and his handful of men, his women and children, would have had to move for four hundred yards under the fire of an enemy twenty times as numerous as themselves,[1] an enemy who, moreover, had acquired confidence by victory. Had they attempted to do so, it is not likely that one of them would have lived to tell the tale. Moreover, even if it had been possible to retreat to Mhow, Durand would have been unwilling to stay there long. It seemed almost certain that Mhow would soon be besieged; and, shut up in its fort, Durand could have rendered comparatively little service to the State.[2] He resolved, therefore, to go to meet Woodburn, hoping that he would be able to induce him to undertake the pacification of Central India. He had not gone far, however, before he heard that the Simrol pass, through which his road lay, was occupied by Holkar's troops. He determined notwithstanding to push on. But the cavalry flatly refused to make the attempt. They were determined, they said, to go to Sehore in Bhopál, where their homes lay. Without the cavalry Durand could do nothing. Accordingly he made the best of his situation, and, pushing on rapidly, arrived at Sehore on the 4th of July.[3]

Meanwhile the explosion at Indore had scattered its devastating fragments far and wide over the surrounding country. Captain Hungerford, the officer in command of the Mhow battery, hearing, on his way to Indore, of Durand's retreat, had galloped swiftly back to Mhow. At night the native troops at that station rose, set fire to the mess-house, murdered the colonel, the adjutant, and the commandant of the cavalry, and then hurried off to join their fellows at Indore. The 5th Gwalior Contingent at Ágar rose next. A day or two later the entire host of mutineers, with the exception of some of Holkar's troops, swarmed out of Indore, and, plundering the villages, cutting the telegraph wires, and

Consequences of the mutiny.

July 1.

July 4.

[1] A glance at the plan will prove this. [2] Letter from Gen. Travers.

[3] Lowe's *Central India in 1857*; *The Evacuation of Indore*, pp. 13-24; Letters from Gen. Travers.

burning the bungalows, as they went along, pushed northwards towards Gwalior. The restless spirits in Central India were smitten with the contagion. The wild Bhíls in Northern Malwa began to raise disturbances. Even the distant country of Gujarat was in danger: but the fort of Dohad, which commanded the main roads from Malwa, was fortunately in British hands: the powerful chiefs of the country, under the able guidance of Sir Richmond Shakespear, the British Resident at Baroda, remained loyal; and the disturbances which a few budmashes and needy adventurers raised, to gain purely personal ends, were easily suppressed. The British, however, were swept out of Mandleswar, and anarchy prevailed until Captain Keatinge, the Political Agent, an officer of splendid nerve and energy, gained the mastery over the disturbers of the peace. The Soondeahs and the Mewattees in the neighbourhood of Jáora shook themselves free from control. The peasantry throughout Sindhia's Malwa districts harassed the European fugitives who were obliged to pass through their country. Though most of the chiefs of Western Malwa did their duty, not one of Holkar's districts escaped the horrors of anarchy. The troops of the Bhopál Contingent intrigued with their guilty comrades at Sehore; the Bhopál chiefs, who had long chafed under the control of their Begam, railed at her for not seizing the opportunity to strike a blow for the glory of Islam, and talked of raising a Holy War; and the ready wit and the marvellous tact of that shrewd and loyal princess hardly averted a mutiny, and put out the sparks of religious fanaticism.

Hungerford and Holkar.

There was still hope, however, for the cause of civilisation in Central India. Hungerford, as his colonel had perished, and Durand had been forced to flee, took upon himself the duties and responsibilities of Agent. He made up his mind to stand fast in the fort of Mhow, if he could do nothing else, and hold it as a breakwater against the lashing waves of rebellion. Proclaiming martial law throughout Mhow, he laid in provisions, mounted guns on the bastions of the fort, and made every preparation to beat off attack. Nor was Holkar a whit behind him in loyal zeal. On the very day of the mutiny at Indore he wrote to Durand, professing himself eager to do anything he could to prove his attachment to the British

July 1.

power, and sent a deputation to communicate with the magistrate of Mhow. The mutineers flocked round his palace, and insisted on his delivering up the Christians to whom he had granted an asylum; but he braved all their threats and clamours, and declared that he would have nothing to do with them. Their departure took a load off his mind, and left him free to prove the sincerity of his professions by deeds. Three days afterwards he sent out a force to rescue a number of Europeans, who were wandering about the country in peril and distress, and despatched all the treasure that had escaped the cupidity of the mutineers to Mhow.[1] Camel-loads of letters, arriving in Indore, were forwarded by him to their destinations. So efficiently, in a word, did he co-operate with Hungerford, that the latter found himself able to re-establish postal and telegraphic communication, and to restore order in Mhow and the neighbouring districts. Durand, however, was seriously displeased with Hungerford for having ventured to assume the powers of Agent, when, as he pointed out, communication with himself had been easy and rapid. There was no ground for his displeasure. Hungerford had written to him; but for nearly a month he vouchsafed no reply; and his silence, as it seemed to imply a resolve to cut himself adrift from all connexion with his old charge, tended seriously to keep up a restless state of feeling among the people of Indore.[2]

July 2.

July 4.

July 7.

It is time now to follow the movements of Durand. When he arrived at Sehore, the Begam plainly told him that it was out of her power to offer him or his party shelter in her dominions. Accordingly, he pushed on to Hoshangabad, with the view of meeting Woodburn's column. On his arrival at this place, he had the satisfaction of learning that the safety of Mhow was assured. He next hastened on by forced marches towards Asírgarh, resolving to hurry up Woodburn's column at once and at any cost

Movements of Durand.

[1] Travers is inclined to give the credit of this to the Treasury clerks. *Evacuation of Indore*, p. 12, note †.

[2] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, pp. 172-3. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, pp. 521-2, 992; 8 to 22 Sept. 1857, pp. 303-11, 327; 24 Sept. 1857, pp. 465, 567-8; 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 248; 9 Nov. 1857, pp. 89, 139-53; 24 Nov. 1857, p. 61; 15 to 31 Mar. 1858, pp. 565-9, 571-4. *Last Counsels, etc.*, pp. 89-91, 96, 106-8, 110, 115.

from Aurangabad to Mhow for the preservation of the line of the Nerbudda and the rescue of Central India from anarchy, and intending to return, after the attainment of these objects, to Mhow or Indore, inflict a just punishment upon the mutineers and the murderers of the latter town, and exact from the states of Central India the same tokens of respect that they had yielded to his Government before the mutinies. On

July 17.

his way he heard from Brigadier Stuart, who had succeeded Woodburn, that the column was actually advancing. Thus the Nerbudda was out of danger. Still, as Mhow was safe, and as he was loth to return thither in the false and undignified position in which, as a high political officer, without an army to enforce obedience to his will, he must find himself, he resolved to adhere to his former resolution of going to join the column. On the 22nd of July the column encamped at the foot of the hill on which stood the fort of Asírgarh. The European residents at that place had for several weeks lived in continual fear lest the garrison, a wing of the 6th Gwalior Contingent, should mutiny. Fortunately, however, the garrison had just been successfully disarmed, and a reinforcement had arrived. On the day of Stuart's arrival, Durand joined the column, whose movements he thenceforward virtually directed. On the 24th the column marched for Mhow, and arrived there on the 1st of August. Durand resolved, for various reasons, to remain away from Indore for some time. He had no intention of resuming his former relations with Holkar until the Governor-General should have acquitted him of complicity in the mutiny of the 1st of July; his force was too weak to undertake the necessary task of disarming Holkar's troops; and, above all, a new and formidable enemy had arisen, whom he must face as soon as possible, and by overcoming whom he knew that he could alone acquire the prestige that would overawe the disaffected at Indore. In the previous month a number of Sindhia's troops had seized Mandiswar, a town situated about a hundred and twenty miles north-west of Indore. The remnant of the

Intended insurrection in Malwa.

mutinous cavalry of the Gwalior Contingent and various insurgent hordes had flocked to join them; and Prince Firoz Shah, a connection of the King of Delhi, had put himself at their head. The whole force amounted in September to some seventeen or eighteen thousand

men. Towards the end of that month Durand received a number of intercepted letters, from which he learned that, at the beginning of the dry season, there was to be a general insurrection in Malwa. Moreover, some hundreds of mercenaries, enlisted by the minister of Dhar, had plundered and burned two British stations; and it was reported that the mother and the uncle of the boy Raja of that state had instigated these outrages, and that the Durbar was intriguing with the Mandiswar insurgents. The embers of disaffection were smouldering, here and there throwing up jets of flame in the country south of the Nerbudda. If this insurrection were not trodden out, they would surely burst into a blaze.[1]

Durand sets out to quell the insurrection.

Anxious as he was to set about his task, Durand was kept waiting at Mhow for nearly three months by stress of weather. There were no real roads through the country that had to be traversed; and heavy rains rendered it impassable. But at last the dry season set in; and Durand was ready. His force consisted of fourteen hundred and two men, of whom five hundred and eighteen were Europeans. It was very weak in infantry, but strong in cavalry and artillery. On the 12th of October two bodies of Hyderabad cavalry were detached, one to defend the town of Mandleswar from a threatened attack, the other to Gújrí, to intercept the expected assailants on their march. Two days later another party went out to reinforce the Gújrí detachment; on the 20th the bulk of the force marched for Dhar; and on the 21st the siege-train followed.

Oct. 14.

After a tedious march of two days over a broken and muddy country, the little army approached Dhar. The garrison were ready. On a hill south of the fort they had planted three guns; and, sallying forth, they descended in skirmishing order, to dispute the advance of their assailants. But the advance was irresistible. The 25th Bombay Native Infantry, a loyal regiment, which had a long career of glory before it, charged up the hill, captured the guns, and turned them against the rebels, who, after a brief combat, were hurled back into the fort. The

Oct. 22. Siege of Dhar.

[1] *Last Counsels, etc.*, p. 87. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1857, p. 917; 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, p. 972; 9 Nov. 1857, pp. 139-53, 172-3, 175; Feb. 1858, pp. 70-2; 15 to 31 Mar. 1858, pp. 589-90.

## CHAPTER XV

### BUNDELKHAND AND THE SAUGOR AND NERBUDDA TERRITORIES—NAGPUR—HYDERABAD

THE enquirer must now prepare to penetrate into the heart of the Peninsula, and even to push southwards as far as Mysore and the mountains of Coorg.

1857.

The germs of disaffection, arising from the North-Western Provinces, were early wafted across the Jumna into Bundelkhand. One district, situated in the western extremity of that country, was the theatre of events which, both from the romantic interest which attaches to them and from the importance of their bearing upon the general situation, must ever hold a prominent place in Anglo-Indian history.

Jhánsi.

Not one of Lord Dalhousie's acts had given more offence to the hostile critics of his policy than the annexation of Jhánsi. That country had formerly been under the overlordship of the Peshwa; but, on his downfall in 1817, it passed into the hands of his conquerors, who, in return for a yearly tribute, agreed to recognise its existing ruler and his posterity as hereditary princes.[1] In 1854, however, the last male descendant of the family in whose interests the treaty of 1817 had been made, died; and Dalhousie, refusing to allow the succession of an adopted son, declared that the state had lapsed to the British Government. The widow of the late Raja strenuously protested against his action; but she might, in time, have learned to reconcile herself to the common fate, if the Government, with a niggardliness that was to cost our country terribly dear, had not called upon her to pay the debts which her husband had left, out of

The Ráni of Jhánsi.

[1] The Treaty is to be found in *Parl. Papers*, vol. xl. (1854-55), pp. 47-9.

the paltry six thousand a year which was fixed as her allowance. At first the Ráni could not conceal her indignation at such meanness; but, when she found that her remonstrances were disregarded, she resolved, with true Marátha cunning, to wear a smiling face in the presence of her masters, while secretly waiting for an opportunity to gratify the bitter resentment which she harboured against them. She was indeed a woman whom it was dangerous to provoke. Tall of stature and comely in person, she bore all the outward signs of a powerful intellect and an unconquerable resolution. Moreover, while brooding over her own special grievances, she knew how to avail herself of the discontent which British rule had awakened in the minds of her people. The English had insulted their religion by openly slaughtering kine in their country; and she had petitioned in vain for the prohibition of the odious practice. When, therefore, she heard of what had happened at Meerut, she felt that her day had come at last.

Mutiny at Jhánsi.

She at once began to intrigue with the garrison, with whom the Government had foolishly neglected to associate any British troops. At the same time, in order to throw dust in the eyes of the British officials, she pretended, with an adroitness worthy of a Sivaji, that their enemies were hers, and successfully asked permission to enlist troops for her protection. Fortunately for her, the Commissioner, Captain Skene, was a man of singular credulity. Forgetting, or unable to understand the circumstances in its past history which should have made Jhánsi a peculiar subject of anxiety, he wrote to Colvin, expressing perfect confidence that there was no danger to be feared either from the people or from the sepoys. So blind indeed was he to the most obvious symptoms of coming mutiny that when, on the 5th of June, some of the sepoys openly seized a fort in the cantonments, he believed the disavowal of complicity in the crime and the assurances of loyalty which their comrades were careful to make. Naturally, after this the disaffected hesitated no longer. On the afternoon of the 6th they mutinied, murdered all their officers except one who escaped wounded, and then, after bursting open the gaol, marched, with the escaped prisoners and a mob of townspeople, to attack the town fort, within which the rest of the Europeans had taken refuge. The garrison, however,

had no thought of yielding without a struggle, and, firing a volley among their assailants, forced them to retire in confusion. The night was spent by the besiegers in preparations for a renewed attack, by the besieged in considering what course they ought to pursue. They had no prospect of being able to stand a siege; for guns and supplies of every kind were almost entirely wanting. They therefore decided to ask the Ráni to allow them to retreat unmolested to some place of

June 7.

refuge within British territory. In the morning three ambassadors went out to beg for mercy from the injured princess. Hardly had they left the fort before they were seized and dragged to the palace. But the Ráni would have nothing to say to them. "I have no concern," she said, "with the English swine," and ordered them to be taken to the Rissaldár of the 14th Irregular Cavalry. They were instantly dragged out of the palace, and put to death. In the afternoon the besiegers renewed their attack, but with no better success than on the previous day. The garrison, however, had no cause to exult; for, unless help should come to them from without, they could see no prospect but starvation or surrender, and some Eurasians who tried to steal out, hoping to obtain help, were caught and put to death. The last straw at which the garrison had despairingly clutched was thus broken, when suddenly the prospect of life and liberty was held out to them. The Ráni, not knowing to what straits they were reduced, and fearing the consequences of English valour, had determined to gain her end by such a device as is most congenial to the heart of the Marátha. She sent messengers to say that all she wanted was the possession of the fort, and that, if the garrison would lay down their arms, she would send them off under an escort to another station. Trusting to the solemn oaths with which the messengers swore to the sincerity of their offer, the garrison walked out of the fort. It would have been better if they had remained within, destroyed their women and children with their own hands, and then died at their posts. Then at least they would have sold their lives dearly. Victory or no surrender is the only motto for those who war with Asiatics. The moment they had quitted the fort the rebels fell upon them, dragged them off to a garden close by, and there murdered nearly every man, woman, and child among them.[1]

[1] *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 511-30; Montgomery Martin, vol. ii.

Whether or not the Ráni was responsible for that day's work,[1] she never sank to the level of the monster of Cawnpore. At least she showed no craven fear of the race which had wronged her, and which, in her passionate revenge, she had yet more cruelly wronged. Buying over the sepoys, who had threatened to set up a rival upon her throne, she made them proclaim her ruler of Jhánsi, and then, entering resolutely upon the work of her unlawful government, fortified her city, raised an army, and, strengthened by the devotion which the fascination of her presence and her brave heart had inspired among her people, resolved to defend herself and her country to the last against the British power.

Bold resolution of the Ráni.

It was not likely that so signal an example of successful rebellion should find no imitators. The first shock was felt at Nowgong, which was garrisoned by detachments of the Jhánsi regiments. When they first heard that their comrades had mutinied, they made the most ardent professions of devotion to their officers. A few days later, however, hearing that the mutiny had culminated in massacre, they too threw off their allegiance. Their officers could only bow to the storm, and retreat; but, burdened as they were by many helpless women and children, they had small chance of being able to reach a place of safety. Eighty-seven sepoys, who had held aloof from their mutinous brethren, went with them; but soon they too fell away, disheartened by the dangers and the hardships of the journey, and the seeming hopelessness of reaching British territory in safety. Those of the Europeans who did not perish on the road, made their way at last to Banda. When they came to tell of all that they had gone through, how the people of the country had molested them, and bands of robbers attacked them, how they had had to leave some of their friends, struck down by the sun or dying of apoplexy, to be devoured by the vultures and the jackals, they

Mutiny at Nowgong.

June 5.

June 10.

pp. 303-6; *Times*, Sept. 11, 1857, p. 7, cols. 1, 2; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 1, p. 184.

[1] Kaye (vol. iii. p. 369) says "Whether the Ranee instigated this atrocity, or to what extent she was implicated in it, can never be clearly known." According to a written statement made by a Mrs. Mutlow, the Ráni promised in writing that none of the garrison should be injured. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, April, 1858, p. 679.

their arms. Next day the trials of the ringleaders began. While they were proceeding, Plowden took measures for disarming the city population. On the 29th three of the prisoners were sentenced. At half-past seven on the following morning they were hanged in presence of the entire garrison, and not a murmur was heard.

The crisis was over. The swift stern action of Plowden had had its effect, and, after the executions of the 30th of June, a great awe sank into the minds of the people of Nágpur. Thenceforth a stillness that was not peace reigned in the city. Intrigues, it is true, in favour of the deposed royal family, were reported from various parts of the country; but there was no open sign of disaffection. Once only, in the beginning of 1858, was the general stillness ruffled. On the 18th of January, a few men of the garrison at Raipur mutinied. There were only three Europeans at the station; and for a moment Plowden feared that the district would be lost, and that disturbances would break out in the country round it. But, four days after the mutiny, those three Europeans dared to hang the mutineers in the presence of the whole garrison; and the astounded malcontents subsided into tranquillity.[1]

Jan. 22.

The Nizam's Dominions.

Proceeding to the south-west, we find ourselves in the country of the Nizam. This country, pressing, as it did, upon Nágpur, portions of Sindhia's dominions, and the presidencies of Bombay and Madras, was, so to speak, the heart of India. The stake that depended upon its preservation was almost as great as the stake that depended upon the recapture of Delhi, and the reconquest of Oudh. If once the matter of disaffection were to find a way into it, and come to maturity, it would issue forth again in poisonous streams through the veins and arteries of the entire body. Those who formed their opinions from their recollections of the newspapers of the time might suppose that the southern portion, at least, of the Peninsula, was beyond the reach of danger. There could not be a greater mistake. It is true that the Madras troops were staunch;[2] but there were many

[1] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4 July, 1857, pp. 189-90, 193, 215, 225, 237, 249; 20 to 29 July, 1857, p. 161; 4 to 8 Mar. 1858, pp. 438-42. Meadows-Taylor, p. 381. The three Europeans were the Deputy-Commissioner Lieut. C. Elliot, the Assistant Commissioner Lieut. C. B. Lucie-Smith, and Lieut. G. O. Rybot.

[2] Major Evans Bell, who was at Nágpur in 1857, asserts that "all their

disloyal spirits in the Southern Presidency, and, before the close of the Mutiny, overt acts of disaffection were committed within its limits.

Right in the centre of the Nizam's dominions lay his capital, Hyderabad. There was not in the whole of India a more turbulent or dangerous mass than the population of this city. Nothing but sheer force could keep them down. Every man among them carried a weapon of some sort. It was estimated by the Resident, at the outset of the mutiny, that there were more than a hundred thousand armed Mahomedan fanatics within the walls. The Nizam himself was well disposed towards his British allies, but young, ignorant, and liable to be led astray.

Hyderabad.

The Resident was Major Cuthbert Davidson. Exclusive of the Hyderabad Contingent, the military force at his disposal consisted of one European regiment, one regiment of Madras cavalry, a battalion of Madras artillery, and seven regiments of Madras infantry. Enough has been said to show that the task before him was one of extreme responsibility and difficulty. But, if his material resources were small, he knew that he could rely on the moral support of a coadjutor of rare ability, a man whose name deserves to be ever mentioned by Englishmen with gratitude and admiration, the minister, Sálar Jang.

Cuthbert Davidson.

Sálar Jang.

It was not till after the third week of May that the news of the Meerut and Delhi outbreaks reached Hyderabad. Sálar Jang was prompt in declaring his intentions. Whether he liked the English or not, he knew that their rule could alone secure the foundations upon which the future prosperity of India must be based,—internal peace and order. The Nizam, for his part, was jealous of Sálar Jang, and too narrow-minded to appreciate the support which the presence of such an upright and enlightened statesman lent to his government. Moreover, the minister had enemies, who whispered lying tales about him to the Nizam, and tried to procure his dismissal. Fortunately, however, the Nizam had no sympathy with the movement for the restoration of the Mogul empire, for it had been owing to the decline of that

The crisis.

sympathies and hopes were with the mutineers and rebels." *Letters from Nagpore*, p. 18. This is probably an exaggeration; but of course they would have risen if they had believed our cause to be lost.

empire that his ancestors had been able to win for themselves the position of independent sovereigns. Thus his minister was able to lead him to pronounce in favour of the British. The populace were infuriated on hearing of his resolution, and their leaders were ready to take advantage of their temper. Moulvis put forth all their eloquence to stir up the passions of the Mahomedan gentry to crusading fervour. Fakirs preached, in ruder phrases, to ragged zealots. The poison soon took effect. Some of the native troops fell under suspicion. Sálar Jang had his eye upon them, and handed them over to the Resident for trial. A court of inquiry was held, and the prisoners were morally convicted; but the evidence against them broke down on a technical point. Still, the minister's sharpness had frightened others who were disaffected; and thenceforth they became very cautious.

The real crisis, however, had not yet begun. On Friday, the 12th of June, some five thousand worshippers were assembled in a great mosque called the Mecca Masjid. Prayers were hardly over when one of the congregation rose, and shouted to the Moulvi to proclaim the Jehád. The kotwal, who, by the minister's orders, was present with his men, was just going to arrest the fanatic, when he managed to escape through the crowd. Morning after morning, placards, denouncing the minister, were found posted up in the mosques. Undaunted by the popular hatred, he ordered the placards to be torn down; posted trusty Arab guards round the mosques and at the gates of the city; dispersed mobs whenever they ventured to assemble; and kept a sharp watch on all suspicious characters. Captain Webb, the police magistrate, was equally indefatigable. Making it his chief aim to prevent infection from reaching the soldiers, he packed off all the fakirs upon whom he could lay his hands; maintained a strict supervision over the post-office; seized the busybodies who came to spread the news of British disasters; and had them soundly flogged. But all his efforts could not prevent rumours of the mutinies and massacres in Northern India from spreading; and the hopes of the disaffected rose as they listened to the grim details. On the 16th of June the authorities heard with serious alarm of the outbreak at Aurangabad. The Wahábis were labouring zealously to keep up the fire of their disciples' fanaticism; and Davidson could not conceal from himself that there was danger of the troops yielding to the pressure of their co-religionists.

At last the disaffected made up their minds to act. At a quarter to four in the afternoon of the 17th of July, Sálar Jang informed Davidson that an attack was just going to be made upon the Residency. Davidson had long prepared for such a contingency, and was not for a moment flurried by the suddenness of the news. In seven minutes the troops had turned out, and were standing at their posts. Presently the yells of an angry multitude were heard, and about five hundred Rohillas, followed by a mob of citizens, were seen surging towards the Residency. On they came, and were just going to break down one of the gates of the Residency Garden, when the guns of the Madras Horse Artillery opened fire, and hurled a shower of canister into their midst. When the smoke cleared away, not a rebel was to be seen. It was the deliberate opinion of the Resident that, if the Madras gunners, men of the same creed as the insurgents, had failed to do their duty, the population of the Nizam's territories might have risen, and the embers of rebellion that lay scattered between the Nerbudda and Cape Comorin have burst into a blaze.

The victory.

The worst was over now. Treasonable letters indeed were still intercepted; Rohillas, Punjabis, Afgháns, outcast mutineers, and villains of every stamp kept flocking into the city, and told the inhabitants that the English were everywhere disastrously beaten.[1] The fanatics waited anxiously for the issue of the struggle at Delhi and Lucknow, persuading themselves that the champions of their faith would sooner or later prevail. Even now, if a resolute leader had come forward, the populace would have followed him. But the fanatics of Hyderabad were no martyrs. Being Asiatics, they knew when they were beaten. The roar of the Madras guns was still dinning upon their ears. Thenceforth they were content to vent their enthusiasm in whispering curses against the infidels; they dared not strike a blow for the glory of Islam.

The Assigned Districts.

In the Assigned Districts,[2] as in the country under the Nizam's own government, emissaries from the north tried hard to get up a rebellion. But the temper

[1] "Fortunately for us," wrote Davidson (Aug. 2), "the Nizam's Government remains staunch . . . were it otherwise, no force . . . at present in Southern India could in my opinion stem the torrent of revolt . . . the eyes of all the Mussulmans in Mysore and the Carnatic are turned in this direction, and . . . they are already impatient at the delay of their friends here in proceeding to action."

[2] The Assigned Districts were in Berar and the Raichur Doáb, and along the

of the people of these districts was very different from that of the rabble of Hyderabad. They had had experience of the advantages of British rule, and had no sympathy with mutineers or rebels. The peace of the districts continued, with two insignificant exceptions, unbroken throughout the crisis.[1]

Rays of hope were already piercing through the dark clouds that overhung Central India. On the west horizon appeared the flashing weapons of an irresistible host, led by a great captain, who still lives, an honoured veteran, in our midst;[2] and the tramp of his legions and the thunder of his artillery were sending forth a message of doom to rebels and mutineers.

borders of the Sholápur and Ahmadnagar Collectorates. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlv. (1856), p. 71.

[1] Meadows-Taylor, pp. 365, 381-3. Letter from Hyderabad to the *Times*, Dec. 3, 1857, p. 7, cols. 1, 2. *Report on the Hyderabad Assigned Districts for the year* 1857-58, p. 18, par. 98; pp. 225-6, pars. 149-51; pp. 70-1, pars. 399-406. *Ib.* for the year 1858-59, p. 107, par. 2; p. 142, pars. 183-4; p. 143, par. 187. *Annual Report of the Central Jail, Hyderabad Assigned Districts, at Nuldroog, for the year ending on 31st Dec.* 1857, pp. 16-18. *Report on the Administration of Mysore for* 1857-58, p. 44. *Annual Report on the Administration of the Madras Presidency during the year* 1858-59, pp. 337-8, pars. 371-2 B; p. 341, par. 390. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4 July, 1857, pp. 506, 510; Aug. 1857, pp. 243-4, 1152-3; 8 to 22 Oct. 1857, pp. 780-1. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. (1857), pp. 355, 579.

[2] Written in 1882. Lord Strathnairn died in 1885.

# CHAPTER XVI

## CAMPAIGNS OF SIR HUGH ROSE AND WHITLOCK

SOON after the return of Sir Robert Hamilton from furlough, the Governor-General had asked him to draw up a plan for the restoration of order in Central India. Sir Robert Hamilton suggested that a Bombay column, starting from Mhow, should march by way of Jhánsi to Kálpi; and that a Madras column, starting from Jubbulpore, should march across Bundelkhand to Banda. The plan was submitted to the Commander-in-Chief, and received his sanction. The operations of the two columns were not to be isolated, but to form part of a large general combination. While supporting each other, they were not only to restore order in Central India, but also to draw off the pressure of the Gwalior Contingent and other rebels on the rear of Sir Colin's army.[1]

1857.

Sir Robert Hamilton's plan for the pacification of Central India.

The officer selected to command the Bombay column was Major-General Sir Hugh Rose. Early in his military career, which had extended over thirty-seven years, he had been employed in suppressing disturbances in Ireland.[2] In 1840 he had served with distinction in Syria. As Consul-General at Beyrout, as Secretary to the Embassy and subsequently as Chargé d'Affaires at Constantinople, he had proved himself a clever diplomatist and a statesman of keen discernment and swift decision. There are many who remember the splendid fearlessness of responsibility with which, in the absence of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, he checkmated Prince Menschikoff by ordering the British fleet to sail from Malta to

Sir Hugh Rose.

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 190, 264, note 1.
[2] *Calcutta Review*, vol. xli. 1865,—Art. "Sir Hugh Rose," pp. 172-3.

Besika Bay. Some, too, of his old comrades could tell how he fought at the Alma, at Inkerman, and before Sebastopol. Although he had never served in India, he had an instinctive perception of the conditions of success in Indian warfare. But his whole personality was strikingly unlike that of any of the other heroes of the mutiny. The stern resolution of the soldier was overlaid by the polish of the man of fashion. His gallantry was as conspicuous in the drawing-room as on the field of battle. His enemies might have said that he exemplified the Duke's saying, that dandies often make the best officers. In many respects, indeed, his character resembled that of Claverhouse,—but of Claverhouse as he appears in the pages of Scott, not in those of Macaulay.

His preparations.

On the 16th of December Sir Hugh arrived at Indore. The army of which he was about to take command was divided into two brigades, comprising two regiments of European infantry, one of European cavalry, four of native infantry, four of native cavalry, bodies of artillery, sappers and miners, and a siege-train. Some of these corps were very weak in numbers; and all were under-officered.[1] The 1st brigade, under Brigadier Stuart, was at Mhow; the 2nd, under Brigadier Steuart, at Sehore. Sir Hugh resolved to wait until he should hear that General Whitlock, who commanded the Madras column, was ready to advance to the relief of Saugor. While the men of the 1st brigade, who had but just returned from the Malwa campaign, rested and enjoyed themselves in the pleasant country round Mhow and Indore, he busied himself in completing his arrangements. Some critics, presuming that because he had never been in India before, he would fail in the task he had undertaken, spoke of him as a "griff"; but the vigour which he displayed from the moment that he took command soon turned the laugh against them. On Christmas night he dined with a number of his officers at Mhow. The room was decorated with green leaves and the banners captured in the Malwa campaign. The meeting was a happy one: but the merriment of some was sobered when they asked themselves how many of their number would be spared to celebrate another Christmas day.[2] The

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. 1864, p. 182.

[2] *Calcutta Review*, *ut supra*, p. 181; T. Lowe's *Central India during the Rebellion of* 1857-58, pp. 152, 154-7.

new year came; and Sir Hugh, learning that Whitlock would not be able to take the field for some time, and knowing that the garrison of Saugor was in peril, resolved to begin his march at once.[1] Accordingly, on the 6th of January, he set out with Sir Robert Hamilton, who was to accompany the force as political officer, for Sehore. The 1st brigade was to clear the Grand Trunk Road, and afterwards to join in the siege of Jhánsi. On the 16th Sir Hugh marched out of Sehore with the 2nd brigade, intending to open the campaign by attacking Ratgarh, a fort situated in the Saugor district. For a week the troops toiled on across rivers, through jungle, and over hills. On the morning of the 24th they came in sight of Ratgarh. The eastern and southern faces of the fort, which stood on the spur of a long hill overgrown with jungle, rose sheer above a deep and rapid river called the Bína: the western face overlooked the town and the road along which the troops were advancing. The enemy were discerned in the town, and lining the banks of the stream. After a brisk skirmish, Sir Hugh invested the town and the fort. By the evening of the 26th, the sappers had cut a road up the hill to a point opposite the northern face of the fort, and the enemy had been expelled from the town. The guns were dragged up the road. A mortar battery was speedily thrown up, and opened fire at eleven o'clock. At five o'clock next morning the breaching battery was ready. On the morning of the 28th, while the guns were still thundering at the wall, a swarm of camp-followers came running into the rear of the force, shrieking with terror. The cause of their alarm was soon apparent. A large force of rebels, with standards flying, were seen descending the bank of the river, and preparing to cross. It was the army of the Raja of Bánpur coming to relieve the beleaguered garrison.

Siege of Ratgarh.

Not deigning to pause for a moment in the work of the siege, Sir Hugh detached a portion of his force to deal with the intruders. The artillery dashed down to the bank, and threw shell and grape across the river into their ranks; and, before the cavalry and infantry could get at them, they flung away their muskets and flags, and fled. At ten o'clock that night the breach seemed practicable; and it was generally expected that the assault would take place in the morning.

[1] *Calcutta Review*, *ut supra*, p. 182.

When, however, the besiegers awoke, they noticed that a strange stillness prevailed within the fort. Two officers, resolving to find out for themselves what had happened, jumped down into the ditch, and scrambled up the breach. They found only a few old men, women, and children inside. Ropes were hanging from the top of the eastern wall; and one or two mangled bodies lay on the ground below. The garrison, in despair, had evidently let themselves down by the ropes in the night, and eluded the troops who ought to have intercepted them.[1]

January 30.

Battle of Barodia.

The sappers and miners proceeded to demolish the fort. While they were doing so, Sir Hugh heard that the rebels had rallied near a village called Barodia, situated about fifteen miles off, not far from the river. He promptly ordered out a portion of the force, and, after a laborious march of twelve miles through dense jungle, caught sight of the rebels posted on the opposite bank of the river. Fighting his way across, he pressed on through the jungle to Barodia, scattered the rebels, and returned at night to Ratgarh.[2] The blow which he had struck so cowed the rebels round Saugor that they made no attempt to oppose his advance. On the morning of the 3rd of February he came in sight of the fort, rising above a hill in the heart of the town. The villagers, who had been mercilessly robbed by the rebels, assembled in thousands to welcome him. As the troops approached the town, the Europeans of the garrison, riding on elephants or horses, or driving in buggies, came to meet them; and crowds of natives in dresses of many colours, lined each side of the road. Thus escorted, and saluted by the guns of the fort, the column marched through the streets, and encamped on the further side of the town.[3]

Entry into Saugor.

Capture of Garhakota.

The district, however, was still menaced by a large force of rebels and mutineers, who had taken possession of a fort called Garhakota, about twenty-five miles east of Saugor. On the 9th, Sir Hugh marched to

[1] *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. 1864, p. 187; *Calcutta Gazette*, July-Dec. 1859, pp. 2286-9; Lowe, pp. 163, 166, 171-82. The troops whom the garrison eluded were levies lent by the Begam of Bhopál.

[2] *Ib.* pp. 182-3. *Calcutta Gazette*, July-Dec. 1859, pp. 2290-1.

[3] Lowe, pp. 186-7, 189; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Feb. 1858, p. 592.

reduce this stronghold. On the 17th he returned. His force had been too small to invest the whole circuit of the fort; and the garrison had escaped through an unguarded gate.

Feb. 12.

Sir Hugh was eager to push on as early as possible for Jhánsi, and avenge the massacre of the preceding year; but two circumstances compelled him to halt for a time. He was in need of supplies, and the country round Saugor had been so completely devastated that they could not be procured at once. Moreover, he felt that it would be rash to leave Saugor until he should hear that Whitlock was on his way to occupy it. Meanwhile he sent an order to Stuart to strike off eastward from the Grand Trunk Road, and attack the fort of Chanderi; for he knew that so long as the rebels held this strong position on his left, he could not safely lay siege to Jhánsi. The supplies were collected as speedily as possible: the Saugor arsenal was ransacked for fresh guns and ammunition; and the troops were provided with loose stone-coloured cotton trousers, blouses, and puggerees, as a precaution against the fierce heat which they would soon have to endure.[1]

Preparations for the attack on Jhánsi.

The enforced delay went far to neutralise the good effects of the capture of Garhakota. The rebels were emboldened to occupy the strongest positions in the mountain range that separates the district of Saugor from Shahgarh.[2] On the 27th, soon after midnight, the column resumed its march. Immediately afterwards, rockets were seen shooting up from the town. The baffled rebels evidently intended to warn their friends in the mountains to be on the alert.[3] Next day Sir Hugh captured a fort called Barodia, in which he left a garrison to keep up his communications with Saugor. He was informed that the Raja of Bánpur, believing that the British must advance through the pass of Nárút, near Málthon, had occupied it with eight or ten thousand men, and barricaded it with boulders of rock. But there was another pass, called the pass of Madanpur, which, though likewise occupied by rebels, offered an easier entrance into Shahgarh. Sir Hugh determined to foil the Raja by making his real attack on this pass, while sending a detachment to make a feint against the other. On the 3rd

Fighting in the hills south of Shahgarh.

Feb. 28.

[1] Lowe, pp. 198-200; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, p. 951.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 951-3. [3] Lowe, pp. 205-6.

of March he reached the foot of the hills. At five o'clock next morning he broke up his encampment, and, after a flank march of five or six miles under the hills, plunged into a deep wooded glen, which led towards the pass. Immediately afterwards a succession of sharp reports resounded from the heights on either side: the roar of artillery reverberated from the distant gorge; and the glen was overclouded with smoke. The British artillery pushed forward to reply, while two regiments of infantry swarmed up the steep rocks on the left. Still the rebels held their ground. Bullets fell so fast and so thick among the British gunners that they were actually obliged to withdraw the guns some way. Sir Hugh himself had his horse shot under him. At last more guns were brought up, and shelled the rebels who were massed in the jungle on the left of the pass: the infantry charged; and the enemy fled, pursued by the cavalry, over the hills and through the gorge.[1] The rebels in Shahgarh were so terrified by this disaster that they precipitately abandoned a number of strong forts, and made no attempt to defend the river Betwa, which lay between the British force and Jhánsi. Accordingly, on the 17th of March, the column crossed that river.[2] Next day it was announced in the camp that Brigadier Stuart had captured Chanderi.

Sir Colin's ill-judged order.

On the morning of the 20th, Sir Hugh halted within fourteen miles of Jhánsi, and sent on a small force to reconnoitre. Suddenly a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief was put into his hands. He found that it contained an order to march at once to the aid of a loyal chief, the Raja of Charkhári, who was besieged in his fort by the Gwalior Contingent under Tántia Topi. He saw that the Commander-in-Chief had made a great mistake. If he were to retire from Jhánsi, the Ráni and her people would feel that they had won a moral victory; and eleven thousand rebels and mutineers would be let loose upon his line of operations and upon that of Whitlock. Moreover, if Sir Robert Hamilton's spies were to be trusted, it would be impossible to relieve Charkhári in time. On the other hand, a bold attack on Jhánsi would probably lead Tántia to abandon the siege of Charkhári, and hasten to the relief of the Ráni. Yet, what could Sir Hugh do but obey the order of his military superior?

[1] *Calcutta Gazette, ut supra*, pp. 951-3; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15-31 Mar. 1858, p. 168.

[2] Lowe, p. 227.

Fortunately Sir Robert Hamilton had the wisdom and the courage to help him out of his difficulty. He was not a soldier, but a political officer, and, as such, might venture to use his own discretion. Though he had received from the Governor-General an order similar to that sent by the Commander-in-Chief, he took upon himself the responsibility of directing Sir Hugh to go on with his operations against Jhánsi.[1]

The Ráni and her advisers.

Meanwhile the Ráni had been distracted by the conflicting exhortations of her counsellors. The sepoys who had rallied round her pressed her to fight. On the other hand, some of her civil officers advised her to make terms. On the 14th she held a council of war. Some of those present insisted that it would be madness to attempt to resist the invincible English. Others declared that it would be mean to surrender without a struggle the kingdom which had been regained with so much toil. Their counsels prevailed.[2]

Jhánsi.

At seven o'clock on the morning of the 21st, the column arrived before Jhánsi, and piled their arms on the right of the road. Sir Hugh at once rode off with his staff to reconnoitre. Before him stretched the charred ruins of the cantonments. Further to the north, on a high rock rising above the city, towered the huge granite walls of the fort, above which, on a white turret gleaming under the morning sun, floated the standard of the Ráni. Just outside the city, the landscape was diversified by picturesque lakes, gardens, temples, and woods; to the north and east stretched a long belt of hills, through which ran the road to Kálpi; and all around, as far as the eye could reach, extended a desolate plain, only relieved here and there by bare granite crags.

Sir Hugh rode about all day, scanning the features of the stronghold. The walls of the fort were of a thickness varying from sixteen to twenty feet, and were strengthened by a number of high towers, on all of which guns were mounted, and by outworks. Part of the southern, the northern, and the eastern face were protected by the city, which was in its turn surrounded by a granite wall, about twenty-five feet high, loopholed, and strengthened at intervals by bastions mounting guns: the western face was rendered impregnable by the steepness of the rock; while the city wall, running in a south-

[1] See App. Q.

[2] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, April, 1858, pp. 193, 214.

easterly direction from the centre of the southern face, terminated in a high mound fortified by a circular bastion. Sir Hugh saw that it would be impossible to breach the fort. He determined therefore to breach the southern wall of the city as near the fort as he could; and to this end it was necessary to capture the mound.[1]

The siege.

In the night the cavalry of the 1st brigade arrived from Chanderi. Sir Hugh, mindful of what had occurred at Ratgarh and Garhakota, was determined that the garrison should not escape his clutches.

Mar. 22.

Next day, therefore, notwithstanding the smallness of his force, he invested the city and fort with his cavalry. The garrison, who numbered some ten thousand Bundelas and Wiláyatis,[2] and fifteen hundred sepoys, must have been astounded at his daring. By the evening of the 24th, four batteries had been thrown up,—one near a temple on the south, and the others on a rocky knoll, about five hundred yards from the eastern wall of the town. Next

Mar. 25.

morning they opened fire. A few hours later some haystacks in the southern quarter of the city were struck by shells, and burst into a blaze; the flames spread, and soon all the neighbouring houses were on fire. In the

Mar. 26.

course of the day the remainder of the 1st brigade arrived with the siege-train. Next morning fresh batteries were thrown up on another rocky knoll on the left, about four hundred yards from the fort.

The real struggle now began. The besiegers, obliged to be always ready to obey any summons, never took off their clothes. The burden of their toil was aggravated by intolerable heat. Every day, from sunrise to sunset, they were exposed to a fierce glare which radiated from the sun-beaten crags, and half-stifled by blasts of hot wind sweeping over the plain. But, by taking frequent draughts of water, and keeping wet towels bound round their heads, they were able to mitigate the effects of the sun; and, above all, they were sustained by excitement and by the terrible stimulant of lust for revenge. Moreover, they knew that their General was sharing their

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 1193-1200; Lowe, pp. 232-4; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. 1864, p. 187.

[2] "Wiláyati" means a foreigner. As used by sepoys, the term generally denotes an Afghán: but I do not know whether these Wiláyatis were all Afgháns or not.

hardships, and continually saw him, and heard his cheery voice. Thus encouraged, the infantry kept up a galling fire against the rebels who lined the walls, while the gunners hurled shot and shell without ceasing into the city, and against the fort. But the garrison, conscious that they were all implicated in the inexpiable crime of the preceding June, and knowing that the fall of their stronghold would involve the ruin of the rebel cause in that part of India, were as resolute to hold the fortress as their opponents were to wrest it from their grasp. Their guns never ceased firing except at night. Even women were seen working in the batteries, and distributing ammunition. Yet, in spite of all that they could do, they gradually lost ground. On the 29th the parapets of the mound bastion were battered down, and its guns silenced. Next day a breach appeared in the city wall. It was promptly stockaded; but presently the besiegers opened a fire of red-hot shot which destroyed much of the stockade. Next evening, while the bombardment was still going on, the attention of the besiegers and the besieged was suddenly diverted from the struggle. A huge bonfire, the appearance of which was greeted by exultant shouts from the besieged, was blazing on one of the hills between the city and the Betwa; and flags were seen flying from a telegraph post which Sir Hugh had caused to be erected on a neighbouring hill. The signals indicated that Tántia Topi was marching to relieve Jhánsi. Sir Hugh was in a battery on the right when his aide-de-camp hurried up with the news. He rode off calmly to make his dispositions.

Mar. 30.

Mar. 31.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the magnitude of the peril which now confronted him. Eleven thousand desperate rebels and mutineers, holding one of the strongest fortresses in India, and inspired by a woman of genius and masculine resolution, defied him to dislodge them. Twenty-two thousand rebels and mutineers, led by a general who had defeated the hero of the Redan, threatened to dislodge him. But his judgement was unclouded, and his nerve unshaken. Knowing that it would be fatal to raise the siege even for a day, he pressed on the work of bombardment as vigorously as ever, and, without withdrawing a single piquet from its place, collected from the two brigades all the men whom he could spare, and prepared to attack Tántia on the morrow.

The bulk of Tántia's force was on the right flank of the British, between the belt of hills and the Betwa.

Battle of the Betwa.

The remainder had been detached for the purpose of relieving the city on the north. Soon after sunset the men of the 1st brigade struck their camp, and marched to frustrate this movement: opposite the right flank of the enemy they halted unobserved, and lay down to rest in their clothes. Meanwhile the 2nd brigade remained under arms in their camp. Presently masses of the enemy swarmed down, and took up a position opposite them. During the night their sentries kept taunting those of the British, and telling them that they would all be sent to hell on the morrow, while the garrison exultantly shouted, fired salutes, bugled, and beat tom-toms. About half-past four the

April 1.

British piquets began to fall back. The enemy were advancing. Seeing this, the rebels in the fort and city mounted the walls and bastions, and, with loud yells, poured down volleys of musketry on the besiegers. But the besiegers, undismayed, went on with their work. By this time the battle had begun. After firing a few volleys, the British infantry were ordered to lie down. The artillery continued firing; but, in spite of all that they could do, the first line of the rebels steadily advanced. Sir Hugh saw that, if they were not checked, they would outflank his little force, and swoop down upon the besiegers. As quick as thought, he sent the horse-artillery and a squadron of dragoons against their right flank, and, at the head of another squadron, himself charged the left. The flanks gave way; the centre, bewildered and terrified at what they saw, halted and huddled together; the British infantry leaped to their feet, fired one volley, and charged them; and the whole of the first line fled.

When the smoke cleared away, it was seen that they had fallen back on the second. Suddenly the force which Tántia had detached on the previous night came rushing on to his right flank, pursued by the 1st brigade. He saw that he must retreat at once. Setting fire to the jungle in his front to hinder the pursuers, he crossed the Betwa, skilfully covering his passage by an artillery-fire; but the British cavalry and horse-artillery rushed over the blazing jungle, splashed through the water, and galloped in pursuit. At sunset they rejoined their comrades, bringing with them twenty-eight captured guns.

Sir Hugh now resolved to follow up his victory as soon as possible. Next day he was informed that the breach was just practicable. He determined, therefore, to deliver the assault early on the following morning. The assaulting force was divided into two parts, called the right attack and the left attack, each of which was subdivided into two columns and a reserve. The signal for the assault was to be given by the guns of a small detachment which was to make a feint against the western wall. Then the right attack was to escalade the wall, while the right column of the left attack was to storm the breach, and the left to escalade a tower known as the "Rocket Tower," and the curtain on its right.

April 2.

Plan of assault on Jhánsi.

At three o'clock in the morning the columns marched silently down to their respective positions. The moon was very bright, and the men of the right attack, fearful of being discovered, waited for some time in agonising suspense for the signal. At length the order to advance was whispered; the sappers hoisted the ladders on their shoulders, and moved on; and the troops followed with their swords and bayonets glistening in the pale light. As they turned into the road leading towards the wall, the blast of bugles was heard; the wall and the towers were lighted up by a sheet of fire; and round shot, bullets, and rockets flew down upon them. Notwithstanding, they pushed on; the sappers planted their ladders; but now the bullets flew more thickly, and, while cannon roared, and rockets hissed and burst, and tom-toms clashed, stink-pots, stones, blocks of wood, and trees crashed down from the wall, and the columns, momentarily wavering, sought shelter from the pelting storm. Still the sappers stood fast under the wall, holding on to the ladders. Presently the stormers regained their courage, and began to climb; but three of the ladders snapped under the weight, and numbers of men were thrown to the ground. The check, however, was but momentary; the engineer officers led the men forward again; and now Lieutenant Dick ran up one of the ladders, and, springing on to the wall, called to the men to follow, while Lieutenant Meiklejohn leaped down into the midst of the rebels. The men clambered up from behind and gained the rampart; but Dick and Meiklejohn were slain.

April 3.
The assault.

The battle was still raging on the rampart when a shout of triumph was heard, and the men of the left attack, having fought their way through the breach, or over the curtain, threw themselves upon the flank and rear of the rebels who were grappling with the right attack. Paralysed by this unexpected movement, the rebels fell back, and the left attack joined the right.

Then began a grim struggle for the possession of the street leading to the palace. House after house was desperately defended, and resolutely stormed. Many rebels whose retreat was cut off jumped down into the wells; but the infuriated soldiers dragged them out and slew them. The street was choked with corpses, and the houses on either side were all ablaze. At length the soldiers reached the further end of the street, and, making a rush to escape the cannonade which was still kept up from the fort, streamed through the palace gateway, and fought their way from room to room, until the whole building was in their hands. But some forty sowars still held a room attached to the stables. The room was set on fire. Then the sowars rushed out, their clothes all aflame, and hacked wildly with their tulwars at their assailants; but every man of them was put to the sword.

By this time many of the surviving rebels had lost heart, and begun to retreat. Some who attempted to make a stand in the suburbs were speedily put to flight. On the night of the 4th, the Ráni stole out of the fort with a few attendants, and rode for Kálpi. Her departure was the signal for a general retreat. A few desperate men, indeed, still held out in their homes; but on the 6th the last group was slain, and the blood-stained city was again in British hands.[1]

Flight of the Ráni.

By this time, however, the extraordinary hardships of the campaign were beginning to make themselves felt. The sick list was becoming longer every day. But rest was not to be thought of until Kálpi should be taken. For nearly three weeks Sir Hugh remained at Jhánsi, collecting supplies and ammu-

Sir Hugh prepares for the capture of Kálpi.

[1] Lowe, pp. 237-61; *Calcutta Review*, p. 189; *Calcutta Gazette, ut supra*, pp. 1193-1200; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. 1864, p. 188; G. C. Stent's *Personal Adventures while in the 4th (King's) Light Dragoons*, pp. 201-7. Stent relates how, during the siege, he himself and other British soldiers plundered and slew defenceless citizens, who nightly tried to escape from the town.

nition. Major Orr was sent out to prevent any rebels from crossing the Betwa and doubling back to the south; and Major Gall was ordered to proceed up the Kálpi road and procure information of their movements. A brigade under Brigadier Smith was coming from Rájputána to secure Jhánsi from the possible attacks of the rebels in that country. Sir Hugh was thus relieved from anxiety for the stability of his conquest. On the 25th he began his march up the Kálpi road, leaving a small garrison in Jhánsi. On the 1st of May he overtook Gall at Púnch, and learned from him that Tántia Topi, reinforced by various disaffected rajas and five hundred Wiláyatis under the Ráni, had left Kálpi, whither he had retreated after his defeat at the Betwa, and marched down the road to a town called Kúnch. The fact was that Tántia knew very well how his enemies were suffering from the heat, and hoped to be able to wear them out before they could reach Kálpi. Sir Hugh, on his part, while aware that his troops could not hold out much longer, was determined that they should not break down within sight of the goal. He had learned by experience that the surest way of shattering the confidence of the rebels was to turn their position, and he had ascertained that the north-western side of Kúnch was unfortified. He therefore resolved to make a flank march to a position facing that side. Before daybreak on the 6th he began his march. The men were very weary from continued want of sleep; and, as the sun rose higher, they became more and more nervous and excitable, and kept crying hysterically for water. At length, after a march of fourteen miles, they halted. Kúnch, half hidden by a belt of woods, gardens, and temples, lay two miles off on their right. Orr, who had inflicted a defeat upon the Raja of Bánpur, but had failed to cut off his retreat, was already on the ground. The 1st brigade was posted on the left, the 2nd brigade in the centre, and Orr's force on the right. While the men of the 1st brigade rested and ate their breakfasts, an artillery-fire was opened upon the rebels who were posted among the trees. After some time, the bulk of them retreated into the town; but some still stood their ground outside. Sir Hugh, therefore, advanced with the 1st brigade, swept this remnant out of the gardens and temples, drove them into the town, and, chasing them through the streets, captured the fort. Thence he hastened to support the 2nd brigade, which

Battle of Kúnch.

was striving in vain to dislodge some rebel infantry who had posted themselves in cultivated ground on its right. Now, however, feeling their flank menaced by the 1st brigade, they broke and fled. Tántia's line of defence was now cut in two, and his right turned. Meanwhile, Orr had moved round the east of the town, with the object of cutting off the rebels' retreat. Before he could intercept them, however, they succeeded in gaining the plain stretching towards Kálpi. The 1st brigade hurried in pursuit through the narrow, winding streets of the town. Entering the plain, they descried the rebels steadily retreating in a long irregular line, supported at intervals by groups of skirmishers, who served it as bastions. The infantry were so exhausted that it would have been cruel to send them in pursuit. Dooly after dooly, laden with officers and men, some dead from sunstroke, others deliriously laughing and sobbing, kept coming into the field-hospital. Sir Hugh, therefore, contented himself with sending the cavalry and horse-artillery to deal with the fugitives. The cavalry charged down upon the skirmishers on the right and left, while the artillery showered grape into the centre. But the rebels kept their presence of mind. The bastion-like groups held together, and enabled the line to move on unbroken. Some of the skirmishers, when hard pressed by the cavalry, threw away their muskets and struck out desperately with their swords. A number of those on the right were so bold as to fall back with the object of enfilading the pursuers; but the 14th Light Dragoons charged them, and cut them off from their comrades. At last all the groups were driven on to the line. Then all lost their nerve, poured into the Kálpi road, and ran for their lives. Some were seized with heat-apoplexy, and fell dead. Others, even when the cavalry were upon them, stopped at the wells to cool their baked lips with a draught of water. But the horses of the pursuers were now so tired that they could barely walk. The pursuit, therefore, was soon abandoned; and the long stream of fugitives poured away towards their last asylum.[1]

Whitlock's campaign.

By this time Whitlock should have been ready to take his share in the operations against Kálpi. But, owing partly to adverse circumstances, partly to his own inactivity, he was too late. On the 17th of

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, July-Dec. 1858, pp. 1617-21; Lowe, pp. 271-6.

February he started from Jubbulpore, and, taking a circuitous route through Rewah, for the purpose of overawing its rebellious zamíndárs, arrived on the 4th of March at Damoh, a town in the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories. Next day he entered Saugor with a part of his force. A week later he returned to Damoh. On the 17th he received orders from the Governor-General to go to the assistance of the loyal rajas of Bundelkhand, and open communications with Sir Hugh Rose. Setting out on the 22nd, he moved slowly in the direction of Banda. On the morning of the 19th of April he arrived before that town, and found that his entrance was to be disputed. The enemy, commanded by the Nawab of Banda, were nine thousand strong; their front was protected by numerous ravines and nullahs; and their guns commanded the road by which Whitlock was advancing. The main body of the British was still some way behind, when the advanced guard, under Colonel Apthorp, came under the fire of the enemy's guns. Apthorp at once endeavoured to turn their left. Every nullah was stubbornly defended. At last the main body arrived. Even then, however, the resistance was maintained; many hand-to-hand combats took place; and it was not till the battle had lasted six or seven hours that the Nawab and his followers fled.[1]

Mar. 5.

Mar. 12.

Whitlock took up his quarters at Banda, intending to wait there until the arrival of reinforcements should enable him to march for Kálpi. But the reinforcements did not make their appearance until the 27th of May.

Meanwhile, Sir Hugh prepared to finish the campaign unaided. Indeed, if a startling change of fortune had not occurred, he might have done so without a contest. After the battle of Kúnch, Tántia fled to his home. His beaten troops, as they trudged back to Kálpi, quarrelled among themselves. The infantry accused the cavalry of having pusillanimously deserted them at the critical moment. All ranks joined in abusing Tántia for having run away before the close of the battle. So demoralised were they that, hearing on the day after their return to Kálpi that Sir Hugh was approaching, they dispersed over the surrounding country. Soon afterwards, however, the Nawab of Banda, with

Fears and hopes of the rebels.

[1] Malleson, vol. iii. pp. 191-5, 197-8; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 1108-12.

his own followers and a large force of mutinous cavalry, arrived in Kálpi. Thereupon the fugitives plucked up courage to return. A nephew of the Nana, known as the Ráo Sahib, was at Kálpi; and his presence shed a reflected lustre on their cause. The Nawab and the Ráni impressed them by the energy with which they prepared for defence, and adjured them to hold their only remaining stronghold to the last. They reflected that, so long as it remained intact, the pivot of Central India belonged to them; and their spirits bounded from despair to the highest pitch of confidence. Nor was their confidence without foundation. The villagers of the neighbourhood, stimulated by the exhortations of Marátha pundits who were preaching a crusade on behalf of the Nana, were all on their side. Moreover, if the British had been invariably successful hitherto, Kálpi appeared strong enough to defy even their prowess. The fort stood on a steep and lofty rock springing from the southern bank of the Jumna, and was protected in front by no less than five lines of defence,—a chain of ravines, the town, a second chain of ravines, eighty-four temples of solid masonry, and, on the outside, a line of entrenchments. The eastern and western faces were also surrounded by ravines. Moreover, the rebels had taken care to fortify the Kálpi road, along which they expected that the British would advance.

Operations near Kalpi.

But Sir Hugh had no intention of fulfilling their expectations. The Commander-in-Chief had detached a force under Colonel Maxwell to co-operate with him; and he learned that this force was posted on the northern bank of the Jumna, opposite a village called Golauli, about six miles east of Kálpi. He accordingly struck off the road to the right, and marched for Golauli, which he reached on the 15th. By this manœuvre he had at once turned the fortifications on the road and the five lines of defence, and virtually effected a junction with the Commander-in-Chief's army.

The troops were now fearfully exhausted. Sir Hugh himself had had five sunstrokes; and even the powerful remedies which he took could hardly have enabled him to sustain the pressure of incessant toil and anxious thought, if he had not resolved that, let his constitution suffer as it might, he would never rest until he had conquered Kálpi. The rebel leaders, knowing how their opponents were suffering, issued a

general order stating that, "as the European infidels either died or had to go into hospital from fighting in the sun, they were never to be attacked before ten o'clock in the day, in order that they might feel its force." On the 16th and four following days they continually harassed Sir Hugh by desultory attacks. Sir Hugh, resolved not to play into their hands, contented himself with simply repelling these attacks, while steadily maturing his own plans for striking a decisive blow. Notwithstanding all his care, however, the condition of the troops became daily worse. Half of them were sick; all were more or less ailing. More than two hundred men of a single native regiment, numbering less than four hundred, had fallen out of the ranks on the 16th. The superintending surgeon reported that, if the operations were protracted much longer, the whole force would be prostrated. Yet the men would not increase the anxieties of their General by a single complaint. Meanwhile, Maxwell was busily erecting batteries on the northern bank of the river. Sir Hugh's plan was that these batteries should shell the city and fort, while he himself cleared the eastern ravines, and attacked the left face of the fort. His army, which had been strengthened by a reinforcement from Maxwell's detachment, was between the river and the Kálpi road, the right flank being encamped perpendicularly to the river, and facing the ravines. On the 21st he heard that the rebels were going to attack him in earnest next morning, and had sworn on the sacred waters of the Jumna to destroy his force, or die.

May 22. Battle of Golauli.

At ten o'clock in the morning a large force was seen marching across the plain, as though to turn the British left. Presently their guns opened fire on the centre. A brisk artillery duel was kept up for some time. Meanwhile all was so still in the ravines that Sir Hugh felt sure that the attack on his left and centre was only a feint, that his right was to be the real object of attack, and that the enemy were trying to delude him into weakening it. He resolved to catch them in their own trap. Accordingly, he sent a company of infantry into the ravines, to try whether any rebels were concealed there. Suddenly the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry were heard on the right; and the ravines were enveloped in fire and smoke. The enemy, roused from their lair, were pressing forward to attack

the British right; and now, overflowing the ravines, they advanced swiftly, with features distorted by opium and fury, and uttering yells of triumph. Brigadier Stuart saw that his guns were in danger. Springing from his horse, he took his stand by them, and bade the gunners draw their swords, and defend them with their lives. Sir Hugh heard the British fire becoming fainter and fainter, and that of the enemy louder and louder. Knowing that the key of his position was imperilled, he placed himself at the head of Maxwell's Camel Corps, and rode at full speed to reinforce Stuart. There were the rebels before him, within thirty yards of the guns. Ordering his men to dismount, he charged at their head. The enemy wavered, turned, and fled headlong into the ravines.

Meanwhile the British centre and left had resolutely held their ground. Their constancy was tried no longer. The left centre pursued the fugitives through the ravines till they fell from exhaustion. The left attacked the rebel right, which soon gave way, disheartened by the failure of their comrades; and infantry, cavalry, and artillery rushed confusedly over the plain, and disappeared in the ravines.

It was now near sunset, and the General knew that in a few hours Kálpi would be his. Day had not dawned when the camp was struck: but through the darkness could be seen the flashes from Maxwell's batteries; and shells were flying across the river into the city. The 1st brigade entered the ravines, and made their way through them like beaters; but the game had fled. Near the city, they were joined by the 2nd brigade, which had followed the Kálpi road. While Major Gall, with the cavalry and horse-artillery, went in pursuit of the rebels, the two brigades entered Kálpi. Pigs and pariah dogs were fighting over the corpses that lay scattered over the streets; but hardly a human being was to be seen.[1]

May 23.

Sir Hugh had fulfilled his instructions. The next few days were spent in preparations for breaking up the army. On the 1st of June Sir Hugh issued his farewell order to the troops. He was looking forward to starting, within a few days, for Poona, to recruit his shattered health.[2] But his plans were rudely disturbed.

Startling news received by Sir Hugh.

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, July-Dec. 1858, pp. 465-72; Lowe, pp. 282-94; Sylvester's *Campaign in Central India*, p. 161; *Calcutta Review*, pp. 193-5.

[2] Lowe, pp. 296-9.

On the 4th of June he heard of an event, the news of which caused throughout India a sensation hardly less than that caused by the news of the first mutinies.[1] Before going on to see how he rose to the occasion, it will be necessary to trace the influence which his campaign had exercised upon the course of events in Northern India.

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1859, Suppl. pp. 1-20.

# CHAPTER XVII

## CAMPAIGNS IN ROHILKHAND AND OUDH

1858.

Effects of Rose's victories on the country north of the Jumna.

SOME weeks before Rose gained the victory near Kálpi, the effect of his advance had begun to be felt in the country north of the Jumna. The Gwalior Contingent and the rebels in Bundelkhand, who had so long been threatening the rear of the Commander-in-Chief's army, were threatened in their turn by the Bombay column.[1] When, therefore, after the recapture of Lucknow, the Commander-in-Chief began to consider what operation he ought to undertake next, he was free from one great source of anxiety. The first subject that engaged his attention was the condition of the province of Oudh. Outram had sent out to many of the tálukdárs, along with Canning's proclamation, a circular in which he assured them that, provided they were innocent of the murder of Europeans, none of their lands should be confiscated, and their claims to lands which they had held before the annexation should be reheard. At first many of them accepted his summons to surrender; but soon they became suspicious and withdrew.[2] The fall of Lucknow had raised British prestige; but, owing to Sir Colin's remissness and Canning's ill-judged severity, it had had no effect at all in tranquillising the surrounding country. On the contrary, it had let loose a swarm of sepoys, feudal retainers, convicts, and budmashes of every sort, to strengthen the hands of the tálukdárs who were determined to withstand the alien infidels to the bitter end. The weakness of these rebels was their want of cohesion. Their

Condition of Oudh.

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Oct. 1858, p. 513.

[2] Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 16-17; *Life of Outram*, vol. ii. p. 335.

aims were mainly personal. There was no man among them of sufficient power, there was not sufficient dignity in their cause to bind their ranks together into a serried mass. The sepoys, the troops of the deposed King, the Mahomedan zealots, and the tálukdárs' clansmen formed distinct groups; and the two former were disheartened by defeat. On the other hand, the numbers of the rebels were great; they were well armed; and every tálukdár among them had his fort, surrounded by dense jungles which he or his ancestors had carefully grown and preserved as a special means of defence.[1] Neither the sepoys nor the tálukdárs had any recognised head. The leaders of the other groups were the Begam, who, in spirit and ability, was the rival of the Ráni of Jhánsi, and the Moulvi, who, though not the equal of Hyder and Sivaji, was probably the most capable, as he was certainly the most determined of the men who fought against us in the Indian Mutiny.[2]

Even now, however, the majority of the population were not rebels. The peasant cultivators, hardly noticing the storm that was raging around them, tilled their fields as assiduously, and, in due season, reaped as plenteously as in the most peaceful times. But the zamíndárs, the yeomen of the country, were less fortunately situated. If, on the one hand, the British Government had established a claim to their gratitude, if they had no reason to sympathise with the tálukdárs, who had robbed them of their landed rights, yet on the other hand, the British Government was a government of aliens and infidels; the sepoy mutineers, whom the rebel tálukdárs had joined, were their kinsmen and co-religionists, and naturally looked to them for support; while the tálukdárs were their natural chiefs, under whose lead they must place themselves if they wished to render that support effectual. Paralysed by these conflicting considerations, the majority of the zamíndárs remained neutral: but the minority felt themselves bound by the ties of kinship and religion, and threw in their lot with the tálukdárs.[3]

[1] Before 1860, 1572 forts had been destroyed, and 714 cannon, exclusive of those taken in action, surrendered. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xlvi. (1861), p. 527. The number of armed men who succumbed in Oudh was about 150,000, of whom at least 35,000 were sepoys. *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 372.

[2] Sir T. Seaton's *From Cadet to Colonel*, vol. ii. p. 293; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 285, par. 13.

[3] Irwin's *Garden of India*, pp. 184-6; *Oude Administration Report for 1858-9*, p. 33; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 290, par. 44; vol. xliii.

Second Oudh *versus* Rohilkhand controversy.

On the 24th of March Sir Colin wrote to Canning, explaining his views. The substance of his letter was, that it would be wise to put off the reconquest of Rohilkhand till the autumn, and spend the intervening time in systematically reducing the country round Lucknow. He pointed out that, if this were not done, the garrison of Lucknow might be blockaded and cut off from supplies. Canning, for political reasons, would not accept his friend's suggestion. The point on which he laid most stress was, that while the Hindus of Rohilkhand were almost universally friendly to the British Government, their friendship might give way, if the British Government delayed much longer to rescue them from the tyranny of Khan Bahádur Khan. Sir Colin was, in his heart, dissatisfied with Canning's decision. He held that, as Oudh had been once invaded, it ought to be completely disposed of before the reconquest of another province was undertaken. But he had such a warm regard for Canning, that he put his personal opinions wholly on one side, and prepared with singleness of heart to execute his instructions.

Sir Colin's plan for the reconquest of Rohilkhand.

His plan was that three columns, commanded respectively by Walpole, Penny, and Brigadier-General Jones, should invade Rohilkhand on the south-east, south-west, and north-west, and, driving the rebels before them, converge upon Bareilly, where the decisive battle would probably be fought. These columns would be supported by a fourth under Seaton, which, since January, had been keeping watch over the central portion of the Doáb, and guarding the door of Rohilkhand at Fatehgarh.[1]

Condition of the Doáb.

The operations of Sir Colin and his lieutenants in December and January had wrought a great improvement in the condition of the Doáb. The mass of the population heartily rejoiced over the discomfiture of the rebels. The inhabitants of the districts of Etáwaḥ and Muttra distinguished themselves by the zeal with which they supported the re-established civil authorities. But the civil authorities had to struggle night and day, and to expose their lives to continual dangers, in order to hold the ground which had been recovered for them. Rebellious chiefs were still in

(1857-58), p. 399, par. 9; *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, Aug. 1858 pp. 286, 567.

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 176-81, 182-5, 192-3, 198-9, 204-5.

the field. Swarms of rebels from Kálpi, from Gwalior, and from Jhánsi, kept pouring across the Jumna. So many robberies were committed, so many public buildings were burned, that journalists had never any lack of matter for sensational writing. Hardly a week passed in which a column was not sent into the field to disperse marauders. The marauders, indeed, were invariably beaten. But early in April a new danger appeared. Three strong bodies of rebels threatened an invasion from Rohilkhand. Seaton was on the alert. Marching against the central body, which was posted in a group of villages near Kankar, he inflicted upon them such a crushing defeat that they and their comrades lost heart and abandoned their design.[1]

Next day Walpole started from Lucknow with a powerful little army, in which were included three regiments of Highlanders. His brother officers who remained behind, had no high opinion of his talents, and asked each other in amazement what could have induced Sir Colin to entrust him with those beloved troops. For eight days his march was unopposed. On the morning of the 15th he came in sight of a fort called Rúiyá. He was positively informed that the tálukdár who owned the fort would be only too glad to evacuate it, as soon as he had saved his honour by making a show of resistance. This information he would not believe. He might, however, at least have taken the trouble to examine the fort itself. Had he done so, he would have found that the wall, though high and strong on the side opposite to him, was so low on the further side that a man could have easily jumped over it. But he was too self-confident or too careless to stoop to such routine work as reconnoitring. What he did was to send some companies of infantry, in skirmishing order, to attack the near side of the fort. The rebel chief, perceiving his folly, naturally resolved to make a serious defence. The infantry advanced to the attack under a heavy fire of musketry. They performed prodigies of valour, but in vain. They had no ladders, and the high wall defied them. The heavy guns opened fire, but with-

April 7. Walpole's march into Rohilkhand.

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, pp. 81, 98, 100, 127. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xliv. (1857-58), Part 3, pp. 151, 366, 368, 437. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 15 to 31 Mar. 1858, pp. 375, 891, 951 ; April, 1858, p. 855 ; May, 1858, p. 277 ; June, 1858, p. 282. *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 357-9, 592. Seaton, vol. ii. pp. 274-82.

out effect. More than a hundred men were killed, nearly as many as had fallen in the three weeks' siege of Lucknow. At last Walpole ordered a retreat. Among those who had been butchered was the gallant and gentle Adrian Hope, the hero of the Shah Najíf. The Highlanders savagely cursed the blunderer who had caused the death of their beloved leader; and, when his burial took place, their emotions were so violently displayed that their officers, who in their hearts sympathised with them, feared that they would mutiny,—or do something worse.[1]

The rebels evacuated the fort in the night. The rest of Walpole's march was tolerably successful. Crossing the Ganges and the Rámganga, he entered the plains of Rohilkhand.

Sir Colin follows him.

Sir Colin quitted Lucknow on the 17th, having some days before sent out Hope Grant to deal with the rebel bands which had rallied round the Moulvi and the Begam. On the night of the 27th he overtook Walpole at a place called Inigri. Next morning he heard of an event the news of which caused sorrow to every soul in India that wished well to the British cause. William Peel, enfeebled by a wound which he had received at the siege of Lucknow, had succumbed to an attack of smallpox. The troops pushed on over wooded plains and through rich fields of sugar-cane. On the 30th, just before entering Shahjahánpur, Sir Colin was informed of a fresh disaster. General Penny had been killed in a night skirmish.[2] Shahjahánpur was found evacuated. Sir Colin left a small garrison under Colonel Hale to hold it. On the 3rd of May he was joined by the column which Penny had commanded, and next day he found himself within a single march of Bareilly.

Battle of Bareilly.

Khan Bahádur Khan, reinforced by hosts of rebels flying before Jones, who had gained two brilliant victories on his march from Roorkee, was determined, though menaced in front and in rear by two powerful armies, to strike a blow for his usurped throne. Between his capital and the position occupied by Sir Colin's army ran

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 193-4, 199-202; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 921-2; Munro's *Reminiscences of Military Service with the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders*, pp. 151-5; W. H. Russell's *Diary in India*, vol. i. pp. 370-1, 393; Forbes-Mitchell's *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*, pp. 243, 246; Burgoyne's *Hist. Records of the 93rd (Sutherland) Highlanders*, pp. 264-5.

[2] Russell, vol. i. pp. 394-5, 401; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 202.

a deep stream, called the Nattia Naddi, spanned by a bridge. He crossed the bridge in the evening, and planted his guns on some sand-hills situated on either side of the road by which Sir Colin would have to advance. His first line of infantry, with cavalry on its flanks, was drawn up so as to cover the guns. The second line remained in the cantonments, near the town.

Early next morning Sir Colin put his troops in motion. At the sixth milestone he halted, and formed them up in two lines. The second line was to defend the baggage and the siege-train. The whole force amounted to seven thousand six hundred and thirty-seven men with nineteen field-guns.

May 5.

About seven o'clock, as the first line was approaching the bridge, the enemy's guns roared out. The British cavalry and horse-artillery trotted forward from both flanks; and the horse-artillery, unlimbering, replied to the challenge. The enemy's first line broke, and, leaving several guns behind them, fled across the bridge into the cantonments. The British pressed on in pursuit. The left halted on the bank of the stream. The right crossed the bridge, and moved leisurely forward about three-quarters of a mile in the direction of the town. A regiment of Sikhs took possession of the Irregular Cavalry lines on the left of the road. Suddenly a number of grizzly-bearded Gházis, with their green-turbaned heads bent low under their shields, and flourishing their tulwars in the air, rushed down, shouting "Deen, Deen,"[1] upon the astonished Sikhs, sent them flying out of the lines, and drove them back upon the 42nd Highlanders, who had formed up behind to support them. Sir Colin was sitting on his horse close by. "Stand firm, 42nd," he cried, "bayonet them as they come on." The 42nd repelled the charge with effect. But Sir Colin had a narrow escape. As he was riding from one company to another, he saw a Gházi, apparently dead, lying before his horse's legs. In a moment the man sprang to his feet, and was about to strike, when a Sikh rushed up, and, with one blow of his tulwar, slashed off his head.

Meanwhile a scene hardly less exciting had been enacted in another part of the field. The baggage-train had halted in the rear. Suddenly a vast wave of white-clad sowars was seen pouring down. Their tulwars flashed in the sun; the roar of

[1] Religion.

their voices filled the air; their horses' hoofs thundered over the plain. Camp-followers, with cloven skulls and bleeding wounds, rolled over on the ground. Men, women, children, horses, camels, and elephants shrilly trumpeting, fled in one confused mass. But now a body of dragoons charged; Tombs's troop, coming up at a gallop, fired a volley; and the sowars were scattered as quickly as they had come.

The battle had lasted for six hours; a scorching wind was blowing; and several men had died of sunstroke. Sir Colin therefore, in mercy to his troops, who were faint and parched with thirst, suffered them to rest, even at the cost of leaving his victory incomplete. Advancing next morning

May 6.

into the cantonments, he learned that Khan Bahádur Khan, with the greater part of his army, had escaped. The sound of distant firing was heard. It proceeded from the guns of Jones's column, which was forcing its way into the city from the north. Next day the city was com-

May 7.

pletely occupied, and the two columns united.[1] Before night, however, a disaster for which Sir Colin had been prepared when he left Shahjahánpur, was reported in the camp.

Shahjahánpur stands in a peninsula, formed by the confluence of the Garra and the Khanaut. Colonel

May 2. The Moulvi attacks Shahjahánpur.

Hale, who had been placed in command, was a bold and skilful officer. Acting on his instructions, he threw up an entrenchment round the gaol, and

May 3.

pitched his camp in a tope of trees close by. On the morning after Sir Colin had gone, he heard that a large force under the Moulvi was within four miles of the town. He had been warned to remain on the defensive. He therefore at once ordered the camp to be struck, and everything to be removed into the entrenchment. Presently the enemy appeared above the brow of a hill on the opposite side of the river Khanaut. Down they swept, crossed the river, and, pressing on, opened an artillery-fire against the gaol.

As soon as Sir Colin heard the news, he ordered Jones to

Sir Colin sends Jones to the rescue. May 8. May 11.

march to the rescue. Jones set out on the following morning. Three days later he approached the Garra. He saw the enemy's cavalry swarming down, with the Moulvi at their head, as though

[1] Russell, vol. ii. pp. 7, 11, 13-14; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 1085-6; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 210-16.

to prevent him from crossing. A few rounds from Jones's heavy guns forced them back; and, as they retreated across the bridge, his field-pieces opened fire upon them, and sent them galloping through the streets. Rapidly following up his success, he shelled the town. Several houses were soon in flames. As Jones drew near the gaol, the enemy, who were blockading it, abandoned their position, and left him free to join Hale.[1] But their numbers were so great that, feeling that it would be rash to attack them, he determined to remain on the defensive, and despatched a messenger to Sir Colin for help.

Sir Colin's return march to Fatehgarh.

Sir Colin, flattering himself that he had completed the reconquest of Rohilkhand, had re-established the civil authorities, and sent off all the regiments that he could spare to their respective quarters. Being anxious to confer with the Governor-General, he set out on the 15th on his return march towards Fatehgarh. Receiving Jones's message next day, he turned aside, and hastened to relieve him. An awful thunderstorm swept over the camp, lighting up the tents, as the final march was about to be made. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 18th, Sir Colin joined his lieutenants. The Moulvi had been strongly reinforced by all the rebels in the neighbourhood. In the afternoon a skirmish took place. The Moulvi was repulsed; but he was so strong in cavalry that Sir Colin dared not risk a decisive action. He sent, however, for reinforcements, which arrived on the 23rd. That evening the Moulvi fell back into Oudh. Sir Colin, leaving to Jones the responsibility of dealing with him, started at midnight for Fatehgarh. The march was one of the most distressing recorded in the annals of the Mutiny. By day the heat was scorching; by night it was stifling. It needed all the exertions of the drivers to keep the jaded horses on their legs. On the night of the 25th a fearful storm of burning wind and dust smote the column, and absolutely forced it to stand still. But next morning the rippling music of many waters was heard; the clear stream of the Rámganga was seen sparkling in the sunlight; and soldiers and camp-followers ran down the banks, and bathed their aching limbs in the grateful flood. Soon the mud walls of the fort of

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 217; *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, pp. 1139, 1261.

Fatehgarh were discerned. The Rohilkhand campaign was over.[1]

The Moulvi and the Raja of Pawáyan.

But the spirit of the Moulvi was not yet broken. He had arrogated to himself the title of King of Hindustan; and it must be admitted that, on the score of fitness for rule, he had a better right to the title than any of his fellow-rebels. The Governor-General had paid him the high compliment of offering a reward of fifty thousand rupees for his apprehension.[2] But it seemed that he was too clever to be apprehended. Eluding Jones's column, he made a raid upon the station of Páli, and savagely mutilated one of the native officials.[3]

On the 5th of June he started on an elephant for Pawáyan, intending to demand from the Raja of that place the surrender of some native officials in the service of the British. On his arrival, he found the gate shut. The Raja, with his brother and his followers, was standing close by on the rampart. A parley followed. The Moulvi soon saw that he could only gain admittance by force. He therefore ordered the mahout to make the elephant charge the gate. The brute's head crashed against it with the force of a battering-ram; and it was already tottering and creaking when the Raja's followers fired a volley from their matchlocks, and shot the Moulvi dead. The brothers instantly rushed out, and cut off their victim's head. The Raja wrapped it up in a cloth, rode off on his elephant, escorted by a number of his men, to Shahjahánpur, and called at the magistrate's house. Ushered into the dining-room, in which the magistrate and some of his friends were seated, he opened his bundle and let the head roll out on the floor. The magistrate was delighted. The next day the head was stuck up on the Kotwáli.[4]

Affairs in Oudh.

Rohilkhand was reconquered. The most formidable enemy of the British in Northern India was no more. But the Commander-in-Chief's work was not nearly at an end. Hope Grant, after some unimportant

[1] Russell, vol. ii. pp. 24, 32-7; *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 222-3.

[2] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1858, p. 803.

[3] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, June, 1858, pp. 464-5.

[4] Seaton's *From Cadet to Colonel* (Routledge's 1 vol. edn.), pp. 406-7; Sir A. Lyall, K.C.B., who was in the magistrate's house at the time, has furnished me with information which has enabled me to correct my original account of this episode. [The correction was made in the second edition.]

skirmishes with different rebel bands, had returned to Lucknow, to consult with Robert Montgomery, who had succeeded Outram as Chief Commissioner. Learning from him that a notorious tálukdár, named Beni Mádho, was infesting the Cawnpore road, he put his troops in motion again on the 25th of May. The marauders, however, had disappeared. Still, Hope Grant found enough to occupy his troops. For the next three months he was marching from place to place, holding out a helping hand to distressed adherents of the Government, and attacking and dispersing rebel bands wherever he could find them.[1] But at the end of this period Oudh was as far from being subdued as ever. It is true that, as early as the close of the third week in May, the authorities had succeeded in re-establishing a number of tahsils and thánas,[2] and the peasants, groaning under the oppression which they had suffered, had welcomed their return. Many of the tálukdárs also, yielding to the assurances which Montgomery gave them that their lands should not be confiscated, had tendered their submission. But the incursion of the Moulvi wrought a change for the worse. The number of tálukdárs who remained in arms was still considerable; and the terror which they inspired was so great that few of the respectable inhabitants dared to come forward, and avow their attachment to a Government which seemed too weak to protect them.[3] Moreover, the weather was now such that British troops could no longer keep the field without injury to their health. Hope Grant determined, therefore, with the consent of his chief, to give the troops rest, until it should be time to undertake the work of systematically reducing the country. Other commanders, however, had still plenty of work to do in guarding the districts abutting on the eastern and south-eastern frontiers of the province from invasion.[4]

Sir Colin's plans for the reconquest of Oudh.

Meanwhile the Commander-in-Chief was busily maturing his plans. He saw that, in order to effect a solid conquest of the country, it would be necessary not merely to defeat the rebels in action, but, as each district was successively wrested from them,

[1] Hope Grant, pp. 284-303. [2] Police-stations.
[3] *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, April, 1858, p. 801; June, 1858, pp. 457-60, 515, 955; Aug. 1858, pp. 275, 286-7, 297, 567; Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. ii. pp. 16-17; *Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. (1859), p. 302. [4] *Calcutta Gazette, passim.*

to lay upon it the grasp of civil authority. To support the civilians in the maintenance of order, he had already organised a strong force of military police.[1] His plan of campaign was to surround the province on the north-west, west, south, east, and north-east with a cordon of strong columns, which, cutting off the rebels from every loophole of escape, should push them through a gradually lessening space northwards into Nepal.

Narratives of military operations seldom have any permanent interest for general readers, unless they are connected with events of deep historical importance, or are enriched by picturesque incident and heart-stirring human action. The operations in Oudh were not of this sort. There was nothing in them to touch the heart as the story of Havelock's march touches it. There was nothing in them that could have kindled in a Napier such poetic fire as illumines the tale of the assault on Badajoz, or the charge of the Fusiliers at Albuera. But there was much to interest those who can appreciate the thoughtful conception and patient execution of a beneficent plan. No ordinary general could have subdued and pacified Oudh. Few generals could have done so more economically and more successfully than Colin Campbell. He succeeded because he spared no pains in thinking out his plan, because he neglected no details in executing it, because he exercised such a thorough supervision over his lieutenants as to ensure a harmonious and punctual co-operation between their respective columns. If his success was less swift and decisive than it might have been, it was because his army was not organised for the pursuit of guerilla bands, whose strength was in their speed; and because, good soldier though he was, he lacked the enterprise to adopt new methods, which he had not himself proved.

The Oudh campaign.

Early in October the campaign was opened.[2] The British arms would have had a far harder task if they had not been supported by diplomacy. Every tálukdár who had hitherto submitted had been persuaded to do so by the assurances which he received that the confiscation of his lands should not take effect; and, although many who held back had been deterred by the fear that their countrymen

[1] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 279-80.

[2] See the admirable map illustrating Shadwell's account of the campaign in *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii.

would take vengeance upon them, others had wavered because the offers which were pressed upon them seemed too good to be true. Lavish promises, immediately following wholesale confiscation, looked like a bait intended to lure them to destruction. But diplomacy in its turn was supported by arms. The converging columns quickened the decision of those who still wavered.[1] Before the close of the first week in December the southern portion of Oudh, between the Ganges and the Gogra, was absolutely mastered. Then the Commander-in-Chief moved northwards from Lucknow, driving the rebels before him as he went; while Hope Grant, also moving northwards, but more to the east, pursued a similar victorious course. By the close of the third week in the month it was evident that those rebels who were still in the field were becoming dispirited. On the 22nd the Begam's vakíl came into the Commander-in-Chief's camp, to ask what terms she might expect. All the rajas and tálukdárs who were still at large had already sent their vakíls on like errands. On the last day of 1858 the Commander-in-Chief defeated a body of rebels at Banki, near the frontier, and expelled them from Oudh. In the belief that the war was now virtually at an end, he entrusted the military command of the province to Hope Grant, enjoining him to keep the frontier closed, lest the rebels should escape and make a dash southwards. Most of the rebels, however, desired only to be left unmolested in Nepal. But Jung Bahádur was inconvenienced by their presence, and begged Lord Canning to order the British troops to hunt them down.[2] Accordingly, early in 1859, columns acting under Hope Grant's supervision drove them up to the foot of the Himalayas, whence many of them, after throwing away their arms, stole back to their homes. A few more, determined not to yield, or despairing of finding mercy, rushed down again into Oudh, and occupied a small fort near the river Naddi, but were there defeated. Some still lurked in the Tarai. They had been living in the dense jungles of that pestilential country during the worst season of the year, with nothing but the branches of trees to shelter them from the rain; and now, fever-stricken and enfeebled by dysentery, without arms and without money, they were forced to flee before Hope Grant's pursuing column,

[1] Sir G. Campbell's *Memoirs*, vol. ii. pp. 17-18.
[2] *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. p. 387.

to perish in the hills. Among them were two notorious criminals, of one of whom it may be confidently said that there was not a soldier in Hope Grant's force who would not have risked his life to capture him. From each of them Hope Grant received letters. One, Bála Ráo, the brother of the Nana Sahib, wrote in a penitent strain, and declared that he was guiltless of the blood of those who had perished at Cawnpore. The other, the Nana Sahib himself, abused the Government of the Company, and asked what right the British had to be in India, and to declare him an outlaw. One of Hope Grant's prisoners offered to catch him, and bring him into camp. But it was not thought advisable to accept the offer.[1] The decision is not to be regretted. It is not to be regretted that the Nana remained unpunished—by man.[2] Let the countrymen of those whom he murdered remember the words, "'Vengeance is mine, and I will repay,' saith the Lord."

It is now time to describe the extraordinary event which had forced Sir Hugh Rose to postpone his anticipated rest.

[1] Hope Grant, pp. 327-32.

[2] I have not been able to discover any certain information about the Nana's death. A letter appeared in the *St. James's Gazette* of August 2, 1895, written by Mr. E. S. Robertson, whose official duty it was to visit Joála Parshád, one of the Nana's officers, in gaol before his execution. Joála Parshád told Mr. Robertson that, some time before his own capture, which, Mr. Robertson thinks, took place in October, 1860, the Nana had perished from the hardships which he had had to endure in the jungle. On the other hand, the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* affirmed, in a very interesting letter dated November 23, 1860 (*Times*, Dec. 28, 1860, p. 8, col. 3), that he had the best of reasons for knowing that although the Nana's fellow-rebels had asserted that he had died of fever in the jungle, he was in Tibet and alive. The correspondent's story was based upon "the statement furnished by a native who has just escaped from their (the Nana's and his followers') camp."

# CHAPTER XVIII

## LAST EFFORTS OF TANTIA TOPI AND THE RANI OF JHANSI—PURSUIT OF TANTIA TOPI—THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION

1858.

Tántia and the Ráni at Gopálpur.

AFTER the battle of Golauli, the Ráni of Jhánsi and the Ráo Sahib fled to Gopálpur, a town about forty-six miles south-west of Gwalior. There they were soon afterwards joined by Tántia Topi. How the three felt and what they said to each other will never be known; but they would hardly have deserved to be called faint-hearted if they had abandoned all hope. They had been disastrously beaten in a succession of battles; they had been deprived of all their strongholds; on the east, on the west, on the north, on the south, they were compassed in by British troops. But it is in the darkest moments that the fire of genius burns with the brightest flame. To the Ráni or to Tántia[1] an idea suggested itself, as original and as daring as that which prompted the memorable seizure of Arcot. They would march to Gwalior, cajole or compel Sindhia's army to join them, seize his mighty fortress, and oppose the whole strength of the Marátha power to their detested enemies. The execution of the plan was worthy of the design. On the 30th of May the three leaders arrived, with the remnant of their army, before Gwalior. On the 1st of June Sindhia marched out to attack them. In a few minutes the battle was decided. After firing one round, Sindhia's guns were

They seize Gwalior.

[1] Malleson (vol. iii. pp. 204-5) argues from the fact that Tántia, in his *Memoir*, did not take to himself the credit of the idea of seizing Gwalior, that the idea was the Ráni's. The conjecture is very likely correct. But it should be noticed that Tántia, in his *Memoir*, did not take to himself credit for anything; he described himself throughout as simply the servant of the Nana and the Ráo Sahib; and his style was dry and concise to the last degree.

captured; his whole army, with the exception of his bodyguard, went over to the enemy; he himself fled to Agra; and the victorious rebels marched into Gwalior, seized the fortress, the treasury, and the arsenal, and proclaimed the Nana Sahib as Peshwa.

Sir Hugh realises the significance of the news.

June 1.

On the 25th of May Sir Hugh had sent a small column under Colonel Robertson to the south-west, to pursue these very rebels in their flight from Kálpi. A week later he received an express from Robertson, stating that they had taken the road to Gwalior. The news seemed incredible. Sir Robert Hamilton said that he was sure Robertson must have been mistaken. A few hours later, however, he received a similar message himself. Sir Hugh, resolving to act, at all events, as though the news were true, sent Stuart with a portion of the 1st brigade to reinforce Robertson. On the 4th of June he received the astounding intelligence that the rebels had actually seized Gwalior. The whole import of the daring stroke at once presented itself to his mind. The main artery of communication, and the telegraphic line between Bombay and the North-Western Provinces, which traversed Sindhia's dominions, were in danger of being cut in two. Worse still, Tántia and his ally, strengthened as they now were, not only by Sindhia's army, military material, and treasure, but by the sudden acquisition of the highest political prestige, might leave a garrison in Gwalior, and, marching southwards, raise the standard of the Nana in the Deccan and the Southern Marátha country. The rains were about to fall, the heat was becoming more and more intense, and, for the exhausted soldiers of Sir Hugh's army, further campaigning seemed almost impossible: but all that he had hitherto accomplished, all that had been accomplished by his countrymen for the suppression of the Mutiny, was at stake; and he resolved to take the field at once. Resuming, on his own responsibility, the command which he had laid aside, dismissing from his mind all dreams of rest and recreation, he made his preparations for the reconquest of Gwalior.

He resolves to reconquer Gwalior.

His preparations and plan of attack.

On the 5th of June he received a telegram from the Commander-in-Chief, informing him that Brigadier Smith's brigade and a column under Colonel Riddell were to join him. He ordered the garrison which he had left in Jhánsi to march to his assistance. The men of

the Hyderabad Contingent, who had set out homewards some days before, turned back of their own accord the moment they heard of Sindhia's defeat. Sir Hugh's plan was to attack Gwalior on its weakest side, the east, and to invest it as closely as possible, so as to cut off the retreat of the rebels. Accordingly, he ordered Riddell to march down the Agra road, Smith to proceed to Kotah-ki-serai, about four miles south-east of Gwalior, and the Hyderabad Contingent to cut off the retreat of the rebels to the south.

On the 6th of June he quitted Kálpi. He was obliged to make forced marches; but he made them by night, in order to shield his men as far as possible from the sun. On the 12th he overtook Stuart, and on the 16th reached a point about five miles from the Morar cantonments, which lay four miles north-east of Gwalior. A party of cavalry rode forward to reconnoitre. Presently they returned with the news that there was a number of rebels in front of the cantonments. Weary though his troops were, Sir Hugh resolved to bring on a battle at once.

Battle of Morar.

The troops marched to the right, with the object of gaining the road leading to the cantonments: but a native who had undertaken to guide them lost his way; and presently they found themselves on the edge of a chain of ravines, right opposite a battery posted in the enemy's centre. The battery, and the infantry and artillery on either side of it opened fire: the British guns replied: Sir Hugh, leading his infantry to the right, turned the left of the rebels: they fell back; and the British, pressing on, took the cantonments by storm. Some of the rebels threw themselves into a dry nullah surrounding a village behind the cantonments, and, striking desperately at the 71st Highlanders, who fell upon them, were slain to a man. The rest fled, hunted by the 14th Light Dragoons.

Sir Hugh was now master of Morar, and, as a result of his victory, regained command of the Agra road, and was enabled to communicate with Smith.

June 17. Battle of Kotah-ki-serai.

At half-past seven next morning Smith arrived at Kotah-ki-serai. Right in front of him, barring his approach to Gwalior, was a range of hills, broken up by nullahs, and, as he soon perceived, occupied by masses of rebels. In spite of the difficulties presented by the ground, he made up his mind to strike the first blow. His horse-

artillery moved forward; and the enemy's gunners limbered up and retreated, after firing only three or four rounds. Smith then sent forward his infantry, to attack a breastwork in their front; the rebels who held it fell back as the skirmishers charged them, and moved off over the hills. Meanwhile, Smith was advancing with his cavalry through a defile, along which, skirting a deep and dry canal, ran the road leading through the hills to Gwalior. Joining his infantry at the further end of the defile, on the crest of the hills, he caught sight of the Gwalior Contingent cavalry, in their red uniforms, advancing up a broad ravine on his right. The infantry beat them back. Instantly Smith launched against them a squadron of the 8th Hussars, who, galloping down the hills, drove them through the Phúl Bagh Cantonment. Among them rode a woman in male attire. Close to the cantonment, she was struck by a carbine bullet; and immediately afterwards a hussar, ignorant of her sex, dealt her a blow with his sabre. She kept her saddle for a few seconds, and then fell dead. The body was found to be that of her whom Sir Hugh Rose esteemed as "the best and bravest military leader of the rebels,"—the Ráni of Jhánsi.

The troops, who had been fighting the whole day without food, were now completely worn out. The hussars, as they returned from their charge, could hardly sit in their saddles; and in one infantry regiment eighty-four men were prostrate from sunstroke. The enemy, notwithstanding their reverses, were making as though they would return to the attack. Smith therefore drew back the hussars, and took up his position for the night on the heights on the right of the defile, both ends of which he guarded with infantry piquets. The enemy occupied the heights on the opposite side. Thus Smith's left was exposed, while his baggage was within range of the enemy's guns. Sir Hugh, on hearing how he was situated, at once sent a small force of all arms under Robertson to his support.

Next day Sir Hugh was reinforced by the garrison which he had left in Kálpi. He saw that, before he could advance on Gwalior, he must expel the enemy from their position on the left of the canal. Leaving Brigadier Robert Napier, who now commanded the 2nd brigade, to hold the Morar cantonment, he marched in the afternoon to join Smith. The distance was about ten miles; and so

June 18. Sir Hugh joins Smith.

fiercely did the sun strike down that of one regiment alone a hundred men fell out of the ranks. Late in the evening the troops halted on the western bank of the river Morar, close to Smith's position. Sir Hugh saw that the rebels, by occupying positions on the hills so far from and unsupported by Gwalior, had exposed themselves to be cut off from their comrades. In the night his sappers began to throw a bridge over the canal. His intention was to cross over before dawn on the 20th and plant himself between the enemy's position and the town. Early in the morning of the 19th, however, he saw a large force debouching from Gwalior, evidently with the object of attacking him. He resolved, therefore, to deliver his own attack at once.

Battle of Gwalior.

The 86th, County Downs, supported by the 25th Bombay Native Infantry, was ordered to cross the canal, move up the hills, and attack the enemy's left flank, while the 95th, supported by the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, should make a diversion in their favour by attacking a battery on the enemy's left. Giving way before the charge of the 86th, the rebels fell back on the battery, and, as the 86th still pressed them, abandoned the guns and ran for their lives. A few minutes later the 10th Bombay Native Infantry, which was on the extreme right, was assailed by the fire of artillery and musketry from the heights on the extreme left of the rebels. Wheeling to the right, it drove the infantry from the heights, and captured the guns.

Clustering on the edge of the heights, the victorious troops looked down upon the goal which they had toiled so hard to reach. On the left, half hidden by masses of foliage, shone the mansions of the Lashkar, or new city; on the right, conspicuous in a verdant garden, stood the palace of the Phúl Bagh; the squalid lanes of the old town crossed each other in a tangled maze; and behind, extending a mile and a half in length, and rising sheer above them to a height of full three hundred feet, loomed the sandstone precipices of the fortress of Gwalior,—the Gibraltar of India.[1]

The beaten rebels were seen crowding over the plain for shelter towards the houses among the trees outside the city. Sir Hugh, as he watched them, felt sure that he could take Gwalior before sunset. Sending the 1st Bombay Lancers down

[1] Hunter's *Imperial Gazetteer*, vol. iii. pp. 494-5.

the hills to the rear, to attack the Grand Parade and the Lashkar from the south, he moved straight on with the main body. Panic-stricken, the rebels abandoned the houses, and made for the Parade: two companies of the 95th rushed after them; while the Lancers, emerging from the hills, charged across the Parade, and drove the rebels who were fleeing before them, into the Lashkar. Presently Sir Hugh overtook the men of the 95th, and pushed on with them into the Lashkar; but the fugitives made their way through the streets so rapidly that their pursuers could hardly catch sight of them. Meanwhile, Smith had captured the Phúl Bagh; and Tántia, in accordance with his usual custom, had long since fled.

Attack on the fort.

June 20.

Gwalior was reconquered: the bulk of the rebels were in full retreat; and Sir Hugh had sent an order to Napier to pursue them. But the great fortress still held out; and early next morning its guns reopened fire. Hearing the roar of the first discharge, Lieutenant Rose of the 25th Bombay Native Infantry went to a brother officer, Lieutenant Waller, who was close by, and asked him whether he would join in an attack on the fortress. Waller consented. Taking with them a stalwart blacksmith and the few sepoys whom they commanded, the two officers stole up to the first gateway. The blacksmith burst it open: five more gates yielded to his strength; but suddenly the alarm was given, and a gun opened fire on the daring assailants. On they went in spite of it, till, as they turned into a narrow lane leading to the fort, a number of Mahomedan fanatics fell upon them. Then ensued a desperate struggle. For some minutes the event was doubtful. At last Rose gathered his men together, and made a rush: the enemy were overpowered: the fortress was won; but Rose fell mortally wounded.

Sindhia re-enters Gwalior.

That day Sindhia, accompanied by Sir Robert Hamilton and Charters Macpherson, re-entered his capital. The General and a number of officers of rank went out to meet him: a squadron of the 8th Hussars and a squadron of the 14th Light Dragoons escorted him to his palace; and the streets through which he passed were thronged by thousands of citizens, who greeted him with enthusiastic acclamations.[1]

[1] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1859, Suppl. pp. 1-20. In the five days' opera-

Pursuit of Tántia.

Meanwhile Napier, in obedience to the order which he had received from the General, was pursuing the flying rebels. They numbered four thousand men; while Napier had only five hundred and sixty cavalry and a battery of horse-artillery. On the 22nd he overtook them at Jáora Alipur. Only a few shots had fallen among them, when their ranks began to waver: Captain Lightfoot's gunners limbered up and galloped down upon them; and the 14th Light Dragoons and the Hyderabad cavalry, riding their hardest to keep up with that wonderful artillery,[1] joined in the charge. In a few minutes all was over.[2] Between three and four hundred of the rebels were slain; and Tántia Topi and the Ráo Sahib, leaving all their guns upon the field of battle, fled across the Chambal into Rájputána.

Beaten and disgraced, deprived of the powerful ally who had so long shared his fortunes, the clever Marátha did not yet feel that all was lost. His army, though small, was strong in cavalry and well equipped; he possessed an abundance of money and jewels, which he had stolen from Sindhia's treasury; and he knew that his cause would find many sympathisers in the country which he had now entered. Before going on to speak of his further adventures, it will be necessary to describe what had passed in that country since the mutiny of the Jodhpur legion.

During the autumn of 1857 a few isolated disturbances occurred. Major Burton, the British Resident at Kotah, was murdered, with his two sons, by the soldiers of the Maharáo. Throughout this trying time, indeed, George Lawrence never lost his hold upon the country. But it was not till the next year, when reinforcements under Major-General Roberts arrived from Bombay, that he was able effectually to restore order. On the 30th of March, Roberts defeated the mutinous troops of the Maharáo, and recaptured Kotah.[3] Thus, when Tántia made his appearance, the British authorities were ready to meet him.

Tántia's first step was to send emissaries to Jeypore, where

tions before Gwalior only twenty-one were killed and sixty-six wounded on the British side.

[1] Malleson, vol. iii. p. 230.

[2] *Calcutta Gazette*, Jan.-June, 1859, Suppl. pp. 13-15.

[3] Lawrence's *Reminiscences*, pp. 295-9; I. T. Prichard's *Mutinies in Rajpootana*, pp. 249-52.

there was a large party ready to join him. Hearing of his intended advance on this place, Roberts started with a force of about two thousand men from Nusseerabad to intercept him. Foiled by this move, Tántia marched southwards, followed by Roberts. The heat, which had been great from the outset of the campaign, now became so dreadful that twenty-two of Roberts's men died of sunstroke in three days; and he therefore decided to detach a light column under Colonel Holmes in pursuit, in order to minimise the sufferings of the remainder. Meanwhile Tántia, whose infantry had a number of hardy ponies to help them in trying marches, was making good use of his start. Passing through Tonk, where he obtained four guns, he still pushed southwards, intending to cross the Nerbudda, enter the Southern Marátha country, and there work up, in the interest of the Nana, the seething discontent of the intriguing Brahmins whose influence had been destroyed by the downfall of the Peshwa. In order to execute this plan, however, it was first necessary to cross the Chambal; and the Chambal had risen so high as to have become impassable. He therefore turned aside to the westward, and crossed the Búndi hills. The rains were now falling with almost unprecedented violence. The great rivers of Rájputána were turned into raging torrents; and for twelve days all military operations were suspended.

June 28.

July 8.

July 8-9.

Roberts, who, on hearing that the rebels had crossed the Búndi hills, had moved westward to cover Ajmere, now found it very hard to procure information as to their further movements. At last he learned that they were still moving westward, and marched, on the subsidence of the floods, towards Neemuch. As he approached the river Kotária, he caught sight of them encamped on the opposite side, in front of the town of Bhílwára. Under cover of an artillery-fire, his troops crossed the stream, played upon themselves by Tántia's guns; but, after ascending the further bank, they had only just time to throw a few shells before the rebels, now in full retreat, were out of range. Roberts bivouacked on the field. Pressing on next day in pursuit, he reached Kankrauli on the 13th, and was there informed that they were only seven miles off, on the river Banás. As the day was far spent, he resolved to wait till

Aug. 5.

Aug. 8.

next morning before giving battle. Meanwhile Tántia, who, like some other great criminals, was a punctilious observant of religious ceremonial, had left his army to pay a visit to a famous shrine in the neighbourhood. At midnight he returned, and, hearing that his pursuers were close behind him, ordered the bugle to be sounded. The infantry, however, flatly refused to obey orders. It was all very well, they said, for the cavalry and artillery to go on making forced marches; but they were exhausted. Tántia was obliged to give way. When, therefore, Roberts approached the river in the early morning, he found the opposite bank lined with rebels. As soon as they had fired a few rounds from their guns, they abandoned their position. The British cavalry rode after them and cut down numbers of stragglers; but the survivors soon reached ground which favoured their escape, and fled on eastwards by prodigious marches. Aug. 14.

On the fourth day after the action, Roberts met Brigadier Parke in command of another pursuing column at Poona,[1] and entrusted further operations to him, enjoining him to prevent Tántia, at all hazards, from breaking away to the south. Parke therefore, instead of following Tántia's track, marched straight to Neemuch, where he procured fifty fresh horses for his cavalry. He was greatly puzzled by the conflicting reports which he received. A district officer told him that the rebels could not possibly cross the Chambal in its then flooded condition, and would try to shoot past him to the south. Another informant sent him word that they were determined to get across the river somehow. The former report appeared the more probable, and was accepted by Parke; but it turned out to be incorrect. Parke was in consequence delayed for a few hours; and though, when he learned the real state of affairs, he made a great effort to catch the rebels before they could cross the river, he only reached it in time to see them disappearing among a grove of mango-trees on the west horizon. He then returned to Neemuch to refit his column. Aug. 18.

It was now feared that Tántia would march to plunder the wealthy town of Ujjain, which lay about forty miles to the north-west of Indore. A small force under Colonel Lockhart was therefore sent from Mhow to oppose Aug. 22.

[1] This must not be confounded with the better-known town of the same name near Bombay.

him, if he should manifest any such intention; and another under Lieutenant-Colonel Hope followed soon afterwards. Tántia, however, had another object in view. Finding the country clear after he had crossed the Chambal, he marched direct to Jhálra Pátan, the capital of a Rájput state, levied a contribution of sixty thousand pounds on the inhabitants, collected forty thousand more from the Government property, seized thirty guns, and enlisted a large number of fresh troops. In the beginning of September, he marched out of the town with an army now numbering some nine thousand men, intending to make for Indore. The idea was a bold one: but it offered every chance of success; and, if successful, it would give a new lease of life to his cause, and undo all the work which his pursuers had done. He represented the cause of the Nana; and the Nana, whom every Marátha regarded as Peshwa, would find a host of sympathisers at the court of Holkar. Tántia would have known how to march with a light column fast enough to elude Hope and Lockhart; and, if he had reached Indore without suffering another defeat, the Indore troops would have joined him, and the revolt would have spread throughout Holkar's dominions. But the rebels had not sufficient confidence in each other to carry out the daring plan which their leader had conceived.[1]

Lockhart and Hope met at Nalkera. There they were joined by Major-General Michel, who took command of their united columns, and was soon after appointed to the command of Malwa and Rájputána. Hearing that the rebels were somewhere to the north-east, he marched to intercept them. The black cotton-soil of the country was swollen into a sticky paste; and the heat was so intense that many horses dropped dead at the guns. Still Michel pushed on as well as he could, and, coming upon the rebels a few miles north of Rájgarh, thought that he saw a chance of a battle. But, in Tántia Topi's eyes, to fight battles was no part of a general's business. He saw and was conquered. His army of eight thousand men fled from an army of less than thirteen hundred, and left their thirty guns behind them. The moral effects of the victory, if there can be said to have been a victory

Sept. 15.

[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug. 1860,—Article on the Pursuit of Tantia Topee, p. 181. The writer was an actor in the campaign. There is some obscurity in this part of his narrative: but I have done my best to interpret his meaning.

where there was no battle, were decisive. The people of the country could not but feel that Tántia had disgraced himself.

For some weeks the fugitives wandered about aimlessly in the jungles. At last they broke up into two divisions, one of which, under the Ráo Sahib, went to the north; while the rest, under Tántia, marched southwards till, at Mangrauli, they fell in with Michel, who again defeated them. Turning to the north-east, they rejoined their comrades Oct. 9. at Lalitpur. Next day the Ráo Sahib, with a part of the army, started off towards the south-east. A few days later he was surprised and beaten by Michel at Oct. 19. Sindwáo. Soon afterwards he rejoined his ally. The pair now fled in a north-westerly direction, but finding the Betwa guarded by a British force, resolved to push south for the Nerbudda at all hazards. As soon as Michel heard of their design, he sent an express to warn Parke, whose duty it was to cover Indore, and, fairly outmarching the rebels, caught them obliquely crossing his front near Oct. 25. Khorai, and cut their line in two. The left wing was driven back, with heavy loss, into the jungles, where the survivors dispersed: the right wing, without attempting to succour their comrades, made good their escape.

The Governments of Bombay and Madras were seriously alarmed when they heard that Tántia was going to cross the Nerbudda. As it turned out, however, their alarm was groundless. He crossed the river about forty miles north-east of Hoshangabad, and tried to reach Nágpur, but, finding himself headed by a force from that town, unable to break through the Meilghát, which was likewise closely watched, hindered from entering Khandesh, and unable to summon up courage to make a dash over the Sátpura hills and cross the Tapti, he moved westward to Kargún, and there, finding himself well ahead of the pursuing columns, halted to refresh his jaded followers and deliberate.

He had by this time lost more than half his army. The fault was partly his own. He did not know how to use his strength. He never attempted to avail himself of his superiority in cavalry for the purpose of crippling his pursuers or harassing their baggage-train. But in his own way he could still do serious injury to the British cause.

The authorities at Indore had taken fright on hearing of his

retrograde movement. What if he should again take it into his head to visit their town? What if he should take his stand upon the Grand Trunk Road, and interrupt the communication, and break down the telegraph wires between Bombay and Rájputána? To guard against these contingencies, two small infantry detachments were sent from Mhow to watch the fords of the Nerbudda above Akbarpur, through which the road passed. Major Sutherland, who commanded one of these, heard that Tántia was moving westward from Kar-
Nov. 23. gún, and went to Jilwána to intercept him. While there, he was informed that a party of the rebels was on the road about six miles to the north, and had cut the
Nov. 25. telegraph wires. He started next morning at daybreak to clear the road, but, on reaching the place where the wires had been cut, found no rebels. Some villagers, however, told him that the whole force had passed by westward during the night. Sutherland soon found their tracks, and, after going about eight miles, caught sight of their rear-guard streaming out of the town of Rájpur. Taking with him a few Highlanders mounted on camels, and leaving the rest of his force to follow, he continued the pursuit. About five miles further on he descried the rebels again, about to ford a stream which crossed the road: the infantry marched up at a rapid pace to take part in the battle; but now the rebels were out of sight. A few minutes later he saw them again, perched on a rocky ridge crowning a jungle-covered slope in his front. They actually stood to fire a few rounds of musketry and grape: but the British charged up the slope, and captured their guns; and they were gone in a moment. Next day Sutherland resumed the pursuit, but, as he drew near the Nerbudda, had the mortification to see them comfortably encamped on the further side. It was impossible for him to force a passage over a river five hundred yards wide; and next morning they were no more to be seen.

A few days before, Brigadier Parke had been despatched with a flying column, from Chárwah, a town on the
Nov. 21. south of the Nerbudda, to continue the pursuit. Marching two hundred and forty miles in nine days, on the last of which he had to thread his way for twenty miles through a dense jungle, he overtook and
Dec. 1. defeated the rebels at Chota Oodeypore, thus relieving the British Resident at Baroda of all anxiety for the

safety of that rich town. After this, however, he was obliged to wait for some days, to give his horses rest and allow stragglers to rejoin the column. Meanwhile, Tántia was wandering about in the dense forests of Banswára. The passes leading into Gujarát and Malwa were barred against him. He tried to gain admittance into the fort of Salúmbar, but failed; and, when he moved on to the south, Colonel Benson prepared to cut off his escape, while a little column under Major Rocke watched the exits from the jungle on its eastern side. The wild Bhíls of Banswára were waiting to fall upon him when the end should come. In fact he was at his wits' end to know what to do. Most of his followers would have surrendered, if they had not been persuaded by their chiefs, who knew that they themselves had no right to expect mercy from the British Government, that the amnesty which it had tardily offered to all who had not committed murder was a delusion. In this desperate situation, however, a gleam of hope appeared. Prince Firoz Shah, Tántia heard, had marched from Oudh to join him. He resolved to make a final effort to break through the net which encompassed him.

Turning to the north-east, he rushed out of the jungle through a pass at Partábgarh, opposite Major Rocke's little band, and, assuming the offensive for the first and only time, managed to keep his opponents at bay long enough to allow his own men to get clear. Colonel Benson, who had been watching the passes into Malwa, got information of his line of flight, started in pursuit, and, by dint of marching thirty-five miles a day for four days, got close enough to the fugitives to capture six of their elephants at Zírapur. Next morning Brigadier Somerset came up to continue the pursuit, marched seventy miles in forty-eight hours, and caught them at Barode. After standing the fire of his artillery for a few minutes with unusual firmness, they turned and fled. At Indergarh they were joined by Firoz Shah and his followers. The combined army now amounted to no more than two thousand men. The only hope left to them was to escape death at the hands of the soldier or the hangman. Their cattle shared their sufferings. "Many a well-bred charger," wrote an officer who took part in the campaign,[1] "was left standing by the roadside,

Dec. 25.

Dec. 29.

Dec. 30.

[1] The writer of the article in *Blackwood*.

its back swarming with maggots, and its hoofs worn to the sensible sole."

Still the pursuing columns pushed doggedly and relentlessly on. For a time, indeed, they were confused by the terrific speed with which the fugitives rushed from the centre of Malwa to the northern extremity of Rájputána. Only for a time, however. Colonel Holmes, who had been sent out from Nusseerabad with a few infantry and artillerymen to do what he could, performed the astounding march of fifty-four miles across a sandy desert in a little over twenty-four hours, surprised the rebels encamped at Síkar, and, by merely firing a few rounds, Jan. 21. threw them into the utmost confusion. Tántia was now thoroughly disheartened, and worn out with fatigue. Next day he made off, attended by only a few followers, recrossed the Chambal, and hid himself in the jungles near Sironj.

A few days later some six hundred of the rebels gave themselves up to the Raja of Bikaner, begging him to intercede with the British on their behalf. The Government, well pleased to be saved the trouble of hunting them down, ordered them to be sent home, only stipulating that any who might thereafter be convicted of murder, should be brought up, if required, for execution. Michel believed that those who were still at large would try to escape him by crossing the Aravalli range, through which no guns could follow them, into Malwa. He therefore posted columns to hem them in on all sides except the east, where the great desert effectually imprisoned them. Once again, however, their marvellous speed upset all his calculations. Shooting past the right flank of the southern column, which was commanded by Brigadier Honner, they fled through Jodhpur. But Honner was on their track in an instant, and, marching a hundred and forty-Feb. 10. five miles in four days, came up with and beat Feb. 15. them at Kosháni. Five days later they reached the Chattarbhuj pass, and got safely through, but to their dismay found a column hovering in the neighbourhood. They made for the Banswára jungles. The passes were closed. Then they rushed to the east past Partábgarh, hunted by Somerset, who marched two hundred and thirty miles in nine days. Most of them fell out of the line of march, Feb. 22. threw away their arms, and sneaked home. A few, to whom the amnesty held out no hope, escaped into the

Sironj jungles. The rest, numbering about two hundred, surrendered near Runnejah.[1]

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[1] *Blackwood's Magazine*, Aug. 1860, pp. 173-91. *Calcutta Gazette*, July-Dec. 1858, pp. 2042-3, 2091, 2346-8, 2431-7, 2453-4; Jan.-June, 1859, pp. 34, 128-9, 138-9, 184-6, 571-6, 1276-8, etc. Tántia's *Memoir*, printed in vol. iii. of Malleson's *History*, pp. 518-22.

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But the most delicate part of Meade's task remained to be done. He knew that Mán Singh must be longing to be restored to the position which he had occupied before his rebellion. Accordingly, on that day and the next he repeatedly talked to him in private, and laboured to instil into his mind the idea that, if he wanted to establish a claim to indulgence, he must make himself useful to Government. Meanwhile, Tántia, though he knew that Mán Singh had surrendered, had not the faintest suspicion of what was passing through his mind. On the 5th he sent a messenger to ask him whether he would advise him to rejoin Firoz Shah, or to remain where he was. Mán Singh sent back word to Tántia that he would come and see him in three days. Two days later he allowed April 7. Meade to be informed that he was prepared to apprehend Tántia, if Government would distinctly promise to restore to him a portion of his estate. Meade was not empowered to promise so much. All that he could do was to tell Mán Singh that any claim which he might establish would be considered. Mán Singh's mind was soon made up. He promised to do his best to apprehend Tántia.

But to apprehend Tántia was as difficult as to stalk a red deer. His spies swarmed in the British camp. It was obviously necessary that the work of seizing him should be entrusted to natives only, and that of those natives none but Mán Singh himself should know who the intended victim was. Accordingly, Meade selected a number of sepoys, and, without mentioning Tántia's name, ordered them to obey any instructions which Mán Singh might give them. That night Mán Singh went to see Tántia, in fulfilment of his promise. Once more Tántia asked him whether he would advise him to rejoin Firoz Shah, or to stay where he was. Mán Singh said that he would give him a definite answer in the morning, and then went away.

About midnight he came back, followed by the sepoys, and found Tántia asleep. The sepoys woke him up, seized him, and carried him back to Meade. He was then conveyed to Sípri.[1]

Capture of Tántia.

But even now his power was not wholly gone. Mán Singh warned Meade that he had contrived to tamper with the sepoys, and that he would effect his escape if he were not speedily disposed of; and Sir Robert Hamilton sent orders that he should be brought to justice without delay.

On the morning of the 15th, a court-martial was assembled in an officer's bungalow to try him. He bore himself under the ordeal with perfect calmness. The charge brought against him was, that he had waged war as a rebel against the British Government. "I only obeyed," he pleaded, "in all things that I did, my master's orders up to the capture of Kálpi; and afterwards those of Ráo Sahib. I have nothing to state except that I have had nothing to do with the murder of any European men, women, or children, neither have I, at any time, given orders for any one to be hanged." The defence was not accepted. In the evening Tántia was found guilty, sentenced to death, and carried off to the fort of Sípri.

His trial.

During three days he waited impatiently for death. Once he expressed a hope that Government would provide for his family, and not punish them for what he had done. The evening of the 18th was fixed for his execution. At five o'clock on that day he was brought out of the fort, under the escort of a company of British soldiers, to the place where he was to die. The troops of the station were drawn up on the ground in a hollow square, in the centre of which stood the gallows. Every spot from which it was possible to see the convict was crowded with onlookers. There was a delay of about twenty minutes. Then Major Meade read the charge, the finding of the court, and the sentence. As soon as the last word had been uttered, the fetters were taken

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April 7.

But to apprehend Tántia was as difficult as to stalk a red deer. His spies swarmed in the British camp. It was obviously necessary that the work of seizing him should be entrusted to natives only, and that of those natives none but Mán Singh himself should know who the intended victim was. Accordingly, Meade selected a number of sepoys, and, without mentioning Tántia's name, ordered them to obey any instructions which Mán Singh might give them. That night Mán Singh went to see Tántia, in fulfilment of his promise. Once more Tántia asked him whether he would advise him to rejoin Firoz Shah, or to stay where he was. Mán Singh said that he would give him a definite answer in the morning, and then went away.

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off Tántia's legs; and, with a firm step, he mounted the ladder on to the platform. He was pinioned and tied. Then, of his own accord, he put his head into the noose: the bolt was drawn; and, after a slight struggle, he died.[1]

1812. Was it just?

It has been argued that as, at the time when Tántia was born, his master, the Peshwa, was an independent prince, and as he was not charged with having committed murder, it was unjust to hang him. It is sufficient to reply that as, at the time of the Mutiny, he was a subject of the British Government, he undoubtedly rebelled in waging war against it, and was therefore as justly liable to be hanged as any of the poor deluded mutineers who suffered the same fate. Moreover, though he was not charged with having committed murder, there is abundant evidence to prove that, in denying that he had committed murder, he lied, —that he helped to contrive the deaths of those who were shot, or sabred, or drowned, or torn to pieces in the Ganges by Cawnpore.[2] On this charge also he would have been tried, and his guilt would have been brought home to him, if there had been time to procure the necessary evidence: but although he was convicted on the lesser charge alone, posterity will say that his punishment was just.

The end of the struggle.

The annihilation of Tántia's power was the last event of real political importance in the insurrection. For some months longer, however, the dying embers of the fire which had swept over the land smouldered on. Throughout the summer and the autumn, in Bundelkhand, in the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories, and elsewhere, small columns were constantly employed in hunting down bands of marauders who could not bring themselves to turn aside, without a struggle, from the paths of violence and rapine which the outbreak of the mutiny had opened to them. It was not till the end of the year that India was restored to something like its normal condition.[3]

[1] *Daily News*, May 20, 1859, p. 5, col. 4; *Times*, May 20, 1859, p. 10, cols. 2, 3; papers lent to me by Lady Meade.

[2] Tántia also declared that the Nana was not responsible for the Cawnpore murders. Against his unsupported statement of his own and of his master's innocence, we have the testimony of a host of independent witnesses. See *Depositions taken at Cawnpore under the direction of Col. Williams*, pp. 5, 8, 13-14, 16-17, 19, 26, 35-6, 38-9, 42, 45, 49, 50, 52, 60, 78, 83, 85, 87, 90, 96-7, 99-103, 111-13.

[3] *Calcutta Gazette, passim.*

The question inevitably arises whether the war might not have been brought to an end before, and with a vigour which would have made a deeper impression upon the people of India. If it is good for us to contemplate with pride the heroic deeds of our countrymen, it is not well to shut our eyes to failures which experience may teach us to avoid. The fault was not merely that when the mutiny broke out, we were unprepared. When the heroes of 1857 had repelled the first onslaught of the mutineers, there was some want of power in crushing their resistance; and when they had abandoned all hope of success, and were only seeking to plunder or to escape, they outmarched us at every point. For this failure our organisation was in part responsible. Our cavalry were neither trained, nor equipped, nor armed to destroy the enemy whom they had to pursue. As Havelock's gifted son, who himself showed with brilliant success how to deal with the runaways, afterwards remarked, "Our magnificent force was capable of crushing anything: it could overtake nothing."[1] To say that Sir Colin Campbell failed to remedy this defect, is simply to admit that he was not a born general. His experience had for the most part been gained upon European fields; and he did not fully understand the conditions of success in Indian warfare. His movements were somewhat slow; and he had an undue respect for his enemy.[2] Cautious by disposition and intensely conservative, he was deeply sensible of the heavy responsibility which lay upon him; and he refused to run risks or to listen to those who urged him to try new methods. When, by a failure of judgement which, even on his own principles, was inexcusable, he had suffered over a hundred thousand rebels and mutineers to escape almost unscathed from Lucknow, he might still, if he had considered how Lake had hunted the Maráthas fifty years before, have done something to repair his error. Towards the end of the year, Outram, pointing to the brilliant example of the younger Havelock, urged him to form a corps of mounted infantry,—the arm which, if it had been ready to his hand, might have changed the whole complexion of the

Why was the struggle so protracted?

[1] Major, now Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan's *Three Main Military Questions of the Day*, p. 167. See App. T.

[2] General Innes suggests (*The Sepoy Revolt*, p. 297) that Sir Colin's slowness was "at variance with his own character, and largely due to his deference to other influences." Query,—the influence of Mansfield?

war. But such an innovation was not to be expected from an old man.

It would be unjust, however, to dwell only upon the weak side of Colin Campbell's generalship. Much of the invective that has been directed against him was based upon ignorance of the circumstances in which he had to act; and much of it was vague declamation. If he did his work in his own way, he did it on the whole thoroughly and well. And the work which he had to do was even harder than that which tried to the uttermost the powers of Havelock and Outram and Nicholson. For he had to maintain a weary, heart-breaking struggle against tens of thousands of guerillas, whom despair stimulated to resist to the last, and whom a timely amnesty might have induced to lay down their arms.[1] The worst that can be said of him is that, hampered by a defective organisation and unable to remedy it for lack of initiative and breadth of view, pursued by the results of the fatal errors which he had committed at Lucknow, he allowed the war, which might have been terminated sooner and with more decisive effect, to drag on till near the close of 1859.

Assumption of the Government of India by the Crown.

Long before this, however, an event had occurred which marked the close of the crucial period of the struggle, and the restoration of British supremacy. In England, all political parties agreed in throwing the blame of the Mutiny on the East India Company. The Company was therefore abolished; and Queen Victoria became virtually Empress of India. A proclamation was prepared, explaining the principles in accordance with which the imperial functions were thenceforth to be exercised. It declared that the government of India had been assumed by the Queen; that Lord Canning was to be the first Viceroy; that all officers who had been in the service of the East India Company were confirmed in their offices; that all treaties made by the Company with native princes were to be maintained; that the Queen desired no extension of territory; that she promised full religious toleration to her Indian subjects, and would always respect their ancient usages; that she offered pardon to all rebels who had not directly taken part in the murder of

The Queen's proclamation.

[1] See *Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 277-8, and *Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. pp. 176, 191-3 195.

Europeans; and that she would always labour for the prosperity of her newly acquired dominions.[1]

On the 1st of November, 1858, the proclamation was read out at every station in India. Religious services, military salutes, concerts, displays of bunting, banquets, illuminations, fireworks, testified the enthusiasm of the Europeans: loyal addresses were signed by thousands of natives;[2] and a new era of Anglo-Indian history began.

[1] *Calcutta Gazette, Exty.*, Nov. 1, 1858.
[2] Indian newspapers.

# CHAPTER XIX

## CONCLUSION

THE objects of this chapter are to determine, from the evidence recorded in the preceding narrative, first, what were the causes of the Mutiny and of the disturbances which accompanied it among the civil population, and secondly, what was the significance of those disturbances, whether, in short, they amounted to rebellion. I have traced in the narrative the working of the ascertainable causes, and need only now recapitulate them. Though there are some points involved in the enquiry, regarding which the evidence is defective, and which, therefore, can never be satisfactorily decided, yet they are of minor importance. For historical purposes the evidence is amply sufficient.

The evidence concerns first, the mental attitude of the natives of India, and particularly of the subjects of the Company, before the outbreak of the Mutiny, and secondly, their conduct during its progress.

History and common sense alike show that a rebellion, properly so-called, can never take place without provocation. Had the British Government given such provocation? It is true that, on personal grounds, the King of Delhi, minor potentates who were alarmed by the progress of annexation, landholders who had suffered from the unwise action of the British Government, ambitious spirits whom its levelling policy had condemned to restless inaction, all who fancied that its overthrow would open to them opportunities for gratifying their selfish desires, desired that overthrow with more or less eagerness. So did many Mahomedans[1] from political or

[1] It would be a great mistake to assume that the Mahomedans were universally hostile to us. When the regiments at Chittagong and Dacca mutinied, the Mahomedans of Eastern Bengal, as Sir G. Campbell observes (*Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 294), "treated the sepoys with just as much hostility as the Punjabis. They

religious motives, and many Brahmins from a sense of wounded self-importance. There were others too, who, though they did not perhaps consciously desire the ruin of the Feringhees, were yet so far dissatisfied with them and their administration, that they would not have been sorry to see them involved in difficulties. But, though British rule had been far from faultless, it was confessedly superior to any that had preceded it:[1] the poor and the unwarlike knew that it had ameliorated their lot; and its sins had not been grave enough to provoke deliberate rebellion. The accident that it was an alien and infidel rule, however humiliating to native pride,[2] would never have been enough in itself to afford provocation. The result of this absence of provocation, coupled with the diversities of race, religion, rank, status, and aim among the discontented, was that they neither wished nor were able to combine against the British Government. They were simply in a mood to take advantage of any embarrassment which might overtake it, for the attainment of their private ends: some of them were in a mood to scheme, and did scheme, in order to bring such embarrassment upon it.

Excepting the General Service Enlistment Act and the new postal rules, the native army had, in the beginning

hated them as an alien race . . . and hunted them out with much pluck." See also pp. 44 and note, 143 and 185 *supra*.

[1] Sir G. Campbell tells us (*Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. ii. pp. 356-7) that a sepoy officer remarked, in a paper discovered in the palace of Delhi, that "with all the faults of the English, their Government was the best Hindustan has ever seen, and he proposes that the future administration should be based on their model." See also a translation of a most interesting circular letter addressed by the notorious Raja Mán Singh to the tálukdárs of Oudh on July 20, 1857, printed in Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 334-9; and above all see Sir J. Strachey's *India*, pp. 313-20, 365-6. "The duty," says Sir John (p. 366), "was once imposed upon me of transferring a number of villages which had long been included in a British district to one of the best governed of the Native States. I shall not forget the loud and universal protests of the people against the cruel injustice with which they considered they were being treated.. Everyone who has had experience of similar cases tells the same story. Nevertheless I cannot say that our Government is loved; it is too good for that."

[2] See Thornhill's *Indian Mutiny*, p. 332; John Lawrence's letter on the causes of the Mutiny (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. Sess. 2, 1859, p. 337); and Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 4. Mr. Thornhill speaks of "that vague discontent which is necessarily and invariably produced by the domination of an alien race, especially of a race whose habits, ideas and sentiments differ widely from those of the people they rule"; and Lawrence insists that "the people of India can never forget that we are an alien race, in respect of colour, religion, habits and sympathies."

of 1857, hardly any substantial grievances to complain of:[1] but the relaxation of discipline had encouraged them to twist into a grievance anything that startled their imaginations, or offended their caprices. They were irritated by past acts of bad faith: they sympathised with civil discontent; and they shared in the general fear, begotten of ignorance, that Religion was in danger. They were from various causes generally far less attached to their British officers than they had once been: it was in the nature of things impossible that, without such attachment, they should feel active loyalty towards the British Government; and they had become so powerful and were so conscious of their power that, from purely selfish causes, they were ripe for mutiny.

While the feelings of the civil and military populations of India were in this inflammable condition, the discovery of the greased cartridge struck them like a flaming brand hurled into a mass of stored gunpowder; the inevitable mutiny burst forth; the zealots or sufferers who really desired to sweep the British away, took up arms against them, or waited in the hope that it would soon be safe to strike; the discontented seized the opportunity to redress their grievances; and many who were not discontented were swept away by sympathy, by threats, by persuasions, or by greed, into the flood of disaffection, or like schoolboys who, though prepared to reverence authority, must find a vent for their inborn love of mischief when they feel that their master is powerless to control them, took advantage of the prostration of governmental force to outrage the law. But, as might have been expected, the disturbances, except in one or two isolated regions, and on the part of a few embittered or fanatical groups, never amounted to rebellion. If they had done so, the empire must have been destroyed.

In trying to estimate the conduct of the people of India during the Mutiny, it is important to bear in mind that it would have been unnatural for them to feel towards an alien Government like ours the loyalty that can only co-exist with patriotism. Those of them who regarded our rule as beneficial helped us, or at least left us free to help ourselves; but there was hardly one of them who would not have turned against us,

[1] See Sir H. Lawrence's articles on The Indian Army and Army Reform in his collected essays. [The Act only affected the sepoys through their sympathies with their relatives and others who contemplated joining the service.]

if he had once come to believe that we should be overthrown. Such conduct might not have accorded with romantic notions of fidelity; but it would most certainly have been dictated by common sense. No wise man ever fights for a lost cause. If we had not been able to quell the Indian Mutiny, it would have been a plain proof that we had no business to be in India.

Although, even in Dalhousie's time, the sepoys were in a mutinous temper, although their fears and hopes were probably excited by the agents of discontented princes, it is certain that, before the greased cartridge story got abroad, they formed no definite plot for a general mutiny. Whether or not such a plot was formed afterwards, will never be ascertained: all that is certain is that, in the spring of 1857, a correspondence was kept up among the regiments of the Bengal army, and that they generally agreed to refuse the cartridges.[1]

The evidence clearly proves that Dalhousie was not in any special degree, not more than any one else, responsible for the Mutiny,[2] or for the disturbances which accompanied it. It is true that some of the acts of his administration, righteous though they were, had added to the discontent which produced some of the disturbances. But that the harsh criticisms directed against the annexation policy by pamphleteers and historians were unsound is demonstrated by the fact that, with two exceptions, the annexed states were far less disturbed in the years of the Mutiny than provinces which had been for generations under British rule. The exceptions were Oudh and Jhánsi. It is certain that, if those states had not been annexed, the British Government would have escaped some of the difficulties which beset it in 1857 and 1858; but it would have purchased this relief by infamy,—the infamy of abandoning millions of peasants to groan under oppression for fear of incurring the ill-will of their oppressors. Moreover, even the annexations of Oudh and Jhánsi would have been harmless, if they had been supported, as they would have been by any Government but ours, with armed force. Nor must it be forgotten that the rebellion in Oudh was due, not so much to annexation,[3] as to the

[1] See Sir J. Lawrence's letter on the causes of the Mutiny. *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. (Sess. 2), 1859, pp. 383 *et seq.*

[2] He was partially responsible for the Mutiny, inasmuch as he did not perceive, or at least made no attempt to remedy, the indiscipline of the native army.

[3] See Syad Ahmad Khan's *The Causes of the Indian Revolt*, p. 5.

want of judgement with which the tálukdárs were treated after the annexation; and still more to the failure of Havelock's first two attempts to relieve Lucknow; to the abandonment of Lucknow by Sir Colin Campbell; to the blunders which he committed during the siege; and to Canning's proclamation. On the other hand, Dalhousie had pleaded earnestly for an increase of the European force, which, if it had been granted, would have greatly strengthened his successor's hands, and might have averted the direst calamities of the Mutiny; while by the construction of roads, railways, and telegraphs, and above all by the magnificent administration which he had bestowed upon the Punjab, he had contributed so much to the power by which order was restored to India that he deserved to be mentioned with gratitude rather than with reprobation.

The question still remains, how far the rulers of India were to blame for the evils which befell them and so many of their subjects. The mutiny might doubtless have been prevented, if the native army had been treated with invariable consideration and good faith, if discipline had been persistently enforced, and if the due proportion between the numbers of the European and native troops had been maintained. But, if a general mutiny had ever been suffered to break forth, no power on earth could have prevented quasi-rebellious disturbances from following it. Just as the lawless and tyrannical barons of the twelfth century took advantage of the feebleness of Stephen to plunder and oppress their weaker neighbours, and chafed against the strong and just rule of Henry Plantagenet; just as a general mutiny of the London police would be followed by a violent outburst of crime on the part of the London thieves and roughs; so would the tálukdárs, the dispossessed landholders, the Gujars, and the budmashes of India have welcomed the first symptom of governmental weakness as a signal for gratifying their selfish instincts. The worst that can be alleged against our rule is that we had, with the best intentions, made many mistakes, which intensified the force of the disturbances occasioned by the Mutiny: but much of the discontent felt against us was the inevitable result of measures which, rightly taken on behalf of the suffering many, had offended the tyrannical few, much of it had been aroused by that resolute assertion of the majesty of the law which is the first duty of every Government.

# APPENDICES

# APPENDIX A

## Lord Auckland and the First Afghan War

Since the fourth edition of this book was published, Sir Auckland Colvin has endeavoured to show that the policy which led to the first Afghan War was "not that of Lord Auckland's Indian subordinates but of his English masters" (*John Colvin* ["Rulers of India" series], p. 73). Sir Auckland's reasoning has been generally accepted as conclusive. Not to mention anonymous reviewers, the Rev. W. H. Hutton, who is known as a student of Anglo-Indian history, writes (*English Historical Review*, vol. x. 1895, p. 604), "The author is able . . . to reverse entirely the common verdict against Lord Auckland and his advisers. . . . Passages (in Captain Trotter's *Earl of Auckland*) in which the blame for the disastrous imbroglio appears to be laid upon Lord Auckland and, still more, upon Colvin and Torrens, must be modified in any future edition." I have no present concern with Colvin or Torrens; and Captain Trotter may be supposed to know his own business: but Lord Auckland deserved at least as much blame as his "English masters."

Sir Auckland Colvin relies upon "the despatch bearing date June 25, which Lord Auckland received in 1836, from the Secret Committee of the Court of Directors." "This despatch," he remarks (p. 86), "is not mentioned in Sir John Kaye's *History of the Afghan War*. Yet without it the whole of Lord Auckland's policy is unintelligible.". After giving an extract from the despatch, Sir Auckland goes on to say, "It is evident that Lord Auckland's position after the receipt of this important despatch was clearly and squarely laid down for him. First, he was to endeavour to enter into commercial, or into political relations with Afghánistán. He was to adopt any other measures which he thought desirable in order to counteract Russian influence, if he were satisfied that the time had arrived for him to interfere decidedly in the affairs of Afghánistán." Yes! but the despatch left the Governor-General a free hand. He was not

instructed to reject the overtures of Dost Mahomed: he was not instructed to dethrone that friendly prince, or to set up a discredited exile in his stead. As a writer in the *Athenæum* (March 9, 1895) says, in a review of Sir Auckland's book, "Neither in the despatch of June, 1836, nor in that of May, 1838, can we find any clear foreshaping of Auckland's aggressive policy towards the Bárakzai Amír of Kabul. It is true . . . that Lord Auckland referred to those despatches in justification of a war for which he assumed full responsibility," etc. (see *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. [1 Sess. 2], 1859, p. 307, § 57). "I have," writes the Governor-General, "in adopting this step, been deeply sensible of the responsibility which it places on me . . . and a reference to the Despatches of your Hon. Committee of the 25th June 1836, and the 10th May last have led me to look with confidence for your . . . support to the plans on which, in the exercise of the discretion confided to me, I have resolved." Moreover, even if the Board of Control had prescribed to the Governor-General a policy identical with that which he pursued, he would not have been free from responsibility. That policy is universally admitted to have been ill conceived and to have led to disastrous results. If Lord Auckland approved of it, as he did, what is the use of trying to transfer from him to the Board of Control a responsibility which he expressly claimed for himself? If the policy had been prescribed for him and he had believed it to be fraught with disaster, would it not have been his duty either to disobey his instructions, as Warren Hastings did when he knew that his instructions were wrong, or to resign his office? It is quite true that, as Mr. H. G. Keene points out (*Hist. of India*, vol. ii. 1893, p. 408), "the British Ministry made that policy (Auckland's) their own,"—in a despatch dated October 24, 1838, in which, as Mr. Keene says, "the policy had been sanctioned by anticipation,"—"so that they would even have enjoined it on the Governor-General if he had not originated it himself": but the fact of their having "sanctioned by anticipation" a disastrous policy does not absolve its originator from blame.

Sir John Kaye's narrative (*Hist. of the War in Afghanistan*, 2nd ed. vol. i. pp. 199-385) is, on the whole, remarkably fair. He freely admits (pp. 382-3) that on the 1st of October, 1838, Auckland "had good grounds for believing that the fall of Herat was inevitable"; and therefore that he was bound to take active measures of some sort for averting the dangers which its fall would involve, although "this state of things was mainly induced by the feebleness of our own policy towards the Barukzye Sirdars" (pp. 308-9): but, he concludes, "the failure of Mahomed Shah" of Persia "cut from under the feet of Lord Auckland all ground of justification, and rendered the expedition across the Indus at once a folly and a crime."

Sir Auckland Colvin's account of Burnes's negotiations with Dost Mahomed is hardly less misleading than his attempt to exculpate the Governor-General. His aim appears to be to show that it was practically impossible for the Governor-General to secure the alliance of the Amír. "Dost Muhammad," he writes (pp. 95-6), "was assured by Captain Burnes of protection against Sikh and Persian. But the Amír did not fear the Sikh, and the Persian was a long way off. . . . Unless Pesháwar were placed by Lord Auckland in the hollow of Dost Muhammad's hand, it very soon became evident that Captain Burnes might retrace his steps to India. The Amír would, if desired, pay a tribute for Pesháwar to the Mahárájá. . . . But if Lord Auckland desired his alliance, in one or another fashion Pesháwar must be conveyed to him. . . . Pesháwar must be his. That was his ultimatum. There was no getting behind it. On that rock the negotiation split." And again (p. 99), "in order that we should make him (Dost Muhammad) our friend, it was necessary that we should make Ranjít Singh our enemy. That, in Lord Auckland's judgement, would be madness."

Now it is not strictly true that "Dost Muhammad was assured by Captain Burnes of protection" against Persia. The assurance was given to Sirdar Kohin Dil Khan of Candahar. "I have gone so far," writes Burnes on December 23, 1837 (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. 1859, p. 97), "as to inform him that if Herat falls, and the Shah of Persia seeks to march against Candahar, and he continues the friend of the British nation, his brother, the Ameer, will come to his assistance; that I will accompany him, and that in that event the expenses of keeping off the Persians will be furnished to him." But Sir Auckland omits to add that Burnes was severely taken to task by the Governor-General for having given this assurance (*Ib.* pp. 121-3, §§ 2-3, 6, 15); and Sir Auckland's statement that "the Persian was a long way off" is misleading. Dost Mahomed thought that he was quite near enough to be dangerous. "Russia," says Burnes (Kaye's *Lives of Indian Officers*, vol. ii. p. 37, note), "guaranteed him against Persia, and thus he clung to her instead of us." The Amír was even more anxious to obtain from the British a guarantee of protection from Persia than to get hold of Peshawar. (See *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. 1859, pp. 174 § 10, 228, 229 § 3, 231, and 238 § 7.) What the Amír wants, wrote Burnes, just before he left Kábul, is "protection from the west, as the price of his adherence to us, and further, that however Peshawur might be settled by Runjeet Singh, no acknowledgement could be made for our good offices unless means were taken to prevent injury from such settlement to those who had befriended the Ameer." Certainly the Amír was anxious to hold Peshawar as Ranjít's tributary: but this was not "the rock on which the negotiation split." That rock was the Governor-General's frigid

disposition towards the Amír, his manifest unwillingness to give him any substantial proof of friendship. "It was not the adjustment of the Peshawur affair," said the principal Afghán secretary to Burnes, "that dissipated the Ameer's hopes, but the indifference to his sufferings . . . which it was now (March, 1838) clear the British felt" (*Ib.* p. 173, § 7). If Burnes had been authorised to offer the Amír protection from Persia, he might have been trusted to adjust "the Peshawur affair" without offending Ranjít Singh. Sir Auckland himself tells us (p. 79) that Ranjít was in a compliant mood :—"'What the Governor-General whispers in my ear, that will I do,' was his reply to Lord Auckland's agent." But as late as January 20, 1838, the Amír's suggestion that he should be allowed to hold Peshawar as "tributary to Lahore" had not even been communicated to Ranjít (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. 1859, p. 123) ; and I can find no evidence that it was ever communicated to him. Indeed, as Sir John Kaye says (vol. i. p. 204), "on the 21st of February letters were opened from the Governor-General, stating . . . that there was no intention to accede to the proposals of the Ameer, and that Peshawur must be left to the Sikhs." [See also *Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. 1859, pp. 43, 75, 133-4.] Yet as late as July 1838, Dost Mahomed was still, as he had always been, hoping against hope to win the friendship of the English (*Ib.* p. 275).

Sir Auckland Colvin insists (p. 102) that Burnes, although he warmly espoused the cause of Dost Mahomed, led the Governor-General to believe that "if Sháh Shujá were sent back to Kábul with a mere personal guard of British troops, he would be received with open arms." This is substantially true (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. 1859, pp. 252, 257) ; and the fact should not be forgotten when we condemn the gratuitous folly of the Governor-General's policy : but Sir Auckland omits to add that Lieutenant Leech, Burnes's assistant, recorded the warning that Sháh Shujá's "constant reverses appear fated in the eyes of the multitude, and with great difficulty could any be found to join his fortunes without seeing the greatest certainty of success" (*Ib.* p. 268, § 59). What is more, as Sir John Kaye reminds us (vol. i. p. 357), Burnes himself wrote, "the Afghans are a superstitious people, and believe Shah Soojah to have no fortune."

# APPENDIX B

## WOULD IT HAVE BEEN USELESS TO PURSUE THE MEERUT MUTINEERS?

LORD ROBERTS (*Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. p. 90) doubts whether it would have been of any use to pursue the Meerut mutineers. "Only a very few European cavalry," he says, "were available for pursuit, for the Carabineers . . . were . . mainly . . recruits still in the riding school, and their horses for the most part were quite unbroken . . . the mutineers had a considerable start, the Cavalry could not have been overtaken, and . . . the Infantry . . . would have scattered . . over the country, and favoured by the darkness . . have defied pursuit." The Rifles, adds Lord Roberts, could not have reached Delhi before the evening of the following day.

I will not apologise for presuming to differ from so high an authority, first, because no other Indian officer, so far as I know, save only Generals Hewitt and Wilson, has ever agreed with him; and secondly, because I am sure that Lord Roberts, if he had ever found himself in similar circumstances, would have been the first to insist upon pursuit. The mutineers fled, as I have already shown (p. 99, note 1), as a disorganised mob and in detached parties; and many of them loitered on the road. A squadron of the Carabineers was available; and, as some days later, Lieutenant Sanford, Lieutenant A. R. D. Mackenzie, and a party of brave men rode with despatches one hundred and thirty miles from Meerut *on unbroken horses* (*National Review*, March 1893, p. 60), every man in the station who could ride might have joined in the pursuit. A strong battery of horse-artillery was ready for instant action and could have severely punished the fugitives. The Rifles could at all events have accounted for the laggards. Lord Roberts will not persuade his brother officers that Wilson and Hewitt were justified in doing nothing.

[Since I wrote the above passage, I have read Sir H. Havelock-Allan's very interesting book *Three Main Military Questions of the Day*. Sir Henry says (p. 174), "The cavalry might, if pushed on alone, or together with the horse-artillery, have easily overtaken the sepoys . . . the guns might . . . have inflicted some loss, but the mass of the rebels could not have been prevented from reaching Delhi before them." But after remarking that "a hundred and fifty mounted riflemen," if such a corps had been available, "would have saved Delhi to

Britain that night," he points out (p. 175, note) that a modification of this plan "might have been devised on the spot":—"It is said that a captain of the Sixth Carabineers volunteered, if allowed to take his own squadron, a troop of horse-artillery and a couple of dozen of the 60th Rifles carried on the limbers and spare waggons of the guns, to intercept the mutineers, by getting before them to the bridge above spoken of,"—the bridge over the Hindan, between Meerut and Delhi, —"but that the attempt was considered too hazardous," etc. Sir Hugh Gough says (*Old Memories*, p. 44), "Even if the . . . mutineers had arrived before the pursuing force, I believe the moral effect of the approach of the British troopers would have deterred the Native Infantry from breaking out, and Delhi would have been saved.' ]

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# APPENDIX C

## JOHN COLVIN IN THE MUTINY

SIR AUCKLAND COLVIN, K.C.S.I., has recently written for Sir W. Hunter's *Rulers of India* series a memoir of his father, in which he endeavours to show that the criticisms which have been directed against his policy in 1857 were undeserved. Sir Auckland concentrates his attention upon three points. "It has been said," he remarks (pp. 178-9), "that he failed to detect the true character of the Mutiny till long after it had become apparent to others in high places. He has been reproached with the issue on May 25 of a Proclamation, inviting Sepoys to surrender on terms which Lord Canning compelled him to withdraw. He has been charged with apathy in the conduct of affairs in Agra itself, with neglecting the provisioning of the Fort, and with causing much loss of property by harsh restrictions as to the amount to be taken into the Fort, when events drove the Christian population to its shelter."

The second point, which is by far the least important, Sir Auckland discusses at the greatest length. He argues that the strictures which Canning and others passed upon the proclamation were due to a misapprehension of its real character. Canning only saw the English translation, which was misleading, and, as Sir Auckland allows, was "obviously open to criticism." I do not think that any fair critic will deny that Sir Auckland has proved his point: but none of the three witnesses,—Messrs. C. Raikes, E. A. Reade, and M. Thornhill,—

who have borne the most emphatic testimony against Colvin's errors, has assailed him on this point at all.

In regard to the first point, Sir Auckland's defence amounts to this,—that "the three men on whom the storm broke, John Colvin, John Lawrence, and Henry Lawrence, looked to the immediate attack on Delhi to nip the Mutiny in the bud"; and that from May 29, the day when he learned that the attack on Delhi must be delayed, Colvin, as well as the other two, "had no illusions." But the Lawrences at once took vigorous action to provide against the worst that could happen if Delhi should not soon fall; while Colvin at first did not know his own mind; then suffered himself to be unduly influenced by Drummond; and disregarded sound advice that was pressed upon him. Nor can any one fail to be struck by the contrast between the tone of the letters and telegrams which Colvin despatched to the Governor-General in the week after he heard the news of the seizure of Delhi, and the contemporary letters of Henry and John Lawrence. On the 15th of May Colvin telegraphs, "I have every confidence that they,"—the sepoy regiments,—"will be all put to rights in a few days." Next day he sends this message, "The worst of the storm is past, and the aspect of affairs is fast brightening"; and on the 18th, "a line only to say that the complexion of all the news of the day is better and better" (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxx. 1857, pp. 220, 228, 236). Meanwhile Henry Lawrence is hopeful, but fully recognises the gravity of the crisis. "All is quiet here," he says on the 16th, "but affairs are critical: get every European you can from China, Ceylon, and elsewhere; also all the Goorkas from the hills. Time is everything." And on the following day he warns the Governor-General to look to the safety of Allahabad and Benares (*Ib.* pp. 221, 229). In a like spirit, John Lawrence warns Anson on the 13th that, unless steps are immediately taken to recover Delhi, "the insurrection will assuredly spread, and our European troops become isolated, and perhaps be gradually destroyed in detail. . . . Everything now depends on energy and resolution. A week or two hence it may be too late. . . . I consider this to be the greatest crisis which has ever occurred in India." On the 15th he tells the Governor-General that "the worst feeling prevails generally in the native army"; and on the same day, writing to Anson again, he insists that "the disaffection in the native Regular army seems general, and, I may add, universal" (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, vol. ii. pp. 15-17, 20). Those who feel doubtful about the fairness of my extracts should read for themselves: but it is certain that, while the Lawrences and Colvin hoped that Delhi would soon be recaptured, the Lawrences were, from the first, awake to the gravity of the crisis, which one of them had foreseen, and Colvin was not.

Sir Auckland succeeds, I think, in showing that his father was unreasonably attacked for having refused to allow the non-combatant Christian population of Agra to take refuge in the fort *when Colonel Fraser first pressed him to do so.* Reade held that during May at all events it would have been unwise for him to accede to Fraser's proposal. But whether Colvin was justified in forbidding the transference of the Government records into the fort, and in compelling the refugees to leave the bulk of their property at the mercy of mutineers, is another question. "With a pedantry," says Mr. Thornhill (*Indian Mutiny*, p. 182), "which under the circumstances might have been thought inconceivable, the size of the boxes was regulated to inches." Sir Auckland Colvin maintains that his father was quite right. "When," he says (pp. 194-5), "cholera broke out among the crowded refugees, the wisdom of the order became apparent." To whom? Certainly not to the military or to the civil officers who were on the spot. The cholera was due to the total absence of sanitary precautions (Thornhill, pp. 173-4, 207), and would not have been increased by the presence of the Government records, or even of an extra box in each apartment. As Reade, to whom Sir Auckland Colvin often appeals, remarked at the time (*Narrative of Events*, p. 49), "the accommodation of the fort was grievously underrated." See also Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, pp. 54-5. Moreover, Reade points out (pp. 47, 49) that, although it would have been unwise to send the women and children into the fort in May, a great mistake was made in not removing them thither in the earlier part of June, —a measure which, as he says, would have "released the adult males to join in the defence"; while Sir Auckland himself virtually admits that on the 14th of June the fort was ready for their reception.

In one passage Sir Auckland exercises his powers of sarcasm at my expense. His father, he says (pp. 197-8), "has been blamed by an historian of the Mutinies for watching every detail of public business. 'He would have served his country better by sparing himself this labour, and leaving room in his mind for larger views of state policy.' Here is a ship almost in the power of mutineers. A few of the crew contend with them. The captain, isolated against his will, with the aid of a handful of men guards at least one stronghold against violence. He would be better employed, says this critic, in entrusting defence to others, and in leaving room in his mind for larger views of seamanship and navigation. Such is the foolishness with which men are assailed when that *turba Remi*, which follows fortune, forsakes them." It is strange that so clever a man as Sir Auckland should have distorted a meaning that was obvious. I really did not mean to suggest that his father ought to have spent his time in 1857 in thinking out a system of political philosophy. I wonder whether

Sir Auckland had read the passage in Raikes's narrative on which my remark was founded :—"Mr. Colvin resolutely watched every detail of public business. Even now, if I wanted a sword or a pistol from the magazine, Mr. Colvin's counter-signature was necessary" (p. 56). These words need no comment. The editor of vol. vii. of the *Gazetteer of the N.W.P.* (p. 653) attaches the same meaning to them that I have done. Sir Auckland would have been more accurate, though less dutiful, if he had written, "The captain does not know his own mind, suffers his first lieutenant (Drummond) to usurp his authority, and fails to guard even one stronghold against violence. He is unable to disentangle himself from the bonds of red tape, and expends his failing strength in attending to the pettiest details. He would be better employed in entrusting this business to the ship's steward, keeping order among his crew and keeping her off the rocks."

It is only natural that a son should do his best to vindicate his father's memory ; and though filial piety may sometimes most wisely operate by silence, the most rigorous critic cannot but sympathise with a man who, from so honourable a motive, challenges his conclusions. I freely acknowledge that, on some points, Colvin has been hastily and excessively condemned : but it is hopeless for his son to attempt to reverse the verdict which his colleagues and contemporaries pronounced against him. Their testimony is too unanimous and too strong ; and its effect is only increased by the generous eagerness with which they eulogised his virtues and apologised for his faults. His conscientiousness, his self-devotion, his gentleness, his forbearance, his patience under overwhelming trials,—no one has ever denied these noble qualities, and all who saw have borne witness to them. But it was not by the distinctively Christian virtues that mutiny and sedition were quelled in 1857 : it was by the δαιμονίη ἀρετή to which men bowed in homage before Christ taught that it was not all. It is idle to maintain that John Colvin was a Ruler of India when those who were his subordinates maintain with one voice that in troublous times he could not rule at all. He was an administrator of great ability, and he did good work in time of peace : but it is in connexion with the Mutiny that he will be remembered. "It was his misfortune," writes one of those who served under him, "to be called upon to meet a crisis which to meet successfully was impossible, and which to meet at all required qualities that he did not possess."

[Since I wrote the foregoing note, Sir Auckland Colvin has published in the *Nineteenth Century* of April, 1897 (pp. 556-68) an article entitled "Agra in 1857 : a Reply to Lord Roberts." As a reply, the article is effective, and corrects serious misstatements : but Sir Auckland naturally writes as an advocate only. For instance, on

page 558 he remarks that "the Lieutenant-Governor's action" in refusing to allow the European troops to enter the fort in May, "has been attributed to Mr. Drummond's insistence," clearly implying that the Lieutenant-Governor acted on his own initiative. But reference to Raikes (pp. 52-4) and to Reade (p. 42) shows that the Lieutenant-Governor did defer to Drummond. Again, it is true that, as Sir Auckland shows (pp. 561-2), "a considerable amount of supplies" had been placed in the fort by June 16: but it is also true that Drummond's interference greatly retarded the work of provisioning the fort: that large additional supplies had to be procured even after the battle of Sacheta: that the fort at that time was not defensible; and that sanitary precautions had been neglected (Reade's *Narrative*, p. 54; *Selection of Papers from the Office of Commissioner of Finance* [E. A. Reade], p. 11; Thornhill, pp. 173-4, 181-2, 228, 255, 265; Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 396, 399). Moreover, although, as Sir Auckland points out (p. 563), the *European* women and children were allowed to enter the fort on the 27th of June, the native Christians were excluded until the 4th of July, and were only admitted then because they naturally "clamoured against the prohibition" (Reade, p. 51). Furthermore, if Colvin had disarmed the sepoys at Agra in the middle of May, a wing of the 3rd European regiment might have been sent out to patrol the districts. See also pp. 44-5, 56 of Reade's *Narrative* for further criticisms on Colvin's policy, pp. 52-4 of Raikes's *Notes on the Revolt*, and p. 36 of Mr. Thornhill's book. "I had repeatedly warned the Government," he says, "that the guard" at Muttra "would probably mutiny . . . and I had recommended that the temptation to do so should be removed by previously sending the treasure into Agra. . . . The Government expressed themselves convinced of the loyalty of the sepoys, and treated my apprehensions as groundless alarms."

Lastly, Sir Auckland Colvin draws a parallel between the circumstances and the policy of his father and of Henry Lawrence, which will not commend itself to any one who knows the history of the time. "Each," he says, "kept order at the seat of Government. Each was assailed by subordinates, who opposed his policy: each adequately ensured the safety of the community around him." Nothing more misleading was ever written. Henry Lawrence was from first to last the leading spirit at Lucknow: the survivors of the siege declared with one voice that they owed their lives, and historians have shown that the empire owed, in a large measure, its preservation to his forethought: the one subordinate, Martin Gubbins, who opposed his policy, wrote of him with a general fairness, which was attested by Lord Lawrence himself (*Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 554, note); and he inspired all who worked under him with such love and devotion

that the one great mistake which he made,—the mistake of Chinhat,—has been generally condoned. At Agra, such order as was maintained was maintained, on John Colvin's own showing, by Drummond (Sir A. Colvin's article, p. 559, and Reade, p. 47); while the testimony of Reade, of Raikes, of Thornhill, of all contemporary witnesses who have written upon the subject, and of officers with whom I have conversed, shows that Colvin vacillated; that he made great mistakes; and that from first to last he failed to impress his subordinates with the sense that he was their master.]

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# APPENDIX D

## The Battle of Sacheta

In my original narrative of the battle of Sacheta, printed in the first four editions of this book, I, like Kaye, Malleson, Thornhill and other writers, found fault with Brigadier Polwhele for not having made use of his infantry earlier than he did. I have, however, lately been allowed to read a printed (but unpublished) narrative by Colonel de Kantzow, who was present in the action. Colonel de Kantzow is a most careful observer; and after reading and several times re-reading his narrative, as well as several interesting letters which he has written to me, I have thought it right to modify my original account. The great mistake, as I now think, in my previous narrative and in the narratives of the other writers, except Colonel de Kantzow, is that they all take for granted that if Polwhele had brought his infantry into action *early*, he would certainly have won the battle. Colonel de Kantzow argues that the sepoys throughout the Mutiny fought well behind cover: he asks whether it is reasonable to suppose that the British infantry would have succeeded better than they did if Polwhele had sent them to storm the village of Sacheta *before* his artillery-fire had shaken the mutineers who held it: he points out that the Neemuch brigade, which formed part of the enemy's force, offered, six weeks later, a most determined resistance at Najafgarh to Nicholson, whose force was far stronger, in infantry, cavalry and artillery, than Polwhele's, and that a portion of the same brigade defended a village near Najafgarh with such resolution that it was impossible to dislodge them: he remarks that Nicholson expended in the battle of Najafgarh considerably more artillery ammunition than Polwhele in the battle of

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Sacheta; and he insists that Polwhele, by his skilful and orderly retreat, saved Agra.

The errors which Polwhele actually committed (see pp. 154-5) and which are acknowledged by Colonel de Kantzow, were so serious that it is all the more necessary to refrain from blaming him without cause.

It has been asserted that the attack on the village was completely successful. My account is based upon MS. evidence, which I am prepared, if necessary, to publish, and which proves (1) that the attack failed, and (2) that the retreat was not sounded until after the attack had failed.

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# APPENDIX E

## The Patna Industrial Institution

One of the first subjects to which Tayler directed his attention after being appointed Commissioner of Patna in 1855, was that of popular education. Arriving at the conclusion that the Government system was not only doing little for the attainment of its object, but was also regarded by the people as an engine of religious proselytism, he submitted to Halliday a plan for the establishment of an Industrial Institution, the expenses of which should be defrayed by the wealthy landowners, inasmuch as it was intended for their benefit and that of their ryots. He was careful, however, not to ask for any subscriptions until Halliday had expressed his approval of the scheme How cordial that approval was, may be gathered from the following words: "I have a great value for your plan, and think it may become a thing of vast importance. At all events, I look upon it that the idea is a creditable one, creditable to you as the originator, and one of which I shall be proud to partake the triumph, and pursue the gale." Moreover, such men as John Colvin and Dr. Duff wrote to Tayler, expressing their admiration of his philanthropic efforts, and their hearty wishes for his success. Presently, however, it began to be rumoured that the collection of subscriptions from natives might be regarded by the Supreme Government, and even in England, as savouring of oppression. Halliday at once took the alarm. Apprehensive, it would appear, of possible censure, he issued a proclamation to the effect that no subscriptions would be acceptable unless they were offered in a purely spontaneous and disinterested spirit, without any reference to the wishes of Government

or of the authorities. By taking this step, he had not only thrown Tayler over, and held him up to the public gaze as an impostor, but had stultified himself. There is abundant proof in a MS. Memo. by Tayler, in the Industrial Institution Blue Book, and in Tayler's *Reply to Halliday's Memorandum*, that Halliday had himself repeatedly acted and spoken in a manner diametrically opposed to the principle laid down in his proclamation.[1] Tayler received numerous letters from residents in Behar, and various high officials, some of whom were intimate friends of Halliday himself, assuring him of sympathy, and expressing indignation at the treatment to which he had been subjected. The following extracts will suffice.

9 May, 1857.

W. TAYLER, ESQ.,

I think the opinion is general that you have been perfectly successful in showing that you used no improper means to obtain subscriptions; and secondly, that you acted throughout with the sanction of the Lieutenant-Governor. I trust, therefore, that this blast of calumny which has assailed you will blow over soon, innocuously, and that Halliday will not allow himself to be influenced by popular clamour, though, between ourselves, that is one of his weak points.

Yours, &c.,
(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.

27 May, 1857.

MY DEAR TAYLER

The correctness of the general principle which you lay down as to the propriety of inducing wealthy natives to expend their money on works of public utility, and assuring them of the approval of the ruling authority in the event of their doing so, is quite undeniable.

If I am not mistaken, you will find the principle distinctly enunciated in the notice or circular which the Government issued when they commenced the publication in the Gazette, of the names of those who had assisted or subscribed to public undertakings during the preceding year.

Secondly, I gather from your letter that you have kept Halliday fully informed of every step you have taken in the matter, and notified to him, from time to time, the amount of the subscriptions you have succeeded in obtaining from the different individuals who have contributed to your scheme. That being the case, it was his duty to have interfered at that time, if he thought you were pressing too hard on the subscribers. To allow you to go on, and to express his tacit, if not his active approval of your proceedings, so long as they excited no opposition, and then, at the first breath of popular clamour, to discredit an officer in your high position, by issuing a proclamation as that you mention, and directing the judges to report on your conduct (for in fact it amounts to that), was, unquestionably, injudicious, to use a mild phrase, in the Lieutenant-Governor, and most unfair to you.

Yours, &c.,
(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.

[1] Thus in 1854 he went to Arrah, to lay the foundation-stone of a charitable dispensary, for which Tayler, who was the Judge of that district, had been

Tayler at once wrote to beg Halliday to withdraw the proclamation, but in vain. It was about this time that the Mutiny broke out. Suddenly a report reached Tayler to the effect that Halliday intended to remove him to the Commissionership of Burdwan. To Tayler the motive of this intention seemed clear. Halliday, he believed, desired to put a stop to a controversy which must, if continued, lead to revelations injurious to his character as a man and a public officer. But Tayler was not to be crushed without a struggle. On the 7th of June he wrote to Beadon, saying that, while he was quite prepared to bring his Division safely through the storm if he were not interfered with, he felt it to be unfair that he should be expected to do so with the diminution of his authority and prestige which the report of his intended removal must produce. He therefore begged that either the report should be authoritatively contradicted, or he should be removed at once, without being kept longer in suspense. He received in reply a letter saying that his removal was not contemplated. "This," he afterwards wrote, "was, of course, Mr. Beadon's delicate way of announcing the real facts, . . . viz. that my removal was prohibited by the Governor-General." That Halliday had really intended to remove him,[1] he regarded as proved by the following letter which he received from Samuells.

collecting subscriptions. At the close of a speech which he delivered after performing the ceremony, he turned towards Tayler, and said, "Honour be to him . . . *through whose influence* this liberal subscription was raised." Again, writing demi-officially to Tayler in connexion with the subject of the Industrial Institution itself, he said, "I quite agree with you as to model schools, and, if the great zemindars can be got to assist, it will be a great thing. Hutwa was greatly flattered by the notice you promised him for his efforts in the cause, and *I trust much to your influence* with others as well as Hutwa to set this movement going."

The question then with regard to Tayler is narrowed to this. Did he use his influence for the collection of subscriptions improperly? The opinion which I have formed, after investigating all the evidence on both sides, is that he did not. See MS. Memo.; Halliday's Memo.; Tayler's *Reply to Halliday's Memo.*, pp. 6-14; *Correspondence regarding the Patna Industrial Institution*, pp. 41-2, 49, 68-9, 71-91, 94, 96, 98-101, 119-21, 136, 168-71, 174-6, 178-99, 207-12, 1 A 48 A, 80 A-82 A, 99 A, 100 A.

There is evidence to show that in some districts his proceedings caused no discontent whatever, that in others they did cause some. But it should be mentioned that much of the unfavourable evidence was supplied by men who were his personal enemies, and that no evidence was called for until after Halliday's proclamation was issued. If Tayler had used his influence with the most scrupulous forbearance, it would have been only natural for the native subscribers to withdraw their support from him after the highest authority in the province had done so. But, as a matter of fact, many of them continued to give their support. Assuming, then, that the unfavourable evidence was trustworthy, it does not prove that Tayler, even unconsciously and from an excess of enthusiasm for what he regarded as a great object, used his influence unfairly.

[1] Halliday's account of the matter is as follows: "I have for some time foreseen . . . his removal from the appointment of Commissioner of Patna . . . but

June 11, 1857.

MY DEAR TAYLER,

You have, of course, heard ere this that Halliday has removed you to Burdwan; after the pains he has taken to destroy your influence at Patna, it was probably the only course left him.

Yours, &c.,
(Signed) E. A. SAMUELLS.

Those who will compare the preceding narrative with the account given in the text of the circumstances of Tayler's subsequent dismissal, will probably regard it as proved that the withdrawal order, which Halliday put forward as the ground of that dismissal, was merely used as a pretext, and that the dismissal was a foregone conclusion.

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# APPENDIX F

## DID THE BENGAL SEPOYS PLAN A GENERAL MUTINY FOR MAY 31, 1857?

MR. CRACROFT WILSON, who, after the suppression of the Mutiny, was appointed a Special Commissioner, with a view to the punishment of guilty and the reward of deserving natives, collected evidence which, in his judgement, proved "that Sunday, 31st of May, 1857, was the day fixed for mutiny to commence throughout the Bengal Army; that there were committees of about three members in each regiment, which conducted the duties of the mutiny; that the sepoys, as a body, knew nothing of the plans arranged; and that the only compact entered into by regiments, as a body, was, that their particular regiments would do as the other regiments did."—Kaye, vol. ii. pp. 107-8

Major Williams, to whom I have repeatedly referred as an authority, did not believe that any plot was formed for a general mutiny. If, he argued, such a plot existed, the Meerut troops were insane to mar it by a premature outbreak. This argument, however, would not necessarily hold good if, as Wilson believed, "the sepoys as a body,

for the consideration that, at a critical period, when . . . an outbreak (was) likely enough at any moment to occur (at Patna), it was desirable, if possible, to avoid making a change in the office . . . I should have been anxious to remove him at an earlier date."

knew nothing of the plans arranged." The Meerut troops would not, in that case, have known that they were frustrating their leaders' plans; and, as their outbreak on the 10th of May was probably unpremeditated and the result of suddenly awakened passions, it would doubtless have been impossible then to induce them to bide their time. If, on the other hand, as there is reason to believe, *some* of the sepoys at Meerut determined on the 9th to mutiny on the following day, the fact would appear to tell against Wilson's theory.

Again a trooper of the 2nd Cavalry stated, in a letter read by Major Williams, that "after hearing of the Meerut mutiny," but not before, "his corps began plotting" (*Memo. on the Mutiny and Outbreak at Meerut*, p. 10). If this man told the truth, his statement tells against Wilson's theory.

John Lawrence, in his letter on the Mutiny (referred to on p. 559, note 1), also combated the theory of a plot for a general mutiny; but he may not have seen the evidence collected by Wilson. The reasons which he gave for his opinion were, that not one of the numerous letters which had been intercepted, written by sepoys, contained so much as a hint of such a plot, and that none of the faithful sepoys, none of the condemned mutineers who might have saved their lives by disclosing it, if it existed, knew anything of it.

These reasons have some weight; but they are not conclusive. The fact that a plot for a general mutiny was never hinted at in intercepted letters, by faithful sepoys, or by condemned mutineers, does not prove that no such plot existed; for, assuming the truth of Wilson's theory, the sepoys, as a body, were ignorant of the plot.

The question can never be positively settled. But why should the alleged prematureness of the outbreak at Meerut have made the "committees" abandon their plan for a simultaneous rising? Had they no control over the sepoys?

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# APPENDIX G

## Cawnpore

It will be admitted that, whatever reasons Sir Hugh Wheeler may have had for believing that the sepoys at Cawnpore would not attack him, he was wanting in judgement if he did not provide, as far as it

was possible to do so, against the contingency of an attack. It is contended in the *Red Pamphlet* (p. 135) that, if he had selected the magazine as a place of refuge, he would have been obliged, owing to the distance of the magazine from the sepoy lines, to withdraw the officers of the sepoy regiments from their men, and thus virtually invite the latter to mutiny. But he would have been justified in acting on the assumption that a mutiny was, in any circumstances, inevitable. "General Wheeler," wrote Neill, "ought to have gone there (to the magazine) at once; no one would have prevented him; they might have saved everything they had almost, if they had." Neill is a high authority; and I venture to think he was right. The sepoys made no attempt to prevent the entrance of the non-combatants into the entrenchment. Is it likely that they would have had the courage and decision, or even the inclination, to oppose Wheeler if, after first disarming its sepoy guard, he had attempted to occupy the magazine?

[General Innes, whose view is substantially the same as my own, prints, in the second edition of his *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 90, the following note:—

With reference to Wheeler's failure to occupy the Magazine or to make any adequate preparations for defence during the three weeks before the local mutiny actually broke out, there is reason to believe that the advices he had received from Calcutta had led him to expect a flow of British troops thence by Allahabad to Cawnpore and onwards. This, on the one hand, would make it wrong, he is said to have thought, to occupy the Magazine, because then the troops coming up from Allahabad would run the danger of being intercepted by the sepoys. And, on the other, it gave grounds for the hope that in a few days a sufficient number would arrive to form an escort for his families to Allahabad. This idea is thought to have been confirmed by the arrival (just before the local mutiny) of fifty of the 84th with others said to be close behind them. So he had sent on these fifty men to Lucknow, which they reached on June 2, two days after the mutiny there, and three days before the mutiny at Cawnpore. But the others expected as "close behind them" did not arrive; and so any move of the families to Allahabad he may have projected never came off.

General Innes desires to place on record all that can be said for Wheeler. But, as he remarked to me,—and the truth of the remark is obvious,—the sepoys could in any case have intercepted, if they had had the inclination or the courage, any detachments which might have come up from Allahabad, whether Wheeler had occupied the Magazine or not; and Wheeler had no right to neglect due precautions on the chance that the expected detachments would join him.]

P. 226. The statement in the text, that the Nana had lived on the most (outwardly) friendly terms with the English residents at Cawnpore, is supported by Mowbray Thomson, pp. 48, 57, and Shepherd, pp. 14-15. On the other hand, Mr. Keene says (*Army and Navy*

*Magazine*, July 1883, p. 195), "the Nana never willingly associated, in the slightest degree, with persons of that (the European) race from the day on which the Peshwa . . . died." The authority of Mowbray Thomson, who lived at Cawnpore for three months before the Mutiny, and himself enjoyed the Nana's hospitality, is surely conclusive.

[After reading the foregoing paragraph, Mr. Keene retains his opinion. "Court," he writes, "the former District officer, was my authority. In a letter to the *Times* (about 1879) he said, 'the only persons he (the Nana) ever saw were the Magistrate and the Commissioner and the Civil Surgeon.'" But read Mowbray Thomson's words, written in 1858 :—"It was frequently the custom of the Nana to entertain the officers of the Cawnpore garrison in the most sumptuous style ; although he would accept none of their hospitality in return, because no salute was permitted in his honour. I have been a guest in those halls when costly festivities were provided for the very persons who were at length massacred by their quondam host." *Story of Cawnpore*, p. 48.]

P. 226. "For . . . withheld." See *Army and Navy Magazine*, July, 1883, p. 196.

P. 227, whole paragraph. Col. Williams, in his Synopsis of Evidence (*Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 672-3) says that the treasury was not plundered or the gaol broken open until after the 53rd and 56th regiments had joined the 1st and the cavalry. His statement is supported by *Depositions*, pp. 41, 47, 70, and 73 : my paragraph is supported by *Depositions*, pp. 43 and 74, and by Mr. Sherer's narrative (*Annals*, etc., p. 602).

P. 228. Tántia Topi asserted that the Nana was taken prisoner by the sepoys, and forced by them to attack Cawnpore. See Tántia's memoir, printed in vol. iii. of Malleson's *History*, App. I. p. 515. Tántia's account is, on this point, unworthy of credit: he naturally wished to exculpate himself and his master. My account of the manner in which the alliance between the Nana and the sepoys was cemented, is supported by Mr. Keene (*Army and Navy Magazine*, p. 197), as well as by the other authorities to whom I have referred on p. 226, note.

P. 231. "The siege . . . week." Shepherd (p. 44) gives the date of the fire as June 13. Nánakchand, in his *Diary* (p. xii.), assigned the event to June 11. As he was a very careful diarist, his statement is probably correct.

In speaking of the effects of the destruction of the barrack, Kaye (vol. ii. pp. 324-5) falls into a very natural blunder. He says that a number of faithful sepoys were obliged to leave the entrenchment, owing to want of food and of room. As a matter of fact, the sepoys of whom he was thinking were obliged to quit another barrack outside

the entrenchment, in consequence of its being burned; and it was unfortunately impossible to admit them within the entrenchment. Mowbray Thomson, p. 40; Shepherd, pp. 16-17; *Depositions*, p. 31.

P. 232. "12th of June." Shepherd (p. 29) says "the first grand effort was made on the 9th." Nánakchand (p. xii.) speaks of a great assault as having taken place on the 12th. Mowbray Thomson (pp. 92-5) says that there was an assault on the night of the fire. If the fire occurred on the 11th, and if the assault took place after midnight, his statement agrees with that of Nánakchand.

P. 240. "Along with the hundred and twenty-five." Two or three of these escaped, and found shelter in the house of a native. Miss Wheeler and another "young lady" had escaped the massacre on the Ganges. *Depositions*, p. 22; *Annals*, etc., pp. 659-68.

Referring to the report written by Major G. W. Williams on the depositions taken under his direction at Cawnpore, and printed in *Annals of the Indian Rebellion*, pp. 668-705, Colonel F. Maude says (*Memories of the Mutiny*, vol. i. p. 108) "one must doubt whether the Nana Sahib was as guilty of complicity in the murders of our women and children as he is generally believed to have been. I am rather of opinion that his hand, though guilty, was forced by his more bloodthirsty followers"; and Mr. G. W. Sherer remarks (*Ib.* p. 220) that "of his individual influence there seems no trace throughout . . . the stolid, discontented figure of the Nana himself remains in the background, rejoicing doubtless in the success of the treachery, and gladly consenting probably to the cruelty; but inanimate, incapable of original ideas." It will be seen that both Colonel Maude and Mr. Sherer admit the complicity of the Nana in the massacres: but whether his brain was as active as the brains of his counsellors in devising revenge will never be known. That he took an active part in preparing for the massacre at the Ganges is attested by Nánakchand (*Journal*, p. xix.) and by several independent witnesses (*Depositions*, pp. 13, 16, 86-7, 96, 99). Nánakchand (p. xxvi.) and several other natives and Eurasians whose depositions were taken under the direction of Colonel Williams (*Depositions*, pp. 8, 14, 17, 107-9) charged him with having issued orders for the final massacre of July 15, two of them adding that he threatened to punish the sepoys who declined to execute the order; another (*Ib.* pp. 57-8) stated that the massacre "was concerted at the Nana's residence"; and another (*Ib.* p. 113) that the order was given by Tántia Topi and Bába Bhut, who were in his compound. Whether he actually gave the order or merely allowed or directed his counsellors to give it, will never be known and does not matter. Nánakchand represents him as pre-eminent among his advisers, Bála, Bába Bhut, Azimulla, and Joála Parshád. After re-reading the Journal

and the Depositions, I feel little doubt not only of his acquiescence but also of his active complicity in the massacres.

Mr. Forbes-Mitchell (*Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*, 1893, p. 191) says that one Mahomed Ali Khan told him that the Nana "intended to have spared the women and children (who were massacred on the 15th of July), but they had an enemy in his zenana . . . and there were many about the Nana . . . who wished to see him so irretrievably implicated in rebellion that there would be no possibility for him to draw back. So this woman was powerfully supported in her evil counsel, and obtained permission to have the English ladies killed ; and after the sepoys of the 6th Native Infantry and the Nana's own guard had refused to do the work, this woman went and procured the wretches who did it." This information, said Mahomed Ali Khan, "I have from Tántia Topi." As Mr. Forbes-Mitchell remarks, "something about this slave-girl was said in the native evidence collected at the time." According to the eye-witnesses, she accompanied and directed the butchers and others who massacred the women and children on the 15th of July. See *Depositions*, pp. 8, 14, 17.

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# APPENDIX H

## The Dismissal of the Lucknow Sepoys to their Homes at the Instance of Martin Gubbins

There are several versions of this affair. Lieutenant (now Lieutenant-General) Innes, wrote :—

> Gubbins forthwith began to give effect to his own policy of disarming and dispensing with all sepoy aid. Step by step he continued to carry it out ; till, at length, all the Poorbeahs . . . gave up their arms at the bidding of their own officers, and were started homewards with their furlough tickets. This was too much for Sir Henry. He dissolved the Council, and on the 12th resumed the active duties of Government . . . . and, sending messengers after the sepoys who had left, had the satisfaction of seeing numbers return to their post, with tokens of delight, the honesty of which was verified by their loyalty during the siege.—MS. Memo., quoted in *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 588.

It should seem that George Couper, Sir Henry's secretary, and Captain T. F. Wilson supported Innes's view in a conversation which they had some years afterwards with Sir John Kaye. *Hist. of the Sepoy War*, vol. iii. p. 499, note.

Colonel Edgell wrote:—

At last, during Sir Henry's illness, in June, when a Council . . . . were acting for him, it was determined to send away all who would be induced to go, on leave. Sir Henry, on resuming the direction of affairs a few days afterwards, approved; and the native brigade was reduced to about 500 men. —MS. Memo., quoted in *Life of Sir H. Lawrence*, p. 589.

Gubbins himself, saying nothing of the view which Lawrence took of his action, wrote:—

About 350 sepoys were allowed (by the Council) to remain.—*The Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 148.

Colonel Edgell's statement that Lawrence "approved" the action of the Council is hardly reconcileable with Innes's account: but Colonel Edgell may have assumed that Lawrence approved, because he did not, perhaps, hear that he expressed disapproval. That the Council allowed 350 men to remain, is certain. On the other hand, I do not feel justified in rejecting Innes's account, supported as it appears to be by Wilson and Couper. Therefore I conclude provisionally that the 350 men were reinforced by others who were induced to return.

General Innes says (*Lucknow and Oude*, etc., p. 92) that the action of the Council caused the mutiny of the military police. Now the cavalry of the police mutinied on the night of June 11; and the order of the Council was not communicated to the sepoys until the morning of June 12. How then could the action of the Council have caused the Mutiny?

# APPENDIX I

## The Battle of Chinhat

The statement on page 264,—"but Colonel Case of the 32nd . . . protested emphatically that the men were unfit to go into action,"—is made primarily on the authority of General Innes, who was told by Assistant-Surgeon (now Surgeon-General) Partridge and Lieutenant (now Major-General) Cook, that they heard Colonel Case address a protest to Brigadier Inglis against the advance of the troops. "I recollect," writes Surgeon-General Partridge to me, "that a strong protest was raised against making any further advance, though I cannot positively say by whom"; and he adds that, having been asked for his professional opinion, he replied that he "believed there

would be considerable risk" to the British troops if they advanced. General Cook recollects, so he writes to me, that Colonel Case expressed his disapproval of a further advance: but he cannot say positively that he did so at the moment when Birch spoke to Inglis. Doubtless General Cook and Surgeon-General Partridge spoke to General Innes when the facts were fresh in their recollection. In a second letter Surgeon-General Innes writes, "I have no hesitation in saying that the protest alluded to in my letter was made . . . in response to the question put by Lieut. Birch. I cannot state positively that the protest was made by Colonel Case, but I should think there could be very little doubt that it was, as he was then in command of the 32nd, and his protest must necessarily have been addressed to Colonel Inglis." The important point is that both Case and Partridge did protest against an unwise step.

Colonel Malleson says (vol. i. p. 423) regarding the battle of Chinhat, that, while Lawrence "fought a battle in which victory would have been decisive, he lost nothing by defeat," and (pp. 427-8) that "the crisis would have equally come had there been no battle." What is certain is that by defeat Lawrence lost one hundred and fifteen British soldiers, who were killed in the action and the retreat, and that, as Captain Wilson remarked (*Diary of a Staff Officer*, p. 47), "that unfortunate day of Chinhât precipitated everything . . . . People had made no arrangements for provisioning themselves," etc.

History has dealt very tenderly with Henry Lawrence in this matter, because he was Henry Lawrence,—because his services had been invaluable and everybody loved him.

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# APPENDIX J

## Lieutenant Havelock and the Victoria Cross

It is well known that the officers of the 64th regiment were greatly irritated by Havelock's having recommended his son for the Victoria Cross, on account of his having led the regiment in the final advance which won the battle of Cawnpore. Much ink has been wasted in discussing the subject by writers who were ignorant of the essential facts. Mr. Archibald Forbes, who devotes four pages (171-5) of his short biography of Havelock to an elaborate examination of the case, finds Havelock guilty of a "serious error of judgment"; while Mr.

J. W. Sherer, good-naturedly anxious to please everybody, tells a story (*Memories of the Mutiny*, vol. i. pp. 212-13) of which the only defect is that it is purely apocryphal. The facts were these. Major Stirling, who commanded the 64th, had dismounted early in the battle, and was on foot when the order was given for the final advance. The 64th was the leading regiment. The men had to advance through high crops; and their leader, not being mounted, had no influence on their advance. The regiment had not moved more than four hundred yards when Stirling was grazed on the left shoulder, and immediately went to the rear. Lieutenant Havelock asked the three senior officers of the regiment to take Stirling's place. All three declined, saying that it was not their duty to do so. Thereupon Havelock seeing that the men needed the example of a mounted officer, walked his horse at their head until the enemy's big gun was captured. Stirling then returned from the rear, and vented his anger upon Havelock for having taken his place. A narrative of these facts was published in the *Broad Arrow* of Feb. 24, 1894, pp. 256-7. It has never been contradicted, and it is, I happen to know, incontrovertible.

As the writer in the *Broad Arrow* truly remarks, "For the supreme effort from our tired soldiers some personal and visible example was essential . . . . The supremely critical situation demanded prompt and unconventional action."

It is only fair to add that, although the men laughed at Stirling when he returned from the rear, he behaved, as Sir Henry Havelock-Allan has told me, with the greatest gallantry at Lucknow. Owing probably to the fierce sun, he was not himself in the battle of Cawnpore.

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## APPENDIX K

### The Operations of the 25th of September, 1857

General Innes says (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 219) that Havelock "gave his consent, though with reluctance," to Outram's proposal to advance by way of the Charbagh bridge, "as he believed that all could go on by No. 4,"—that is to say, by the Trans-Gúmti route,—"except perhaps the heavy guns." On the other hand, Marshman says (*Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock*, p. 409) that "after a reconnaissance, made under the direction of Sir James Outram on the 24th, it was reported to be absolutely impossible to move even the light

field pieces across the country." The discrepancy is material. Sir H. M. Havelock-Allan, whom I asked for information, wrote to me in reply, "I cannot say that either the statement of Marshman, which you quote, or that of General Innes is absolutely correct all through. My father was always of opinion that No. 4, viz. the 'Trans-Goomtee,' route was the one that ought to be followed, but he desired to take the heavy guns with us. On the 24th Sept., a reconnaissance was made by Colonel Napier (afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala), who reported that the flooded state of the ground would not admit of the heavy guns going across country. . . . I do not consider that my father had any option in the matter, as, though Sir James Outram had nominally resigned the command to my father, he still continued to give all the orders; and I, as D.A.A.G., actually took the orders for the advance on the 25th down in writing from Sir James Outram's dictation. . . . My father always continued in the belief that we ought to have gone by Route No. 4; and I think so now, even if we had left the heavy guns behind. Half the loss would have been avoided." General Sir William Olpherts, who believes that it would have been a mistake to adopt Route No. 4, tells me that he is nevertheless absolutely certain that the horsed field-battery could have gone by that route. See also Maude and Sherer's *Memories of the Mutiny*, vol. ii. pp. 307-11.

Regarding the vexed question of the discussion which took place between Outram and Havelock as to whether the force should halt for the night near the Chattar Manzil or push on at once through the streets to the Residency, General Innes says (p. 223) that Outram "urged a further halt (by which, as his written statement shows, he meant only a *short* halt), while seeing with Moorsom whether there was not really a practicable route through the Chutter Munzil. But Havelock, as his official report states, thought he meant a halt *for the night*, and to this he demurred." Now "short" is a relative and vague term. Here is Outram's written statement. Writing on the 2nd of January, 1858, to the Commander-in-Chief, he says (*General Orders, Despatches and Correspondence*,—printed for private circulation only, 1860, p. 18), "I proposed a halt of only a few hours' duration, in order to enable the rear-guard . . . to come up," etc. Surely a halt of "a few hours' duration," beginning at dusk, is, for all practical purposes, a halt for the night. Outram himself certainly did not think that Havelock had misunderstood him; for he says (*Ib.* p. 20) "I am sure that if he were alive, he would at once assent to the correctness of what I have stated."

There can be no doubt that Havelock, although it would perhaps have been better if he had waited a few minutes longer for Moorsom's return, was right in insisting upon an immediate advance; and that

if he had yielded to Outram's proposal to halt for "a few hours," the result would have been disastrous. "An officer of the beleaguered garrison" asserted indeed (*Ib.* pp. 20-22) that the enemy had "not been able to obtain possession of" the courts and gardens of the palaces, through which Outram desired to advance on the following morning to the Residency; and that those courts and palaces, "once occupied, could have been retained as long as was necessary." But at dusk on the evening of the 25th the enemy were actually in those courts and palaces (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 225, and personal information from General Innes). Is it not, I asked General Innes, reasonable to assume that if the proposed halt of "a few hours" had taken place, the enemy would have utilised the delay by occupying the palaces in overwhelming strength? "Certainly," he replied; "and this was Havelock's point." Among the rebel leaders on the 25th was the notorious "Trimmer," Raja Mán Singh. Speaking of what would have happened if the British had halted for "a few hours," he said "I would have destroyed them."

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# APPENDIX L

## DID JOHN LAWRENCE SEND THE MOVEABLE COLUMN TO DELHI UNDER PRESSURE FROM HIS MILITARY SECRETARY?

GENERAL INNES says (*The Sepoy Revolt*, p. 139) that while the Moveable Column was still in the Punjab, "Sir John was saying that he . . . could not spare and would not send another man to Delhi. Mr. Montgomery in vain urged him to send Nicholson's column; but after he had given up expostulating with him about it, Macpherson . . . continued pressing it . . . till at last Sir John . . . yielded to his importunity, and allowed Nicholson and his column to go forward to Delhi." On the other hand, Mr. Bosworth Smith says (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, 6th ed. vol. ii. p. 56) that after the departure from the Punjab of the reinforcements which reached Delhi between the 26th of June and the 3rd of July (Forrest's *Selections from State Papers*, vol. i. p. 448), "a demand came from General Reed for the Moveable Column itself. This demand John Lawrence could not grant as yet. . . . On the presence of the Moveable Column in the Punjab at that moment depended, he knew well, not only the general protection of the country, but the overawing of some six or seven Poorbea regiments

which he had not yet found it advisable or possible to deprive of their arms. When once they had been disarmed he would send the Moveable Column . . . to Delhi also." General Innes also says (p. 139) that Edwardes "ceaselessly and vehemently urged" Lawrence to send reinforcements to Delhi: but on the 30th of June Edwardes wrote to Lawrence (Bosworth Smith, vol. ii. p. 54), "You have indeed denuded the Punjab to an anxious extent to help General Reed, and my earnest advice to you is to send not a man more." See also *Memorials of the Life and Letters of Major-General Sir Herbert Edwardes*, vol. ii. p. 21, and *Punjab Mutiny Report*, pp. 14-15, pars. 38-40.

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## APPENDIX M

### The Assault of Delhi

P. 372. "The fourth, under Major Reid . . . Kábul gate." According to the original plan of attack, Reid was to enter the city by the Lahore gate: but he pointed out to Wilson that to do this would be impossible; and the plan was accordingly modified. See Forrest's *Selections*, vol. i. pp. 373, 471; Kaye, vol. iii. p. 605, note; and Malleson, vol. ii. p. 28, note.

P. 376. "Jones fancying that . . . . orders to do so." Kaye (vol. iii. p. 632) makes a statement identical in substance with this, and which, so far as I know, has never been contradicted. An officer who served on the Headquarters Staff has informed me that a report to the same effect was current in the British camp, but will not vouch for its accuracy. Another officer, late of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who served with the first column, has written to tell me that he himself, a brother officer, and a few men reached the Lahore bastion, remained there a few minutes, and were then ordered to return. Possibly this is the incident to which Kaye refers. I ought to say that the officer himself believes that the order was judicious. He believes that, if it had not been given, he and his party might have been cut off from communication with the Kashmír gate, and exposed to a destructive fire from the enemy, when the latter returned from the retreat which they had begun (p. 376), and occupied the houses near the Lahore bastion. I venture to differ from him. I believe that, as he admits might have been the case, the mutineers, being Asiatics, would have been cowed

by the sudden seizure of the Lahore bastion, and would not have dared to return from the retreat which they had begun; and I believe that the fatal attack on the Lahore bastion would have been prevented. [When I wrote the original draft of the foregoing paragraph, I had not seen a statement by Colonel E. Greathed, who commanded the 8th Queen's Regiment, which formed a part of Jones's column. He says that after the column reached the Kábul gate, he "went back . . . to see that the gates and bastions were occupied." "After being absent about an hour," he continues, "I returned and found that Brigadier Jones had gone on again, thinking he had stopped at the wrong gate. He was on the point of taking the Lahore gate and bastion when he found he had gone too far and came back again. This was unlucky." *Memorials of Gen. Sir E. H. Greathed, K.C.B.*, 1885, p. 61, by Lieut.-Gen. A. C. Robertson, C.B.]

P. 378. Attack on the Lahore bastion. The authority to whom I have referred on p. 379, note, took part, I am nearly sure, in the attack on the Lahore bastion. But, according to a MS. Memo., written in this year (1883) by an officer late of the 1st Bengal Fusiliers, who also took part in the attack, the houses on the left of the lane were merely mud huts, and "no fire was kept up from any point *in the lane*, but from the end of it, where the enemy had taken up positions in windows commanding its whole length." If the officer is right, "the low houses on the left," of which I have spoken, must have stood apart from and on the city side of the lane, and my statement (made on the authority of the writer in *Blackwood*) that "the enemy's sharpshooters" fired from "behind the parapets of the bastions," is incorrect. [My statement, that sharpshooters fired from houses on the city side of the lane, is confirmed by Lieut.-Col. P. R. Innes, *Hist. of the Bengal European Regiment*, 1885, p. 480.]

The writer of the Memo. also says, "it was generally reported that his (Nicholson's) own wish was to keep his troops in hand until the advance of the corresponding columns should draw off some of the enemy who were . . . barring his progress; but it is uncertain whether Nicholson received an order to advance, or whether, as was generally reported, he yielded to the advice of an officer." On the other hand, Malleson (vol. ii. p. 45) says that Seymour Blane (Nicholson's brigade-major) and Major Jacob tried to dissuade Nicholson from advancing, but that he persisted, notwithstanding their advice, in doing so. [Sir Seymour Blane, writing to me, confirms this statement.]

P. 381. "Wilson petulantly spoke . . . holding on." In the *Fortnightly Review*, for April, 1883, p. 544, Sir H. Norman says: "It is alleged (by Mr. Bosworth Smith), that he (Wilson), then became so nervous 'as to propose to withdraw the guns, fall back on the camp, and wait for reinforcements there.' I do not believe this story." The

story is, notwithstanding, at least substantially true. I believe that any one will be convinced of its truth who will refer to Kaye, vol. iii. pp. 617-18 and note, and to Malleson, vol. iii. pp. 55-7 and note. But I possess additional MS. evidence which proves the truth of the story beyond the shadow of a doubt. On Sept. 14, Neville Chamberlain received a letter from Wilson, which he understood as implying that Wilson thought of withdrawing the troops from the city. Chamberlain answered the letter in such a way as to show that he understood it in this sense ; and Wilson never repudiated his conclusions. The purport of Chamberlain's reply was, that Wilson had no alternative but to hold the town until the fall of the last man ; that the mutineers must have been greatly demoralised by the loss of defences which they had long held, and of many of their guns ; and that, if Wilson persevered, he would surely succeed. Baird Smith distinctly told Chamberlain that Wilson had thought about retiring. Moreover, it was commonly reported at the time that Wilson had also consulted Major Brind, and that Brind had replied that God had favoured us thus far, and would not desert us. [See also Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. pp. 233-7, and Col. H. M. Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith.*]

Sir H. Norman's article contains an elaborate defence of Wilson. Independently of the remarks which I have already quoted, the substance of his defence amounts to this, that, in spite of wretched health, Wilson did his best, and that, considering his circumstances, it is no wonder if he desponded. That he did his best has never been denied, but does not prove him to have been an able general. That he desponded is certainly not wonderful : but, as Baird Smith and others whose health was as bad as his did not despond, it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that he was less stout of heart than they.

P. 381. "The debauch of Sept. 15." Sir H. Norman, in the article (p. 539) to which I have already referred, says : "compared even to our diminished strength, the number who thus (by drinking) incapacitated themselves were *a mere fraction.*" (The italics are mine.) Sir Henry, however, is speaking, as I understand, of September 14. I do not think that what I have stated in the text is an exaggeration ; for almost every one who has written about the siege has dwelt emphatically upon the drunkenness which prevailed ; and some speak of it as having extended to large numbers of the troops. See Medley, p. 113 ; Seaton, vol. ii. p. 220 ; Bourchier, pp. 69, 70 ; Cave-Browne, vol. ii. pp. 186-7 ; *History of the Siege of Delhi*, by an Officer who served there, pp. 253-5 ; Rotton, p. 303 ; Major O. Anson's *With H.M. 9th Lancers during the Indian Mutiny*, pp. 151-2 ; Col. A. R. D. Mackenzie's *Mutiny Memoirs*, p. 96, etc., and especially a letter from Wilson himself, quoted by Kaye, vol. iii. p. 621.

# APPENDIX N

## Hodson of Hodson's Horse

Those who may wish to test the fidelity of my portrait of Hodson, whose character has been the subject of so much controversy, are referred to my article on "Hodson of Hodson's Horse" (*National Review*, Aug. 1884, and *Four Famous Soldiers*, 1889), to the Appendix to the sixth edition of Mr. Bosworth Smith's *Life of Lord Lawrence*, to Mr. Hodson's *Vindication* in his *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, and finally to my "Last Words on Hodson of Hodson's Horse" (*English Historical Review*, Jan. 1892). That article was written with the purpose of proving that certain statements in my biography of Hodson, which had been challenged by Mr. George Hodson in the cheap edition of his *Hodson of Hodson's Horse* (1889), by Hodson's brother-in-law, Dr. Luard, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xxvii., and by writers in the *Saturday Review* (8 June, 1889) and *Athenæum* (31 Aug. and 21 Sept. 1889), were true. I reprint here so much of it as is necessary to prove the truth of what I have said on pp. 383-5 of this book.

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To begin with, I am obliged to say that I regard the mere testimony of Hodson himself, on all matters connected with the charges that have been brought against him, as absolutely worthless. I make this statement deliberately because I can prove that he was several times guilty of falsehood. For instance, Mr. Hodson (p. xxiv.) tells us that his brother complained "that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts" for inspection by the court of inquiry before which he was summoned to appear at Peshawar in 1854. But General Reynell Taylor[1] testifies that he had the opportunity. General Crawford Chamberlain,[2] the sole surviving member of the court, writes: "He had repeated opportunities, and he over and over again thanked the court for its latitude and attention! He once asked for and got fourteen days' law to make up his accounts, and when he produced his account current, Turner saw in five minutes

[1] *Life* by E. Gambier Parry, p. 215.
[2] Now (1897) Sir Crawford Chamberlain, G.C.I.E.

that items had been wrongly debited and credited to square up."[1] General Godby, who was examined by the court, has also testified to the care with which it examined the accounts.[2] Again, writing on 30 Sept. 1857 to General Wilson, Hodson says: "To the best of my memory and belief, I have neither acted without orders, nor protected any one without permission."[3] But, as I have already shown (*Athenæum*, 21 Sept. 1889) and shall show again in this paper, Sir Donald Stewart and the late Mr. C. B. Saunders both *saw* an unauthorised guarantee of safety, attested by Hodson's signature, which he had given to the Queen of Delhi before the royal family left the palace; and it was afterwards discovered by Mr. Saunders[4] that he had given similar guarantees to some of the greatest criminals in Delhi. Another instance is related by General Crawford Chamberlain.[5]

The Chief Commissioner [he says] had called for a return of all men discharged from the Guides, and the reasons thereof, since Hodson assumed command. He prepared it himself and despatched it. It was returned for the Adjutant's signature. He refused to sign it as incorrect, but ultimately did so. After Hodson's explanations, the Court called up Lieutenant and Adjutant Turner. He pleaded entire irresponsibility for papers prepared under his commanding officer's personal supervision, and declared that all he had to do was to obey his orders, to sign *all* papers brought to him for the purpose. Hodson denied this statement *absolutely*. Lieutenant Turner insisted on its truth, and, leisurely searching first in one trouser pocket, and then in another fruitlessly, twisted his pouch-belt round, and, taking from it a note, handed it to Colonel Craigie. Hodson was obliged to admit the authenticity of the letter.

Finally, the court of inquiry record "that from the commencement of their sittings some months ago, up to this day, Lieutenant Hodson's statements have abounded in subterfuge, and they cannot too strongly condemn the same."[6] . . . . . . . . . .

## II.

Of all the questions connected with Hodson's career the most complicated is that relating to the court of inquiry which investigated certain charges brought against him as commandant of the Guides. The reasons which led the Commander-in-Chief to order this inquiry are fully described on pp. 188-9 of *Four Famous Soldiers*, and are also noticed in a letter[7] written by the sole surviving member of the

[1] *Four Famous Soldiers*, p. 192, note.
[2] Manuscript memorandum by General C. Chamberlain.
[3] *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. xxxiii.
[4] *Life of Lord Lawrence* (Sixth Edition), ii. 156. This is the edition to which I shall refer throughout this paper.
[5] *Ib.* p. 513. [6] *Ib.* p. 515. [7] *Ib.* p. 511.

Court. After showing how Hodson made himself unpopular in the regiment, my account proceeds :—

As time passed, the officers and many of the men who remained came to suspect him of misappropriating public monies which passed through his hands. These suspicions were soon confirmed. An officer, returning after leave of absence, asked for his pay, which had fallen into arrear. Hodson coolly replied that he had spent it. Naturally indignant, the officer threatened to expose him unless he refunded the money within twenty-four hours. Driven to his wits' ends, Hodson sent to Peshawar, and asked the banker of a native regiment to lend him the required amount.[1] The banker refused to do so unless Hodson found a surety ; whereupon an officer called Bisharut Ali, belonging to the same regiment, generously offered to undertake the responsibility. Thus Hodson was saved from immediate exposure. At length, however, he received an order from the Punjab Government to furnish a return of all the men whom he had discharged from the regiment, and to state the reasons which had led him to discharge them. He drew out the required document in his own handwriting, forwarded it to the Government, and then left Mardan on leave. During his absence, the document was sent back to the officer who was temporarily commanding the regiment, with a request that the Adjutant's signature should be affixed to it. The Adjutant refused to affix his signature, on the ground that certain statements in the document were untrue.[2] The result was that, towards the end of the year, Hodson was summoned, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, to appear before a Court of Enquiry at Mardan. . . . A short time before the enquiry began, Hodson went to the quarters of one of his subalterns, and asked him in whose favour he intended to give evidence. The subaltern replied that he hoped he should not be called upon to give evidence at all ; but that, if he were, he should simply give truthful answers to such questions as might be put to him. "Oh yes !" rejoined Hodson, "of course we must all tell the truth ; but there are different ways of doing it. At all events, if I find myself falling, I shall drag you with me ; so I give you warning."[3]

The heads of charges inquired into by the court were (1) misunderstanding between Lieutenant Hodson and Lieutenant Turner ; (2) complaint of Nujjuf Ali, moonshee ; (3) complaint of Khalikdad Khan of foul language ; (4) complaint of Khoorhan Ali, jemadar, of abusive language ; (5) claim of Azeem Ali for camel hire ; (6) claim of a Bunya, Sowars, etc. etc. ; (7) confusion in accounts and records.[4]

The court was composed of officers of various regiments quite unconnected with the Guides. General Crawford Chamberlain, the sole surviving member, has described his colleagues individually.[5] They were, as he testifies, "specially selected so as to give Hodson an im-

[1] Stated on the authority of the officer himself. See also *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 517.

[2] Stated on the authority of a letter in my possession from the officer who asked the adjutant for his signature. See also a letter from Gen. Chamberlain, published in *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 513.

[3] Stated on the authority of the subaltern himself.

[4] Paper received by Mr. Bosworth Smith from the Government of India (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 512, note).

[5] *Ib.* p. 512.

partial and patient hearing." "I can answer for it," he continues, "that no officer was ever subject to a less biassed or prejudiced court than he was, for he came before it with the fullest sympathy of all of us, and received every consideration throughout, even friendly advice when essential to him." And, in a letter to me, he writes: "When the court of inquiry was ordered, and my name published as junior member, both Hodson and his wife rode up to my house to offer their perfect satisfaction at my nomination.

The court sat for several weeks, minutely investigated Hodson's account-books, and cross-examined a number of witnesses. After sending in its report of the proceedings, it was ordered by the Government of India to record a verdict upon each heading of the inquiry.[1] The verdict was unfavourable to Hodson; and Lord Dalhousie, in a minute dated 15 Sept. 1855, expressed his full concurrence in it.[2] In the previous month Major Reynell Taylor, who had succeeded Hodson in the command of the Guides, had been ordered, as he himself says, "to examine and report upon the state of the regimental accounts." In this examination he was assisted by Hodson himself, and by no one else;[3] and the conclusion at which he arrived was that the accounts showed "numerous irregularities, but no actual improprieties in the management."[4]

Mr. Hodson's contention is that his brother "appealed against the verdict of the court of inquiry on the ground that it had been given on *ex parte* evidence, and that he had not had the opportunity of producing his accounts"; that Reynell Taylor, "after a patient and minute investigation, drew up a report completely vindicating Lieutenant Hodson on all the charges"; and that Taylor's report was adopted by the Government of India (apparently in 1858) as satisfactory.[5] He also tells us, on the authority of the Rev. C. Sloggett, that Colonel Keith Young, who had been one of the members of the court of inquiry, after reading a statement which Hodson "had drawn

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 512-14. [2] *Ib.* pp. 515-16.

[3] He was nominally assisted by Lieutenant (now Major-General) Godby also, but only nominally, as the following extract from a manuscript memorandum by General Chamberlain proves:—Question (by Gen. Chamberlain).—"Did you see the result of such inquiries?" Answer (by Gen. Godby).—"As the C. O. was satisfied, I did not look into it much, but I saw Taylor's remarks; and, as he as C. O. was satisfied, I agreed." Q.—"Did you see the accounts when cleared up?" A.—"No. That is, I did not examine them, but I saw them." In another place General Godby writes: "After it was over, Taylor said he was satisfied, and asked me what I thought. Now, I, although there, did not look into the accounts myself, and, as Taylor was satisfied as C. O., I agreed, looking upon it as a part of the overhaul of regimental accounts by one officer making over charge to another."

[4] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 517 (Letter from Reynell Taylor); *Life of Reynell Taylor*, p. 217.

[5] *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. xxiv., xxvi.

up, embodying Major Taylor's report," was "much impressed by it," and "became one of Hodson's warmest friends."[1] Finally he adduces the testimony of the late Lord Napier of Magdala. I quote the passages that appear to strengthen Hodson's case. A letter dated March 1856 contains these words: "On reading a copy of the proceedings (of the court) I perceived at once that the whole case lay in the correctness of his regimental accounts," and "the result of Major Taylor's laborious and patient investigation of Lieutenant Hodson's regimental accounts has fully justified, but has not at all added to, the confidence that I have throughout maintained in the honour and uprightness of his conduct." In a second letter (undated) Lord Napier says: "When it is remembered that on his being suspended, notice was given to every complainant to come forward against him, any one who knows the material contained in the Guides knows that there were men who might have had enmity to gratify, or hope of positive advantage in bringing accusations before the court of inquiry." And, in a letter dated 2 July 1889, he attempts to show that the money which Hodson took from the regimental chest of the Guides was taken solely to defray the cost of a fortified cantonment which he was building at Hoti Mardán: "Hodson informed me that he advanced money from the regimental chest. There was difficulty and delay in getting the money from the civil department, and the pay of the Guides became overdue, there being no money in the regimental chest. Those hostile to your brother immediately assumed a defalcation."[2]

Now Mr. Hodson's version of the facts, which I have given in his own words, contains at least two very gross misstatements,—misstatements which he persists in making, or else with unpardonable carelessness allows to remain uncorrected, although since 1883, when they were first made, they have been flatly contradicted by the testimony of Reynell Taylor himself! His way of putting the case would create the impression that his brother formally appealed against the finding of the court of inquiry: that Taylor was directed to revise that finding; and that he reversed it by a favourable verdict of his own. But this impression would be absolutely erroneous. First of all, Hodson did *not* appeal against the verdict of the court. One proof of this is that that verdict was not made public until 15 Sept. 1855,[3] and that Taylor had begun his inquiry, or had undertaken it, in the preceding month.[4] What Hodson did was to assert that he could "render account of the regimental chest if government would arrange for its hearing";[5] and, according to his own account, he had been

[1] *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. xxvi.-xxvii.
[2] *Ib.* pp. 126, lxiv.-lxvi.
[3] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 516.
[4] *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. 128-9.
[5] *Life of Reynell Taylor*, p. 215.

doing this for months before August 1855,—that is to say for months before the verdict of the court was made known.[1] Moreover, to any one who knows anything of affairs the notion that a subordinate government,—the government of the Punjab,—would direct a single regimental officer to revise the finding of a court of inquiry already endorsed by a supreme government, is simply ludicrous. If Mr. Hodson disputes this, Taylor's own words shall refute him. Not only was Taylor necessarily ignorant of the (then unpublished) verdict of the court: he had not even seen the court's proceedings. In a letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith[2] he speaks of "a voluntary committee" of himself, Lieutenant Godby, and Hodson.[3] "I did not," he writes, "see or go through the evidence laid before the court of inquiry. I did not, to the best of my recollection, see the court's report . . . *I had no power to revise any finding of theirs.* I was merely ordered to examine and report on the state of the regimental accounts." Yet Mr. Hodson speaks of Taylor's report as "completely vindicating Lieutenant Hodson on all the charges"! He will not believe his own witness. He entirely ignores, or rather he implicitly denies, the fact which the foregoing extract clearly proves, that Taylor's inquiry *had nothing to do with anything except accounts*,[4] and left the adverse verdict of the court on the remaining counts completely intact.

The issue then is narrowed to this: Was Taylor's favourable verdict regarding the accounts justified by the facts? Now it was absolutely impossible for Taylor or for any one else to come to any satisfactory conclusion about the accounts by examining the account-books alone. For part of the evidence that had been recorded before the court related to the accounts; and of this evidence Taylor, on his own showing, saw nothing. There was, for instance, as I shall presently show, a false entry in one of the account-books, relating to a pecuniary claim which had been established against Hodson before the court I shall also show that, if Hodson was able to make Taylor believe that "there were no actual improprieties in the management" of his

[1] See *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, p. 129.

[2] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 517.

[3] "I understood," writes General Godby, who held temporary command of the Guides before Taylor succeeded to the post of commandant, "I understood that Taylor, in taking command, thought it his duty to make himself acquainted with everything connected with the regiment, and amongst other things with the accounts, which was only what is expected from every one succeeding to a command. Whether he first got the sanction (this is not the same as an order) of the Punjab government or not, I don't know; but he got Hodson to come to Murdan with his accounts, and prompted by the noble idea of doing his utmost to exculpate Hodson, he set to work, as I thought, for his own satisfaction as commanding the regiment."

[4] See also an extract from a letter of General R. Taylor to Mr. Bosworth Smith (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 511, note).

accounts, it was partly because he had privately borrowed large sums to make up the deficiency in the regimental treasure chest which his own malversation had caused. In a word, although, as Taylor has told us, he had nothing to do with any of the charges brought before the court, the question of the correctness of the accounts was inextricably bound up with the evidence relating to the pecuniary claims that had been established against Hodson ; and of that evidence Taylor says that he knew nothing.

First of all, it is important to state what the finding of the court on this matter really was. It did not commit itself, in so many words, to the judgement that Hodson was guilty of fraud. "The court," writes General Chamberlain to me, "was very guarded in its language." "I don't suppose," writes the same authority, "that Lord D. nor Sir J. L. did actually consider 'peculation' proved direct and absolute,—but next door to it." The court stated that the system for which Hodson was responsible was "calculated to screen peculation and fraud;" and it stated that, from the commencement of its sittings, his statements had "abounded in subterfuge," which it "could not too strongly condemn."[1]

But, although the court expressed itself so guardedly, there still remains evidence of an instance in which it was proved that Hodson had defrauded one of his native officers. "Amongst the many complaints," writes General Chamberlain,[2] "there was one by a duffadar of the Guides to the effect that he had not received payment for a horse upon the terms agreed. I do not remember whether there had been a change of horses between Hodson and the duffadar, but anyhow there was a monetary transaction, and when the account-book came to be examined, it was found that the item had been tampered with. Now R. Taylor may have seen many erasures and alterations in the account-books, and this item amongst them, but *unless he had knowledge of attendant circumstances, he knew little. . . . Hodson's explanation was unsatisfactory*, and the court considered the claim established." There were various other claims against him, which, in order to prevent their being investigated by the court, he settled by privately borrowing money.[3] "When they came up for hearing," says General Chamberlain in another letter, "a verdict was entered, 'Settled out of court.'" It is needless to say that Hodson would not have borrowed money privately to satisfy claims if he had spent the money that would have otherwise gone to satisfy them on the public service. Then there is

[1] Lord Dalhousie's *Minute* of 15 Sept. 1855 (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 515).

[2] *Four Famous Soldiers*, p. 192, note.

[3] Letter to me from General Chamberlain, and *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 517. "They were all," writes General Chamberlain, "*official* claims, which ought to have been settled up by drawing the money from the regimental chest."

General Chamberlain's statement that, after he had been allowed a fortnight's grace to make up his accounts, a cursory examination showed that "items had been wrongly debited and credited to square up." Moreover, it has since been conclusively proved that he was guilty of another act of malversation which did not come under the notice of the court at all. I have already related that, some time before Hodson was summoned to appear before the court of inquiry, one of his subalterns, returning to Mardán after leave of absence, asked him for his pay; that Hodson replied that he had spent it; and that the subaltern threatened to expose him unless he refunded the money within twenty-four hours. I repeat that my authority for this statement is the subaltern himself, now Major-General C. J. Godby.[1] I have also related that, on being threatened with exposure, Hodson sent to Peshawar, and obtained the money (£400 or £500) through the generous intervention of one Bisharut Ali, from the banker of a native regiment. My authorities for this statement are Major-General Godby and General C. Chamberlain, who at that time commanded the native regiment in question, and to whom the application for the loan was made. He sanctioned the loan in order to oblige Hodson: but not until 1883,—when he learned the truth from General Godby,—had he any idea what it was for.[2] So far the facts are indisputable; and Mr. Hodson has not disputed them. Indeed it is significant that he has never attempted to defend his brother from this charge at all. But he may conceivably suggest that Hodson had spent Godby's pay on public requirements! Unfortunately this suggestion would be inadmissible; for otherwise what should Hodson have had to fear from exposure? As General Chamberlain writes, "If legitimately spent for other recoverable items, why was a loan asked for?" But more than this. The money was lent to Hodson *privately*, and *stood against him as a private account* when Taylor was investigating the Guides' accounts.[3] Yet, to quote General Chamberlain, "he paid the amount to Godby as being balance of his pay and of his monies lying in the chest to his credit." "Did Hodson," says the same authority, "ever tell Taylor that he had smuggled the sum of 5000 rupees into the Treasury? And if so, *or if not*, how could his accounts be right when he had 5000 rupees more than he ought to have had?" Or, as Mr. Bosworth Smith[4] pertinently asks,

What avails it to say that the regimental chest contained at that time what it ought, and that the accounts submitted to Taylor were correct, when

[1] See also *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 517.

[2] Letter to me from General Chamberlain, and *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 513.

[3] Letter to me from General C. Chamberlain, and his printed letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith (*Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 513).

[4] *Ib.* ii. 517.

it is admitted that Hodson had been driven to borrow large sums, right and left, to make up the deficiencies? If a banker who is hard pressed appropriates the securities committed to him, on the chance of some day being able to make them good, every one knows what to call him.

Another fact, which has never been made public, is very significant. One day, while the court was at lunch, General (then Major) Chamberlain found Hodson talking to one of his accusers, and remonstrated with him for doing so. The man complained that Hodson had been trying to intimidate him; and he was accordingly placed under protection by the court.[1]

I have proved that Hodson committed an act of malversation, that a pecuniary claim against him was established in spite of his denial, and that he was obliged to borrow money to settle various other claims, and thus prevent their coming under the notice of the court. I have also proved that, by borrowing this money, he convicted himself of further malversation. It follows that the report of Reynell Taylor, who knew nothing of these things, cannot be regarded as an exculpation of Hodson. But setting aside these proofs, let me ask any unbiassed reader this question. Which is more likely to have been correct—the unanimous verdict of an impartial court, based upon the cross-examination of witnesses and the investigation of documents, and endorsed by the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Lawrence, and Lord Dalhousie, or the verdict of an individual who, by his own showing, *never saw the evidence laid before the court*, who examined no witnesses,[2] and was assisted in his inquiry by the defendant? Surely it is more probable that of the two the court was right.

I have said enough to prove my case: but I had better perhaps leave none of Mr. Hodson's pleas unanswered. Again and again he tells us that Lord Napier considered Taylor's report as a triumphant exculpation of Hodson. Well, I have proved that, for reasons of which Lord Napier could not have been aware, Taylor's report cannot, even on the question of accounts, be considered as an exculpation of Hodson; and I shall presently prove that a still higher authority than Lord Napier was dissatisfied with it. How then are we to account for Lord Napier's having been deceived? Setting aside the fact, well known to all his surviving comrades, that Lord Napier was a man who believed in a friend, once made, through thick and thin, the explanation is simply that he did not know all the circum-

[1] Manuscript memorandum and letter from General C. Chamberlain. General Godby stated last year (1890) that he remembered General Chamberlain's having mentioned this episode to him at the time; and it was, of course, chronicled in the record of the court's proceedings.

[2] "No witnesses were called, that I ever remember," writes General Godby, "except occasionally a moonshee, or native accountant, to explain or compare papers."

stances of the case. What right have you, I may be asked, to say this? Has not Lord Napier written, "On reading a copy of the proceedings, I perceived at once that the whole case lay in the correctness of his regimental accounts"? Yes, Hodson, as General Chamberlain has told me, made a copy of the proceedings. But it is difficult to believe that, if he had shown the whole to Napier, Napier would have committed himself to the astounding assertion that "the whole case lay in the correctness of his regimental accounts." Did Hodson show him the item, which he had tampered with, relating to the exchange of horses with a duffadar of the regiment? Did he tell him that he had tried to intimidate one of his subalterns before, and one of his accusers during, the inquiry? Did he reveal the "subterfuges" in which his own "statements had abounded"? But, assuming that Lord Napier *did* see the whole of the court's proceedings, what then? The conclusion is simply that he was not an impartial judge. The opinion of a private individual who disputes the summing up of a judge and the verdict of a jury does not generally carry much weight. Why then should Lord Napier's belief in his friend's innocence set aside the deliberate judgement of the court, of the Commander-in-Chief, of the Government of the Punjab, and of the Government of India? Again, what of those matters which did not come under the notice of the court? Did Hodson allow Napier to know that he had been obliged to borrow largely in order to settle various claims, for fear they should come before the court? Did he allow him to know that he had been obliged to borrow £400 or £500 in order to refund Godby his pay, which he had spent?

In a passage which I have extracted from one of his letters Lord Napier says that "on his (Hodson's) being suspended, notice was given to every complainant to come forward against him," etc. By whom? And on what authority does Lord Napier make this statement? On what authority,—except that of Hodson himself? Assuredly no such notice was given by the court. "I do not remember it," writes General Chamberlain to me, "and was staggered when I first read Lord Napier's letter." Nor by Lieutenant Godby, who, on Hodson's being suspended, took temporary command of the Guides.

As commanding the Guides at the time [he writes], I was not aware of any notice having been given to complainants to come forward against Hodson. Certainly *none* was sent from the Regimental Office. But it's more than probable that the party whose accusations were the subject of enquiry had invited the discharged men who had claims for arrears of pay to come forward and lay their demands before the Court; but of this I had no knowledge.

Certainly there was no reason why those discharged men should not come forward and claim their due. I have shown that Hodson

tacitly admitted the justice of various claims by borrowing money to satisfy them, and thus keep them out of court. Let it be remembered also that every plaint that was laid before the court was rigidly scrutinised. Yet General Chamberlain writes to me, "I do not remember one single plaint being disproved." And, he asks, why should men have accused Hodson falsely, when they knew that if detected they would be punished, and that "if he cleared himself and returned to power stronger than ever, they would have to pay for their sins"? Did Lord Napier mean that the court could not discern between false accusations and true? His plea is simply unmeaning unless it means that not the court only, but also Sir John Lawrence, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Dalhousie were either incompetent or unjust!

Lord Napier's other statement that "Hodson informed me that he advanced money from the regimental chest," to defray the expenses of building the fortified cantonment at Hoti Mardán, is equally unavailing. "I believe," writes General Chamberlain, "advances were made for the public works at Murdan: but had Hodson been able to show what had been so spent, the court could have accepted his accounts. This he could not do." Even if he had been able to do so, the proof which I have given of his having committed malversation would remain unshaken.

Again, Mr. Hodson tells us that the Government of India adopted Taylor's report as satisfactory. Perhaps: but the following extract from a letter, written by General Sir H. Daly, K.C.B., tells a different tale:—

I was appointed to the Guides on or about 7 May 1857. A few days after I had been in command, I received a file of papers (Reynell Taylor's report), with a minute from Lord Canning expressing dissatisfaction, and directing explanations on many points of Taylor's writing. This was sent to me by the Brigadier (Sir N. Chamberlain) under the authority of Sir John Lawrence. The papers I never read, but within an hour of their receipt wrote to Sir N. Chamberlain and Sir John Lawrence, stating my inability to do what was required. I took the file with me to Delhi, placing it in the secret drawer of a small desk, known only to the Adjutant and myself. After I was wounded at Delhi, the command of the Guides fell temporarily to Hodson. On the day of the storm, 14 September, I resumed command. After the fall of Delhi I was called upon to restore the file; the desk was searched; the file was missing. Hodson was asked; he replied that he knew nothing of the records during his tenure at Delhi. A few months elapsed, and the siege of Lucknow was in hand. I was with Sir W. Mansfield and Hodson, and in command of the Horse. He was brought in mortally wounded to Banks's House, where I was, and he died that night. I was at once asked by Sir W. Mansfield to take command of Hodson's Horse. I stipulated for freedom in connection with Hodson's affairs and his "commission of adjustment." This was accepted by the Commander-in-Chief, and I took command; but on the day I did so, remembering the missing file from the desk at Delhi, and having strong grounds for thinking Hodson knew, I went to an independent friend, whose tent was near, and begged him to come with me to Hodson's

tent before the assembling of the "commission of adjustment." *In Hodson's trunk the file was found.* I forwarded this to the Government officer, still living, through whom I received it, describing the discovery, and suggested that Sir J. Lawrence's sanction be asked to leave the matter in silence. Sir J. Lawrence acceded to this suggestion, and so the matter remained till 1860, when, stung by the remarks in Hodson's reminiscences, Sir John spoke to me about publishing the statement I have now made, the particulars of which are known to several still living.[1]

Now observe what Lord Napier says: "If Sir Henry Daly's memory is accurate, and your brother at the time he was asked the question denied all knowledge of these papers, I firmly believe that he spoke the truth, and that had he lived he could have explained satisfactorily how they came into his possession."[2] Lord Napier was indeed a staunch friend!

To refute Mr. Hodson is also to refute Dr. Luard, who appeals to Mr. Hodson's book as his authority. Speaking of the court of inquiry, Dr. Luard says: "Against their decision he appealed, and a second inquiry was ordered, and entrusted to Major Reynell Taylor, who reported on 13 Feb. 1856. This report fully cleared him of the imputations cast upon him. . . . But the second report was not communicated to the commander-in-chief, was laid quietly aside in some office, and no more notice taken of it."[3] These few words contain no less than three grave errors. First, as I have already proved, Hodson never appealed against the verdict of the court of inquiry. Secondly, Taylor's report only touched one of "the imputations cast upon him," and did not succeed in clearing him of that. Thirdly, it is not true that "no more notice was taken of" Taylor's report. On the contrary, that report, as I have shown on the evidence of Sir Henry Daly, was read by Lord Canning: he wrote a minute expressing dissatisfaction with it; and both minute and report were abstracted by Hodson from Daly's desk, and found in Hodson's trunk after his death. (See extract, already quoted, from Sir Henry Daly's letter to Mr. Bosworth Smith.)

To sum up. It is proved that Hodson committed malversation; that he committed what was virtually a fraud upon one of his native officers; that he was driven to borrow money in order to satisfy various claims and thus prevent their coming under the notice of the court of inquiry; that the opinion of the court was "unfavourable to him in every way"; that their verdict, confirmed by the Commander-in-Chief, by the Government of the Punjab, and by the Government of India, was never appealed against, and never reversed; that they

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 524.
[2] *Hodson of Hodson's Horse*, pp. lxvi.-lxvii.
[3] *Dictionary of National Biography*, xxvii. 75.

found that the system of accounts for which Hodson was responsible was "calculated to screen peculation and fraud"; that the accounts which Hodson could not, although he was allowed all the time that he asked for, explain to the court, he did explain to the satisfaction of Reynell Taylor; but that Reynell Taylor's report did not satisfy Lord Canning: finally, that, as Reynell Taylor examined no witnesses, never saw any record of the court's proceedings, and knew nothing of the circumstances regarding at least two important points, his report, whatever may have been its value in other respects, fails to clear Hodson of dishonourable conduct.

## III.

I now come to the notorious case of Bisharut Ali. The story, based upon information supplied to me by General Crawford Chamberlain, who learned the facts direct from eye-witnesses, is told in detail on pp. 203-5 of my *Four Famous Soldiers*. I reproduce it here.

During the earlier days of the siege, it chanced that a native, named Shahaboodeen, came to Hodson's tent, and informed him that one Bisharut Ali, an officer of the 1st Punjab Irregular Cavalry, had mutinied, and was living at his village, within a few miles of Delhi. The man added that Bisharut Ali's relatives were mutineers. Hodson at once recognised the name. Bisharut Ali was the same man who, some years before at Peshawur, when he had been in sore distress, had stood his security to enable him to borrow a sum of money from the banker of the 1st Irregular Cavalry. Shahaboodeen, too, had known Bisharut Ali before. He had formerly been a trooper in the regiment to which Bisharut Ali belonged, but had been dismissed from the service for an assault on one of his comrades; and his conviction had been founded, mainly, on evidence furnished by Bisharut Ali. He was a man of infamous character; and it was to revenge himself on Bisharut Ali for having borne witness against him that he now turned informer. The story which he told to Hodson was a deliberate invention. As a matter of fact, Bisharut Ali was a brave and honourable man; he had been sent by his commanding officer, Major Crawford Chamberlain, to his village, on sick leave; and some of his relations, who were represented by Shahaboodeen as mutineers, had never, for a single hour, been in the Government employ. But Hodson was in no mood to ask himself whether the unsupported statement of an ex-convict deserved to be regarded as evidence. . . . Taking with him a few of his horsemen, he rode off to the village; sought out Bisharut Ali's house; and, after a fierce struggle with the inmates, in which much blood was shed on both sides, established his footing within. Returning to his camp, whither Bisharut Ali had gone, he met him, and charged him with being a mutineer. Bisharut Ali indignantly denied the charge, and demanded that he should be taken to the British camp at Delhi, and there formally tried. Common justice required that Hodson should grant the request. And it might, surely, have been expected that a motive more powerful than the sense of justice would impel him to give every chance of proving his innocence to the man who had helped him in his hour of need. But the desire to destroy a supposed rebel was uppermost in his heart; and justice and gratitude, if they pleaded

at all, pleaded in vain. A hasty trial was held; and Bisharut Ali was declared guilty. Raising his carbine to his shoulder, Hodson deliberately aimed at his benefactor, and fired. The shot did not kill Bisharut Ali; and, looking Hodson full in the face, he shouted, "Had I suspected such treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being shot like a dog." The troopers fired, at Hodson's command. Bisharut Ali was slain; his nephew, a child of twelve years, was slain, clinging to the knees of another uncle; his innocent relatives were slain; and Hodson, having taken possession of his horses, his ponies, and some of his personal property, rode off to another village, to hunt down more mutineers.

Mr. Hodson pleads, in reply (pp. lxvii.-lxviii.), that, as General Chamberlain's information "must have come from natives, and presumably friends of the rebels, it may be considered as carrying about as much weight as the accounts of Mr. Balfour's 'atrocities,' to which we are all accustomed, gathered from eye-witnesses on the spot where evictions have taken place, by sympathising visitors." Observe that, by using the word "rebels," Mr. Hodson begs the whole question. He goes on to say that "it is impossible that General Chamberlain can know what evidence Hodson had of the man's guilt," and that "no one at the time doubted Bisharut Ali's guilt." Major-General Mitford, Hodson's stepson, adds that Ressaldar Hookum Singh, of Hodson's Horse, told him "that he was present with the detachment when Bisharut Ali was executed, and that he and all those with him were thoroughly satisfied that Bisharut Ali was a rebel and thoroughly deserved death." Furthermore, Major-General Mitford tells us[1] that one Ressaldar Zari Singh has stated "that he lived in the same village as Bisharut Ali and was there when the man was shot. Zari Singh was only a boy at the time, but distinctly recollects the circumstances, and has often heard them discussed since; but neither then nor subsequently did he hear any doubt cast on the justice of the punishment. Every one was convinced that Bisharut Ali was a rebel and a fomenter of rebellion."

I shall presently show that the testimony adduced by Major-General Mitford is absolutely worthless. Meanwhile I have to deal with Mr. Hodson. Nearly seven years ago, when Mr. Hodson first disputed the truth of the story of Bisharut Ali, General Crawford Chamberlain offered, through the columns of the *Daily News* (19 Jan. 1884), to furnish him with full details: but Mr. Hodson did not accept this offer! General Chamberlain shall now speak for himself. I quote from a memoir dated 19 Feb. 1884. After relating how he first heard, at Mooltan in 1857, of Bisharut Ali's execution, how staunch Bisharut's regiment had proved during the most trying months of the Mutiny, and how he told the news of his execution to his brother-in-law Burkut Ali, General Chamberlain proceeds:—

[1] *Athenæum*, 31 Aug. 1889.

His—Burkut Ali's—first remark, after hearing of his brother-in-law's death, was, "You will see that it is Shahaboodeen and Hodson Sahib who have done this. Hodson Sahib has done it to wipe out his debt,[1] and my relatives and friends are those who have suffered. But, whatever calamity has befallen them, I will be faithful to you and to the State, come what may."

General Chamberlain then relates how he tried in vain to obtain from the Government of the Punjab an account of the circumstances of Bisharut Ali's execution.

The first piece of information was gathered late in the year (1857) from an officer passing through Mooltan on his way to England. He told me that the European officers knew nothing about Bisharut Ali, but Hodson had said he knew all about him, and that he was a rebel; so he was shot. . . . In the following November I took leave to visit Delhi, then a centre of interest. Accompanied by Burkut Ali, I purposely took the route through Hurreeana, in order to visit Khurkhonda (Bisharut Ali's village), being anxious to gather there on the spot all the information I could. Hindoos and Mahomedans unanimously asserted that Bisharut Ali had never been away from the village since his arrival; that neither he nor any one else there had been in rebellion; and on the sudden and unexpected arrival of the troops, he had at once sent out milk and fruit to the camp, and gone himself by one way while Hodson and a party had entered the village by another, led, as they subsequently came to know, by one Shahaboodeen, a native of the place.

This man had formerly served in my regiment, but had forfeited the service consequent upon a sentence of imprisonment (hard labour for two years) for violence to a superior officer. The principal witness against him had been the Ressaldar, Bisharut Ali, with whom he had been in deep enmity ever since his release from jail, and upon whom he took the opportunity of the times to have his revenge. With this object in view he laid false information before the authorities at Delhi, and, bringing Hodson to the spot, succeeded in carrying out his design to his heart's content.

To return to the villagers' story. A party under Hodson's leadership was taken to a cluster of houses occupied by Bisharut Ali, his relations, and friends, where they demanded admittance. As is well known, the natives of India (and throughout the East) are scrupulously averse to admitting any one into their houses, on account of their women. They not unnaturally objected to having their houses entered by troops, and resisted when forcible entrance was attempted. Fighting ensued; lives were lost; and prisoners made. On Hodson's return to camp, Bisharut Ali was made prisoner: he asserted his innocence, and asked to be taken to Delhi to be tried, but without avail: he

[1] When I first read this remark of Burkut Ali's I was exceedingly puzzled. It was true, of course, that Hodson could have had no interested motive for sparing his surety; for if he proved insolvent and his surety died, not he, but his creditor would suffer. He had got his loan; and that was all he wanted. But neither could he have had any motive for killing his surety, as such! I asked General Chamberlain to explain. "I used the word 'security,'" he writes, "but in fact B. A. arranged the loans with my banker." He goes on to speak of 'monies lent to Bisharut Ali and by him lent to Hodson"; and in another letter he mentions the loan of 5000 rupees, "which Bisharut Ali negotiated and lent Hodson." But of course I do not wish to be understood as endorsing what Burkut Ali said.

was sentenced to be shot, and, according to the testimony of the eye-witnesses, Hodson, on seeing some hesitation on the part of the firing party, fired at Bisharut Ali himself. The latter did not fall at once, but said, "If I had expected this treachery, I would have fought it out instead of being killed like a dog." His throat was cut as he lay on the ground.

With respect to Burkut Ali's brother, Surufraz Ali, the villagers asserted that they made the most strenuous efforts to save his life. He had *never been in Government employ*, and had passed his life as the family land-agent. . . . His denial of rebellion and assertion of innocence were quite unavailing, and *on the statement of Shahabooleen* that he was Kote Duffadar (Pay Sergeant) of a regiment of Oudh Irregular Cavalry, he was sentenced to death and executed. *His nephew, a lad of some twelve or fourteen years of age, who ran and clung to him, hoping thus to shield him and save his life, was shot on him. This last circumstance was stoutly maintained!* . . This is a summary of the villagers' story; and, happily for myself, it does not rest solely upon my memory: two living witnesses can corroborate it.

Ere leaving Khurkhonda, I saw the lands and houses which had been confiscated consequent upon Hodson's operations, for I felt sure the Government of India would entertain an application for their release. I am glad to say that, on the Chief Commissioner's recommendation, Bisharut Ali's lands were released at once in Burkut Ali's favour. . . .

On my return to my regiment, I wrote officially to the officer then commanding the Guides, requesting him to procure me the fullest information from native officers and men who had been employed under Hodson in this affair. After a long interval, receiving no reply, I wrote to him again. He sent a laconic answer, regretting that he had failed to elicit any information: but in pencil below his signature were a few lines to the effect that *no one would open his mouth on the subject.*

Five years later, in the commencement of 186[illegible], an opportunity suddenly presented itself for learning more of the matter of which I write. As I had to pass through Murdan, in Eusufzaie (the Guides' head-quarters) on my way from the camp at Umbeyla to Delhi, I asked the officer then in charge of Murdan if he would allow a certain native officer to accompany me some way towards Nowshera, as I was quite alone. He did so. After riding some distance, chatting upon general subjects, I suddenly pulled up, and said: "Now ——— we are quite alone in this plain. God is above. I want you to tell me about Bisharut Ali's case. I tried to get information from your commanding officer officially, but failed because none of you would speak. You were there. Tell me all." He was loth to speak. He said, "Don't ask me. It is too dreadful to think about. You know Bisharut Ali was my great friend. I felt dreadfully pained at his terrible position and fate. I was afraid of his seeing me or of Hodson Sahib's doing so, for fear he should make use of me; so I hid myself. No one can speak of that day,"—or words to that effect. Pressed for time, we parted; and I carried away the firm conviction that his expressions and the extreme reticence of the men of the Guides fully confirmed the story I had heard from the villagers.

In 1882 I came to learn, for the first time, the names of two British officers who had been with Hodson on the occasion, and at once wrote. Their replies did not enlighten me much. Both were engaged in the village with Hodson. Neither remember whether Bisharut Ali surrendered or was captured: but *both speak decidedly as to his having made no resistance to the troops.* One was especially struck by his brave bearing when a prisoner. One says that a sort of trial was held by Hodson; the other calls it a "drumhead court-martial." Neither was present at it or at the execution. Both considered

he "had failed in his duty as an officer and soldier"; and the general opinion was that the sentence and execution were just.

This is all the evidence I have ever been able to gather on the subject. The fact that those officers were engaged with Hodson in the village leaves intact the statement about Bisharut Ali going to the camp, and sending milk and fruit; for they were with the party which went in by one way whilst he went out by another. As regards the fighting, there is the villagers' statement that Shahaboodeen led the troops to the house in which the officers say, "rebels had taken refuge." Rebels they were no doubt *believed to be; but only because Shahaboodeen said so.* They were not so in fact; and they never would have fought but for the reason already explained. They were where every man has a right to be, viz. in their own houses.

I now come to the main point, viz. Bisharut Ali's attitude. Was he a rebel? And how did he fail in his duty as an officer and a soldier?

As a man of much local authority and position, he could no doubt, if so willed, have caused serious trouble: for the furlough men of the Irregular Cavalry were at their homes throughout Hurreeana. Khurkhonda, a large village, contained many of them; but, so far as I heard, none suffered, on that eventful day, *except Bisharut Ali, his relations and friends!* This in no way proves that he or they were rebels; but it establishes the fact that they were made the victims of a deep scheme. I am sure that all the officers and men of the expedition fully believed that they were going to meet mutineers in open rebellion, and therefore guilty in their eyes, when they started from Delhi. There has never been any question as to the troops being opposed on arrival at Khurkhonda; and the officers state that Bisharut Ali made no resistance. Whence, then, comes proof of his rebellion? The utmost that has been advanced against him is that, as an officer of position and authority in the service of the Government, he did not do as he was bound to do, viz. give aid against the rebels. Why did he not do so? First, because *they were not rebels.* Secondly, because *they were his own relatives and friends, who were defending their houses.* In fact, the whole of the (so-called) evidence against him is of a negative character throughout. He did nothing.

Having known him intimately for eight years, I am able to speak of him as a brave, quiet, determined man, who, if a rebel, would have been a dangerous one, instead of remaining, as he did, unsuspiciously in his village, within striking distance from Delhi. Would not the conduct of a rebel at heart have been the very opposite of this? Would he not have fought for his life? One of the officers was especially struck by his brave bearing when a prisoner. Does not this speak more for his innocence than for his guilt? Does it not confirm my estimate of his character, as also my conclusions in respect of what he would have done as a rebel? An innocent mind can meet death more calmly than a guilty one. Moreover, the accusation of treachery, which he is asserted to have made when wounded, seems to me in favour of his innocence.

And now as regards the trial. It will be seen that Hodson held it. I must here recall the fact that Burkut Ali, on hearing of Bisharut Ali's death, at once predicted that Hodson had done it "to wipe out the debt." I now explain what he meant. Hodson was well known to Bisharut Ali, who was with me morning and evening as native adjutant, and who for years was my constant companion, being the best company in a native I had known. My friends were his friends. One day when Hodson sent me an urgent application for a large sum of money on loan, 4,000 or 5,000 rupees (400*l.* or 500*l.*) I declined to give my banker any verbal endorsement, lest I should be held responsible; but Bisharut Ali arranged it at once, and, as I afterwards learnt,

stood security. Subsequently, when Hodson was very hard pressed for cash, to settle urgent claims against him (during the sittings of a Court of Enquiry to investigate certain matters connected with his command of the Guides), Bisharut Ali again stood his friend with my banker; and a considerable sum was due to the latter from Hodson, when the latter was killed at Lucknow. . . . I am fully certain that the officers generally believed in the justice of Bisharut Ali's sentence, because Hodson told them he knew him well. Yes, well indeed! And I of course feel that no one there knew the relation in which Bisharut Ali stood to the so-called rebels. . . . Had there been a regular trial, Bisharut Ali's life would not have been taken then and there; nor would such a miscarriage of justice have occurred as the death of Surufraz Ali, the family accountant. It ought to have been impossible, in face of the villagers' endeavours to save his life. Even now one wishes one could discredit the story of his death, still more so that of the lad who was killed with him; but no room is left for so doing, for Burkut Ali *found the painful blanks in his family circle*. . . . I have made every endeavour since 1857 to ascertain the true story. What has been obtained subsequent to the villagers' account has confirmed rather than shaken the latter. But if any officer who was actually present at the execution will now affirm that Hodson did not fire at Bisharut Ali, and that his throat was not cut, I will gladly accept his assurance. C. CHAMBERLAIN.

I will now expose the worthlessness of the evidence adduced by Major-General Mitford. The following correspondence, which was published in the *Army and Navy Gazette* of 5 and 12 July, and of 2, 9, and 23 August 1890, proves that no Hookum Singh can be discovered or can be shown to have ever existed "who was present with the detachment when Bisharut Ali was executed."

BISHARUT ALI

*To the Editor of the "Army and Navy Gazette."*

Sir,—May I ask you to publish this letter, to which I invite the attention of Major-Gen. R. C. W. Reveley Mitford? A review of my "Four Famous Soldiers," which appeared in the *Athenæum* of 31 Aug. 1889, contained the following statement:—"Gen. Mitford informs us, that Ressaldar Hookum Singh, of Hodson's Horse, 'told me, some four years ago, that he was present with the detachment when Bisharut Ali was executed, and that he and all those with him were thoroughly satisfied that Bisharut Ali was a rebel and thoroughly deserved death.'"

After reading the review, Gen. Crawford Chamberlain, from whose investigations I had derived my knowledge of the circumstances of Bisharut Ali's execution, communicated with Col. Morris, commanding 1st Bengal Cavalry. There was, as Gen. Chamberlain was aware, a Hookum Singh belonging to the 1st Irregular Cavalry, who was attached to the Intelligence Department, under Major Hodson, at Delhi; but, as Col. Morris ascertained from an examination of the regimental records, he died at Jullundur on 18 Oct. 1858. This man, then, was not Gen. Mitford's informant. Col. Morris subsequently wrote to Col. Robertson, commanding 9th Bengal Lancers (late 1st Regt. Hodson's Horse), and to Col. Strong, commanding 10th Bengal Lancers (late 2nd Regt. Hodson's Horse). He asked each of these officers whether (1) there was in his regiment, at the time of the Indian

Mutiny, a man called Hookum Singh, and whether he was present at the siege of Delhi; (2) whether the said Hookum Singh was present at the execution of Bisharut Ali at Khurkonda; (3) whether the same Hookum Singh was in the regiment four years before (*i.e.*, in 1885); (4) if so, what was his rank at the time; and (5) where he was then (November 1889) living. Col. Robertson replied that there was, in January 1858, a ressaldar named Hookum Singh in the 1st Regt. Hodson's Horse, who was not present at the siege of Delhi, and retired on pension on 10 Feb. 1887. This Hookum Singh did not enlist until after the siege of Delhi. In February last he was living at Philloke, in the district of Gujranwala. Col. Morris wrote to the Deputy-Commissioner of the district; and Hookum Singh, having been personally interrogated by the Extra-Assistant-Commissioner, stated that he did not accompany the detachment of his regiment which visited Khurkonda, and that he was therefore not present at the execution of Bisharut Ali. Col. Strong replied that at the time of the Mutiny there was in the 2nd Regt. Hodson's Horse a man named Hookum Singh; that he was then a sowar, 36 years old; that he was not present at the execution of Bisharut Ali, and did not remember having gone to Khurkonda; and that he was pensioned in 1876 as a sowar. Neither Col. Robertson nor Col. Strong mentioned any other Hookum Singh. I have seen the original letters of Cols. Morris, Robertson, and Strong, regarding Ressaldar Hookum Singh and the pensioned sowar Hookum Singh, as well as the official docket of the Extra-Assistant-Commissioner of Gujranwala. The result of the searching enquiries which I have described is that no Hookum Singh can be discovered, or can be shown to have ever existed, who was "present with the detachment when Bisharut Ali was executed." But Gen. Mitford will doubtless explain. —I am, etc., T. R. E. HOLMES.

10 Eldon Road, W., 17 June.

*To the Editor of the "Army and Navy Gazette."*

Sir,—My attention having been called to a letter in your issue of the 5th inst., headed "Bisharut Ali," I beg to state in reply that the "Hookum Singh" referred to was a Ressaldar in the 9th Bengal Cavalry, formerly the 1st Regt. of Hodson's Horse.—I am, etc.,

R. C. W. REVELEY MITFORD, Major-Gen.

Wellington Club, Grosvenor Place, S.W., 11 July.

[I replied briefly to this letter, pointing out that it explained nothing; and General Mitford rejoined with a letter (*Army and Navy Gazette*, 9 Aug. 1890) which was merely abusive. I closed the correspondence with a letter of which I need only quote the final paragraph.]

I now ask Gen. Mitford this final question. Does he, or does he not, admit that the evidence of Cols. Robertson and Strong and of Ressaldar Hookum Singh, as recorded by the Extra-Assistant-Commissioner of Gujranwala, is correct—in other words, that no Hookum Singh was present at the execution of Bisharut Ali? If he does not, how does he propose to invalidate their testimony? If he does, why has he shrunk—he who is so indignant at what he thinks "unmanly"—from admitting that he was in error, and apologising?—I am, etc., T. R. E. HOLMES.

Crianlarich Hotel, Perthshire, 20 Aug.

To this last letter Major-General Mitford has made no reply. That being the case, he will not be surprised that I am sceptical about Zari Singh. Assuming, however, that Zari Singh has been correctly reported, I may say this much. First of all, as he was by his own admission a boy at the time of Bisharut Ali's execution, his testimony cannot outweigh the unanimous testimony of the Hindus and Mahomedans from whom General Chamberlain derived his information. Secondly, he has tried to prove too much. For if, as he said, Bisharut Ali "kept ostensibly on good terms with the authorities and hoodwinked them," how was it that he was charged by Hodson with not communicating with the authorities.[1] . . . . . . . .

It is hardly necessary to notice Mr. Hodson's plea that, "even if on private grounds, in remembrance of past obligations, he might have been inclined to spare him, public considerations required sharp and speedy justice. The very existence of our Empire was trembling in the balance." Mr. Hodson cannot mean seriously to argue that, if Hodson had granted Bisharut Ali's request to be taken to Delhi for trial, the existence of the Empire would have been imperilled.

His attempt to discredit my narrative by appealing to Sir H. Norman's *History of the Siege of Delhi* is equally futile. "At Rohtuck," says Sir Henry, "Hodson managed to surprise and nearly to destroy a party of mutineers, irregular cavalry, sowars of different regiments, including Ressaldar Bisharut Ali, who was taken and shot." Now Bisharut Ali was not killed at Rohtuck at all, but at Khurkonda,—his own village. Moreover, Sir H. Norman was not present at the execution: his narrative was a contemporary one (it was written in 1857), and only alluded to the affair of Bisharut Ali in the briefest way; and he therefore could only have derived his information on this particular point, directly or indirectly, from Hodson's official report, or from his oral testimony. Mr. Hodson goes on to say that his brother mentions "that one of the men killed was a brute of the 14th Irregular Cavalry, who committed such butchery at Jhansi"; and he remarks, "There certainly is a strong presumption against the innocence of a man found in such company." Now reference to Mr. Hodson's book (pp. 201-4) will show that Bisharut Ali was not in the "brute's" company at all! Bisharut Ali was killed at Khurkonda on 15 August. The "brute" was killed at Khotuh, sixteen miles off, three days later. What, then, becomes of Mr. Hodson's "strong presumption"?

[1] Manuscript memorandum by General C. Chamberlain.

IV.

"We are asked," says the *Saturday Reviewer*, "to believe that Hodson was a plunderer."

The published evidence in support of the charge that Hodson was a plunderer is as follows:—(1) the statement of General Pelham Burn, who saw Hodson's boxes of loot, when Hodson accompanied him from Fatehgarh to take part in the siege of Lucknow;[1] (2) the statement of General Sir H. Daly, K.C.B., whose duty it was, after Hodson's death, to open his trunks before the committee of adjustment examined them, and who saw in those trunks what he himself described as "loads of loot";[2] (3) the statement of General Sir Neville Chamberlain, G.C.B., that "in my opinion and in the general opinion of those I was then associated with, both he and his men were considered to have been prominent in looting"; and that "in Major Hodson's camp was to be seen a miscellaneous collection of animals and conveyances of various kinds, and these could not have been brought together without his knowledge and sanction";[3] (4) the statement of Captain Light, who served at the siege of Delhi, that Hodson was "the most notorious looter in the whole army";[4] (5) the remark, oft repeated, of General Archdale Wilson, who commanded the Delhi Field Force—"Poor Hodson, he must be killed in looting some day";[5] (6) the statement of a general officer to Mr. Bosworth Smith, that he "saw Hodson on his way to the storm,"—of the Begam Kothi at Lucknow,—"to which his duty did not call him."[6] "Behind him," continued this eye-witness, "came an orderly with a large haversack, which could be wanted only for purposes of plunder. He was killed forcing open the door to what was then believed to be the treasure room. Every one in camp knew that Hodson had gone to plunder";[7] (7) the statement of Major W. Forbes, who writes, "Hodson was a *mauvais sujet*; but Mr. Bosworth Smith is mistaken in supposing that he was killed in the act of looting. If he had lived three minutes longer, however, he certainly would have died in the act. This I know on authority which cannot be disputed";[8] (8) a statement made to me by a general officer who served on Sir Colin Campbell's staff,—which, however, is of course not susceptible of proof,—that it was well known in camp that Hodson had a list of all

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 518.
[2] *Ib.* [3] *Ib.* p. 523. [4] *Ib.* p. 519. [5] *Ib.*
[6] The fact that "his duty did not call him" to the Begam Kothi is corroborated by Sir Henry Norman, *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 529.
[7] *Ib.* p. 520. [8] *Ib.* pp. 520-21.

the places at Delhi and Lucknow where valuable plunder was to be got; (9) the statement of General Sir H. Norman, G.C.B., that Hodson, who, as his brother has admitted, was, at the outset of the mutiny, deeply in debt, did, in an underhand way, remit in January 1858 several thousand pounds to Calcutta.

The facts of the remittance [writes Sir Henry] were as follows. Hodson's regiment, like most others at the time, was largely in arrears of pay, and, soon after it reached the Headquarters' camp at Futtehghur, in January 1858, Hodson came to me as Adjutant-General, and, having represented to me that his men were in distress for want of funds, asked for authority to draw a sum of money on account from the regimental chest. The amount he asked for was large, but I satisfied myself that it was within the sum then actually due to the regiment, so I issued authority for it to be paid. Upon the officer in charge of the military chest submitting to me his next weekly statement of cash in hand, I was surprised to find that his balance had only been slightly reduced during the week notwithstanding the large advance authorised for Hodson's Horse The officer in charge explained to me that Hodson had taken the advance mainly, if not altogether, in bills, which to the best of my recollection, were drawn on the Treasury at Calcutta. I was somewhat alarmed at hearing this, and at once instituted a private inquiry, which resulted in my ascertaining that, although the money had been taken by Hodson in bills, the men had received their payment in rupees. The conclusion I then formed was that Hodson had a large sum of money in his possession at the time he asked for an advance, that this money was his own property, and that he took advantage of this opportunity for remitting his money to a place of security As the men had received their money, there was, of course, no fraud on them or on the public, and I had no reason for taking proceedings against Hodson; but the occurrence made a strong impression on my mind, and led me to believe that there was truth in the common belief in camp that Hodson had freely availed himself of the many opportunities for plundering which must have presented themselves to him. . . . the largeness of the amount quite startled me. It was certainly several thousand pounds.[1]

Mr. Hodson's comment on Mr. Bosworth Smith's original summary of this last piece of evidence is worth quoting.

I was able [he says] (pp. lxi-lxii) to trace back this story to its origin. The only foundation for this fresh calumny is that when Hodson applied to the paymaster, Captain Tombs, for two months' pay for his regiment, R. 60,000, which was sanctioned by Gen. Mansfield, the chief of the staff, he asked to have it in the form of bills on Calcutta, as these were in great request at that time with the up-country bankers from whom he drew money for his men. That they were duly paid all allow.

Yes, of course they were duly paid. But what has that got to do with the matter? Is Mr. Hodson unable to understand Sir H. Norman's letter? If not, why does he ignore the all-important fact that, "although the money had been taken by Hodson in bills, the

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. p. 527.

men had received their payment in rupees;" and that, as the paymaster's cash balance "had only been slightly reduced during the week," notwithstanding the large advance authorised for Hodson's Horse, *those 60,000 rupees must have been paid by Hodson out of money in his own possession.* As the men received their payment, there and then, in rupees, Mr. Hodson's contention about the "up-country bankers" falls flat. I need hardly say that Hodson would not, unless he had been insane, have resorted to so roundabout a way of obtaining the cash which he was authorised to draw direct from the military chest. Mr. Hodson first published this comment in a letter to the editors of the *National Review* (Nov. 1884) *before* the appearance of Sir H. Norman's letter. He has read that letter since. Does he believe it? If so, why does he reprint a comment which can serve no purpose except that of misleading his readers?

I am confident that every candid reader will admit that the nine items of evidence which I have stated, taken together, are strong enough to condemn a man in a criminal prosecution. Dr. Luard's reply to this overwhelming consensus of testimony is simply, "that all his property (save horses) was sold at his death for £170."[1] I must take leave to say that this is no reply at all. The fact that the personal effects which an officer who died on active service had in his possession at the time of his death were sold for so much, in no way proves that he was not worth so much more, in hard cash, in securities or what not.[2] Mr. Hodson admits (p. xxxvii.), that, during the mutiny, his brother made "a very large profit" by the sale of prize cattle. Let us admit that this was an honourable transaction. How was Dr. Luard to know that Hodson did not make "a very large profit" in more questionable ways? Anyhow there is Sir Henry Norman's damnatory letter. Either it is true or it is not. If it is true, as coming from Sir Henry it must be, then Hodson, who is admitted to have been heavily in debt in 1857, must have had in his possession at least 60,000 rupees in January 1858. Mr. Hodson's reply is (1) that Sir Thomas Seaton, who was prize-agent at Delhi, told him that Hodson was not a plunderer, and (2) that Hodson died a poor man. Seaton was, next to Lord Napier of Magdala, Hodson's best friend. His negative statement avails nothing against the numerous positive statements which I have quoted. Undoubtedly he could have spoken as to the amount of plunder which Hodson handed over to him: but it was not in his power to say that Hodson kept back nothing from him. The statement that "he died quite a poor man" is a loose one; and it is obviously impossible for an outsider to test it: but it cannot

[1] *Dictionary of National Biography*, xxvii. 76.
[2] Henry Lawrence's property was sold at Lucknow for £70.

avail against the damning statements which I have quoted, especially those of Sir Henry Norman and Sir Neville Chamberlain. Were such statements, in such number, and on such authority, ever yet made against an innocent man?

V.

Last [says the *Saturday Reviewer*] comes the story that Hodson spared the King's life for a bribe. For proof of this we have, first, Mr. Holmes's conviction, based on such evidence as we have examined already, that Hodson was not the man to spare the king unless he had been bribed; then the word of a distinguished anonymous officer, who will reveal himself, if required, and who had the story from the queen. It is rather difficult to keep one's temper at the sight of such "evidence" as this. The distinguished officer can only answer for what the Queen told him. She is the authority and the only one for the charge against Hodson. We are expected to believe that an English officer who was so believed in as Hodson was, was a bribe-taker on the mere unsupported word of an angry native woman. Such allegations are the merest trash.

If the reviewer cannot keep his temper at the sight of the fragment of evidence which he has distorted, what must have been the effect upon his temper of the mass of evidence which he has suppressed? Here is the real evidence for my "trash." (1) The "distinguished officer" is General Sir Donald Stewart, G.C.B., late Commander-in-Chief in India. He saw with his own eyes the unauthorised guarantee, which Hodson gave to the Queen, and which he attested with his signature. He states,—and it is of the utmost importance to mark this,—that the guarantee had been given *before* the royal family left the palace of Delhi; that is to say, *before* Hodson asked General Wilson for permission to promise the King his life. The late Mr. C. B. Saunders, who succeeded Hervey Greathed at Delhi, and knew Hodson well, also saw the guarantee. Neither he nor Sir Donald had the faintest doubt of the genuineness of the signature. (2) Hodson did undoubtedly give guarantees for their lives to some of the greatest criminals in Delhi; and in a letter to General Wilson, printed on p. xxxiii. of Mr. Hodson's book, he denied that he had done so. Sir John Lawrence was asked by Saunders whether these guarantees should be respected or not. He replied: "As regards Hodson's guarantees, I think they must be respected, *no matter under what influence they were given*. He was allowed great power by the Commander-in-Chief and his successors, and *if he abused it, this is between him and his conscience*."[1] (3) The fact of Hodson's having given his unauthorised guarantee of the King's life explains the otherwise unaccountable persistency with which, on 21 Sept. 1857, he

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 156. The italics are mine.

importuned General Wilson to allow him to promise the King his life. This importunity is attested by Sir Donald (then Captain) Stewart and by Colonel (then Lieutenant) J. R. Turnbull. Both were present when Hodson asked Wilson for permission to go and capture the King; and both have described the interview to me.[1] Sir Donald could not understand Hodson's persistency at the time: but afterwards, when he saw the guarantee, all became clear. Hodson *was obliged to urge Wilson to let him promise the King his life, because he was conscious of having already promised it himself.* It is true that he alleged, as his reason for making this request, that he could not otherwise induce the King to surrender. But he did not think it necessary to make any such request in the case of the princes. (4) I have proved that Hodson did give the King a guarantee of his life before the royal family left the palace of Delhi; and I have also proved that he was not authorised to give that guarantee. I would not insult the intelligence of readers by demonstrating the obvious fact that he did not give it out of charity. But, as neither Mr. Hodson nor the *Saturday Reviewer* can see this, I am compelled to explain. By availing himself of the opportunity which his position as head of the Intelligence Department afforded him for communicating with the rebels to give an unauthorised guarantee of safety to the King, Hodson committed a gross breach of trust. I suppose that neither Mr. Hodson nor the *Saturday Reviewer* will have the hardihood to deny that, if it had been discovered, he would have been liable to be brought before a court-martial or a court of inquiry. Is it credible that he would have run such a risk without securing a *quid pro quo?* . . . . . .

There is one other remark of Mr. Hodson's to which I must call attention. "I have," he writes (p. lxxi.), "read carefully Mr. Smith's reply to my vindication, with the letters of his correspondents, and I see no reason for retracting or modifying anything that I have written. . . . Mr. Smith has proved that those who bore enmity against Hodson and tried to injure him when alive do so still." Consider what this means. Mr. Hodson is aglow with indignation against those whom he regards as the calumniators of his brother. But here he shows himself to be a calumniator on a magnificent scale,—a calumniator of men against whose honour no one had ever before breathed a syllable. If these words of his are to be taken seriously, they can only mean that he regards these men as liars,—liars who have lied deliberately in order to blast the reputation of a dead comrade. As I have already written,[2] "Mr. Bosworth Smith's appendix is based upon first-hand information from honourable, impartial, and able men, who had seen with their own eyes, heard

[1] See *Four Famous Soldiers*, p. 208, note. [2] *Ib.* p. 226.

with their own ears, or learned from the study of original papers or the cross-examination of eye-witnesses the facts for which they vouched. Some of them have, of their own personal knowledge, made, both to Mr. Bosworth Smith and to me, statements, most damaging to Hodson's reputation, which it is impossible to explain away, impossible to refute, except on the absurd hypothesis that they are deliberate falsehoods. Let Mr. Hodson show the courage of his opinions, and name any one of Mr. Bosworth Smith's correspondents who ever showed enmity to his brother, or ever tried to injure him when alive.[1] . . . . . . . . . . . .

Mr. Hodson persists in saying (p. xxxviii.) that he has the authority of Sir Donald Stewart for making a certain statement in behalf of his brother, although, as he must have read on p. 226 of my *Four Famous Soldiers*, I have in my possession a letter from Sir Donald, in which he writes, "You are welcome to say that Mr. Hodson had no authority to quote me at all in his introductory remarks."

. . . "Mr. Holmes," complains Mr. Hodson (p. lxx.), "follows Mr. Smith in quietly assuming that his view of Hodson's character was shared by all those who knew him in India, and Anglo-Indians generally." I have not written a word which could give Mr. Hodson the right to say this: but, if he will substitute "proving" for "assuming" and "nearly all" for "all," I shall be willing to accept his words. "Personally," writes Sir Charles Aitchison to Mr. Bosworth Smith,[2] "I never knew Hodson. But among the many I have known who knew him intimately, there is but one opinion about him,—a splendid leader of irregular horse, but a most unscrupulous man. Your estimate of him is admitted by almost every one to be correct." "All of the mutiny men," writes Mr. A. Lawrence, Commissioner of Allahabad, "are with you, except a few personal friends." "The

[1] Dr. Luard, in his bibliographical note, asserts that I "give implicit credit to whatever Hodson's enemies said of him, while neglecting the testimony of such friends as Lord Napier of Magdala." This assertion is partly untrue and wholly misleading. So far from neglecting the testimony of Hodson's friends, I gave prominence to the testimony which Sir Henry Lawrence and Sir Thomas Seaton bore in his favour. The testimony of Lord Napier I was obliged to neglect, because it was overborne by that of others who had personal knowledge of the facts. Moreover, his testimony did not touch the majority of the charges brought against Hodson. The persons upon whose testimony I made statements adverse to Hodson were as follows: Lord Dalhousie, the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, Sir Donald Stewart, Sir Henry Norman, Sir Henry Daly, Sir Neville Chamberlain, General Crawford Chamberlain, General Pelham Burn, General C. J. Godby, Captain Light, Dr. Hathaway, Dr. Farquhar, the late Sir Archdale Wilson, the late Sir George Lawrence, and the late Mr. C. B. Saunders. Readers will have judged for themselves whether I am right in believing the statements of these honourable gentlemen. To call them enemies of Hodson is a calumny.

[2] *Ib.* ii. 504, note.

common opinion," writes Sir Neville Chamberlain,[1] "held in the Punjab was that he was not clean-handed. . . . I know of no other instance in which suspicion of the kind was attached to any other officer in the Punjab. If this judgment was the outcome of malevolence, jealousy or prejudice, or any unworthy motive, why did the imputation prevail only against Hodson? I believe that every one who has served in India will admit that an imputation of the kind is never lightly propagated." Even General Reynell Taylor writes, regarding the slaughter of the princes of Delhi, "I have never admitted that their death was necessitated by the danger of rescue. I have never had any other idea than that Hodson, in his extra energy, looked to the campaign to repair his fortunes, and that he carried it on in ways that other men would not think of or join in." [2]

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# APPENDIX O

## BRIGADIER GREATHED AND THE BATTLE OF AGRA

COMPARING Greathed's and Cotton's despatches, one might feel some difficulty in deciding what part the latter took in the battle of Agra. Colonel Malleson, after describing a second charge of the 9th Lancers, which followed the charge of the Punjab cavalry, says (vol. ii. p. 103) "Colonel Cotton had by this time arrived from the fort with the 3rd Europeans, and, as senior officer, had assumed the command. Detaching two companies of this regiment to strengthen the Panjáb infantry on the right flank, where the enemy were still contesting the ground under shelter of some high crops, he urged the whole line forward in pursuit. The rebels fell back in hasty disorder by the Gwáliár road," etc. But Colonel Malleson's statement is corrected by Greathed's despatch. Greathed says, "Here" (at a village on the Gwalior road, three miles from the parade ground, to which village the pursuit had already been continued) "we were joined by the 3rd European Regiment, who took their places in the line, detaching two companies to support the Punjab Infantry engaged in driving out the enemy who still hung on our flanks in the jungle and topes on our right. Colonel Cotton . . . then assumed command." If this statement is true, it proves that the pursuit was not begun, but only continued by Cotton. Cotton's

[1] *Life of Lord Lawrence*, ii. 522. [2] *Ib.* p. 507, note.

despatch does not contradict this; and all the other evidence supports Greathed's statement. Colonel Fraser says that the British troops were "inspirited (by Cotton) to continue the pursuit of the flying enemy" (C. C. Seymour's *How I won the Indian Mutiny Medal*, 1888, p. 151. See also *Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. i. p. 266, by Sir George Campbell, who was present in the action). Cotton was indeed on the ground before the pursuit began; for he left the fort with Colonel Ouvry, who commanded the 9th Lancers during a part of the action (see Colonel H. A. Ouvry's *Cavalry Experiences*, pp. 144-5): but Greathed completed the victory and began the pursuit independently.

[Since I wrote the foregoing note, Lord Roberts's *Forty-one Years in India* has appeared. His narrative unmistakeably implies that the victory was gained quite independently of Greathed; and indeed that *Greathed did not appear on the field until the battle, properly so-called, was over.* "Gradually," says Lord Roberts (vol. i. pp. 275-6), "the enemy were beaten off, and the troops formed themselves up ready for pursuit. . . . At this juncture Greathed appeared on the ground. . . . When Greathed arrived, the order for a general advance was given, and we were just moving off in pursuit . . . when the 3rd European Regiment and a battery of Field Artillery under Cotton arrived," etc. But Greathed himself, writing just after the battle, said, "I galloped to the front, and found the Artillery already in action and the 9th Lancers in their saddles, formed up in squadrons. . . . I moved with H. M.'s 8th . . . and the 4th Punjab Infantry (taking with me on the way the three squadrons of the 1st, 2nd, and 5th Punjab Cavalry) to the right, with the view of outflanking and capturing the guns on that flank. . . . I extended the Infantry along the road leading from the Parade Ground to the Infantry Barracks in skirmishing order with supports, with directions to advance to their front and clear the compounds of the enemy's infantry. . . . By this time the Agra 9-pounder Battery came up, and I advanced it in support of the right flank of the Infantry, on the road leading from the Artillery Parade Ground, and the enclosures were speedily cleared. In doing this the 4th Punjab Infantry distinguished itself. The advance of the Infantry and Battery enabled Lieutenant Watson to make his charge and capture the guns . . . and after that the enemy did not make any stand," etc. Moreover, Lieutenant Watson says in his report, "Shortly after the enemy's fire opened . . . the three squadrons . . . moved off towards the European Barracks, Colonel Greathed . . . informing us that beyond the Barracks I should find open ground. . . . I perceived a favourable opportunity . . . and swept down at a gallop on their flank"; and Colonel Cotton himself says that "our troops had been drawn up by Colonel Greathed in a most judicious manner." Finally Colonel de Kantzow tells me that he acted as galloper to Cotton, and carried

an order, while the battle was going on, to Greathed, who was very angry and would not listen to him. From this evidence it is clear that Greathed had appeared upon the ground and taken command some time before the juncture at which Lord Roberts says that he appeared.]

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## APPENDIX P

### WAS HOLKAR LOYAL DURING THE INDIAN MUTINY?

IN a footnote to page 461 of the fourth edition of this book (page 484 of the first edition) I wrote, "The fact that throughout the crisis Holkar evinced the most practical loyalty has been so fully proved by Kaye and Malleson, who differ widely in their estimates of Durand's conduct, and by Dickinson, that it is unnecessary to enter into any further argument upon the subject. Durand himself, though insisting that the Indore Durbar had incited the mutiny of the 1st of July, admitted that Holkar was personally undeserving of blame. *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 24 Nov. 1857, p. 61." Before the present year (1897) I was not aware that Durand afterwards changed his mind. He did not indeed "consider that Holkar had actually gone against us or instigated his troops to rise," but only that he "had been trimming and trying to stand fair with both sides." (See Sir H. M. Durand's *Life of Major-General Sir H. M. Durand*, vol. i. pp. 236, 469-70.) The late Major Evans Bell, in a pamphlet entitled *A Letter to H. M. Durand, Esq., C.S.I.*, challenged Durand's biographer to produce the evidence which had led Durand to alter his opinion, and avowed his conviction that there was no evidence to produce. The biographer took no notice of this challenge. There can be no doubt, however, that the question ought to be cleared up. In a letter dated March 26, 1859, Lord Canning gave Sir Robert Hamilton to understand that Holkar, as well as Sindhia and the Nizam, was to receive a territorial reward for his services during the Mutiny; and Sir Robert Hamilton communicated this promise to Holkar.[1] Lord Canning, however, subsequently came to the conclusion that it would not be right to fulfil the promise; and although Holkar, steadily backed by Sir Robert Hamilton, never ceased to struggle for redress, Lords Lawrence, Mayo, Northbrook, and Lytton successively refused to reverse Lord Canning's decision. Holkar gradually became almost

[1] *Letter to H. M. Durand*, p. 61.

a monomaniac upon the subject. "Either I was loyal," he would say, "or I was disloyal. If I was disloyal I ought to have been hanged. But Government knew that I was not disloyal, or they never would have made me a G.C.S.I. Then why did they not keep their promise?"[1] The truth was that the Government believed Holkar to have been both loyal and disloyal. They rewarded him for his proved acts of loyalty. They withheld from him the reward upon which he had set his heart because they believed that his loyalty had not been consistent. It is no business of mine to enquire whether their treatment of Holkar was right or wrong. But justice both to them and to him, as well as fidelity to historical truth, demands that the evidence which led good judges to suspect Holkar should be published. I have lately been allowed to see a demi-official unpublished letter, written at Bombay in 1885, in which the evidence is summarised.

(1) On the 11th of July, 1857, Lord Elphinstone wrote that "the appointment (by Holkar) of Saadut Khan (the leader of the outbreak at Indore) as Mír Bakshi, even though made on the demand of the troops, is an unfortunate, if not a suspicious circumstance." (2) On the 10th of October, 1857, two letters were intercepted, written in enigmatic language by Holkar's family priest to a friend. These letters, says the writer of the demi-official letter, "dwelt on the destruction of the red ants by the black ants (i.e. the Europeans by the natives) . . . and indicated 12th February 1858 as the day on which the mango fruit would blossom." (3) The mutineers of the 27th regiment at Kolhápur asserted that Holkar had instigated them to mutiny. (4) It is alleged, though no authority is given for the allegation, that about July, 1858, Holkar was discovered to be secretly casting guns and making other warlike preparations. (5) On the 17th of June, 1858, General Honner telegraphed that Holkar had been absenting himself frequently from Indore, on the pretext of going on shooting expeditions, whereas it had been ascertained that he was really visiting a hill in the jungle ten miles from Indore, and there receiving the reports of his spies regarding the position of the British troops and the strength of their reinforcements. Lord Elphinstone wrote on the 6th of July, 1858, that if this report had stood alone, he would not have attached much importance to it, but that divers reports of the same kind had reached him from various quarters, and that they were corroborated by (6) "the direct evidence of the adopted son of the Ex-Raja of Satara, and by that of several of the adherents of the Ex-Raja, that Holkar promised his assistance to this youth in his attempt to possess himself of the Satara territory."

[1] Private information.

Personal hostility, Lord Elphinstone admitted, might have been the motive of much that had been said against Holkar: still he concluded that "the mass of concurrent evidence and rumour" must cause doubt.

Certainly. But much of the evidence which the demi-official letter summarises is wholly unconvincing. No proof is offered of the allegation that Holkar made secret preparations for war. In the absence of proof, he cannot be held responsible for the machinations of his family priest. No one who has any acquaintance with the habits of native princes will believe that he personally or by letter instigated the mutineers of the 27th; and, if they were not lying, they doubtless meant that the instigation proceeded from some one of Holkar's dependents. General Honner may or may not have been rightly informed: but Lord Elphinstone himself said that he would not have attached much importance to his report, if it had stood alone. The least weak link in the weak chain is that forged by the adopted son of the Ex-Raja of Satára and his friends. Their evidence must be taken for what it is worth: but the important point is that it "and the mass of concurrent evidence and rumour" made an impression upon the strong and acute mind of Lord Elphinstone.

On the other hand it is not denied by Holkar's accusers that he rendered good service to the British in 1857 (see pp. 482-3 of this book; and also *Life of Major-General Sir H. M. Durand*, vol. i. p. 467 and a pamphlet entitled *A Brief Statement of Sir Káshi Ráo Holkar's Services*, pp. 3, 5-6); and it is difficult to understand why he should have made preparations for war in 1858, after the fall of Delhi and of Lucknow, when the cause of the rebels was manifestly doomed. This argument, however, would not, of course, hold good against the allegation that, in 1857, before the recapture of Delhi, he intrigued with the 27th Native Infantry and with the adopted son of the Ex-Raja of Satára. Reviewing the whole of the evidence, then, it appears to me that the verdict upon the charges brought against Holkar must be neither Guilty nor Not Guilty, but Not Proven.

[Two retired Anglo-Indian officers, one of whom personally disliked Holkar, have read the foregoing note, and tell me that they "think nothing of the evidence."]

# APPENDIX Q

## DID SIR ROBERT HAMILTON DIRECT SIR HUGH ROSE TO 'PROCEED WITH THE OPERATIONS AGAINST JHANSI'?

SIR OWEN BURNE writes (*Clyde and Strathnairn* ["Rulers of India" Series], p. 112 *note*), "Sir Robert Hamilton, in a memorandum written four years afterwards (March 20, 1862), averred that Sir Hugh Rose hesitated to disobey the orders received, and that he (Sir R. Hamilton) took on himself the responsibility of 'proceeding with the operations against Jhansi.' As this assertion has obtained for him the credit of having saved the campaign, it is right to state that it has no foundation, and was evidently made from memory. It is hardly likely, to say the least of it, that the military commander would have allowed the political officer to supersede his authority in so momentous a military decision. . . . Sir Hugh Rose never thought it worth while to challenge a statement contradicted by the correspondence which passed." Whether Sir R. Hamilton's memory failed him or not, I cannot say; but his statement is not contradicted by the correspondence. Sir Owen Burne mentions the despatch, dated March 13, 1858, which Sir Robert received on March 20 from the Government of India; but he says nothing about the despatch which Sir Hugh received on the same day from the Commander-in-Chief. Sir R. Hamilton says in the memorandum (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xl. 1863, p. 426) to which Sir Owen Burne refers, "There came also a despatch from the Commander-in-Chief . . to Sir Hugh Rose, ordering him to proceed to Chirkaree, to save the loyal rajah of that state. Sir Hugh Rose considered the order of the Commander-in-Chief imperative," etc. There is nothing in the correspondence which passed, to show that Sir R. Hamilton invented the above statement. In a despatch which he wrote on March 20 (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xlii. 1864, p. 208) to the Secretary to the Government of India, in reply to the Secretary's of March 13, he says, "In conclusion I beg to state that Sir Hugh Rose desires me to express his entire concurrence in the views and reasoning above expressed, and his hope that they will be considered sufficient to allow of a slight delay in giving effect to his Lordship's wishes." But this does not prove that Sir Hugh had not hesitated to disobey the orders *of the Commander-in-Chief*. Therefore unless and until it is proved that Sir Hugh did not so hesitate, I shall let the passage in the text ("Suddenly a despatch . . . operations against Jhánsi," pp. 508-9) stand.

# APPENDIX R

## General Innes on Sir Hugh Rose

General Innes (*The Sepoy Revolt*, p. 299) says of Sir Hugh Rose that "the characteristic of his methods seems more theatrical than genuine. It is to be remembered that he arrived in Bombay, for the command of the Central India operations in September, but he did not join his head quarters at Mhow till the 16th of December, and he did not begin his advance from Sehore till the 16th of January. . . . And, in the end, was his generalship really successful? He let Tantia go free first from Jhansi, then from Kalpee, and finally from Gwalior," etc.

Sir Hugh did indeed arrive at Bombay in September, 1857: but he was not appointed to the command of the Central India Field Force until the 25th of November; the instructions which he received from the Government of Bombay were dated December 12 (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xl. 1863, p. 432; vol. xlii. 1864, pp. 180, 198, 201); and one of the two brigades which composed his force did not return to Indore from the Malwa campaign until the 14th of the same month. Sir Hugh quitted Mhow on the 6th of January. Surely the brigade had fairly earned this short rest, during which Sir Hugh was hard at work, completing his preparations. Moreover, he was obliged to wait for news from Whitlock. (See p. 504 *supra*.) General Innes indeed complains that Sir Hugh delayed overmuch in his advance from Sehore to Jhánsi. But his delays were unavoidable and are accounted for on p. 507 of this book and on pp. 147-8 of Malleson's third volume. Finally, will General Innes say in what respect Sir Hugh's generalship was unsuccessful, save only that "he let Tantia go free" from Jhánsi, from Kálpi and from Gwalior? Is he prepared to prove that it would have been possible to prevent Tántia from going free? Does he blame the generals who, hunting Tántia at their utmost speed, making forced marches of unprecedented length, "let him go free" for seven months, and never caught him?

# APPENDIX S

## THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE TALUKDARS OF OUDH DURING THE MUTINY

It is most important, from a historical point of view, to ascertain exactly how the tálukdárs of Oudh behaved during the Mutiny. The prevalent opinion, which I myself echoed in the former editions of this book, is that the tálukdárs, with a few exceptions, actively aided and abetted the mutineers during nearly the whole of the struggle. But General Innes, in his valuable work, *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny* (1895), takes great pains to correct this impression. He remarks (p. 19) that the mutineers who defeated Henry Lawrence at Chinhat were accompanied by only three of the tálukdárs; that the tálukdárs, as a body, "had been absolutely friendly until Havelock recrossed to Cawnpore, and after that the participation of most of them in the war had been more nominal than real" (p. 42), until after the issue of Canning's proclamation; and finally, he insists that, even after Havelock had returned to Cawnpore, they "sent to the rebel camp only such contingents as were demanded, and personally remained passive. . . . Throughout the rest of the campaign they had abstained from any harassing of British troops—in marked contrast with their conduct after this Proclamation was issued" (p. 293), when "they rose *en masse* in active rebellion" (p. 291). Sir George Campbell, who, in 1858, was appointed Judicial and Financial Commissioner in Oudh, in some measure confirms General Innes's statements. Only, he says (*Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. i. p. 211; vol. ii. p. 13), after the failure of Havelock's first relief of Lucknow and the abandonment of the city in November 1857 by Sir Colin Campbell, did the tálukdárs go "into full rebellion."

It is necessary to ask from what sources General Innes derived his information. "The account of the Talookdars and people of Oude . . . has been based," he tells us (Preface, p. vii.), "on the descriptions given me by Sir James Outram, Captain Alexander Orr his 'Intelligence' officer, and Mr. Patrick Carnegy; and on the records of the trials of the State prisoners on the close of the Mutiny." Now Outram referred, on March 30, 1858, to "the few powerful talookdars who have not taken an active part in the rebellion" (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xviii. 1859, p. 302); and, as General Innes himself observes (p. 292), Outram, in arguing against Canning's proclamation, "virtually admitted that the Talookdars had rebelled"— an admission which,

the General argues, was not justified by the facts. How, I said to myself, does General Innes propose to invalidate the testimony of his own witness? Outram resigned the Chief Commissionership on the 3rd of April—only four days after he stated that all but a few táluk-dárs had "taken an active part in the rebellion." Clearly therefore after that date he received no more reports from his Intelligence officer. Must not his testimony be preferred to General Innes's presentation of the facts. I frankly stated my difficulties to General Innes. He told me that he did not consider Outram's words irreconcileable with his own. Outram, he said, knew that the retainers of the tálukdárs had been fighting against us; and accordingly he spoke of the tálukdárs themselves as having "taken an active part in the rebellion." And when I called General Innes's attention to Sir Robert Montgomery's report (*House of Lords Papers* 74, Sess. 2, ordered to be printed 1st August 1859), his comment was substantially the same. Montgomery succeeded Outram in April, 1858, as Chief Commissioner of Oudh; and it may be presumed that when he wrote his report in the following year, he had the whole of the evidence before him. He says (pars. 224-5) that between June and November, 1857, with "a few honourable exceptions," "the whole province of Oude was in arms against the British Government." General Innes saw no inconsistency between these words and his own. The táluk-dárs were, he admitted, technically rebels, because, after Havelock re-crossed the Ganges, they sent their retainers against us: but that was all. Generally speaking, they "refrained from a hostile bearing: to as great a degree as could be expected, or as was possible, under the despotic native rule and powerful army that dominated the situation at Lucknow and throughout the province" (p. 292).

Let us hear the rest of the evidence. Captain G. Hutchinson wrote (*Narrative of the Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 68) from personal observation, that, early in June, 1857, the population of the country near Malaon "was rising rapidly . . . not in absolute violence, but quietly arming; and villages . . . now mustered their armed men, and collected supplies for the coming storm, whatever it might be." Lieutenant Crump, a most intelligent and observant officer, who served under Havelock throughout his Oudh campaign, says (*Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 463) that "the great landed proprietors . . . have, up to the present time,"—the first week in August,—"been perfectly still, standing at gaze." Outram writes (*General Orders, Despatches and Correspondence*, p. 297) on September 17, 1857, that his information shows that "there is a large and influential class in Oude . . . among the more powerful, and most of the middle classes of chiefs and zemindars, who really desire the re-establishment of our rule; while others, well disposed towards us, have only been induced to turn against us

because they believe that our Raj is gone." So far as they go, the first and the third of these statements confirm General Innes's account; and the second does not contradict it. On the other hand, Gubbins says (*Mutinies in Oudh*, p. 209) that about July 7, 1857, "it became known that some of the talookdars had joined our besiegers with their followers" (see also pp. 434-5); while according to the *Gazetteer of the Province of Oudh*, vol. i. pp. 259-60, "the whole body of the taluqdars" in the district of Bára Bánki joined the mutineers before the issue of Canning's proclamation; but it does not appear whether they joined them in person or only sent their retainers. Again, Lieutenant Crump says (*Saturday Review*, 1857, p. 392) that, on the 5th of August, after Havelock had made his second advance, he encountered great opposition at Bashíratganj from matchlockmen as well as from sepoys. "Before," he writes, "we had only a few wrong-headed Zemindars to contend with, on the side of the mutineers, —now, the whole population is against us." By "the whole population" he evidently meant the population along the line of march: by "Zemindars" he may have meant tálukdárs, for some writers often used the word in that sense. Finally, Outram's secretary wrote from the Alambagh on February 5, 1858, that "the powerful landholders are determined to resort to their forts and to their jungles, and from thence maintain a guerilla warfare until they compel us to restore them to their former status." "This statement," he adds, "is confirmed by authentic intelligence from the city" (*Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*, 4 to 8 Mar. 1858, p. 342).

To conclude. I cannot find positive evidence that, before the issue of Canning's proclamation, any tálukdárs took the field *in person* on the side of the mutineers, except the three who, as General Innes says (p. 19), were with the mutineers at Chinhat, the notorious "trimmer," Mán Singh, who, General Innes tells me, actively opposed Havelock's advance through the streets of Lucknow on the 25th of September, the tálukdárs of Malhiabad, and four others whom Gubbins (pp. 434-5) mentions by name. I cannot therefore refuse to accept General Innes's statement of the facts.[1] But, I would ask, if some few tálukdárs remained loyal to us from first to last, and refused, in spite of the pressure that was put upon them, to send a single man to fight against us, may we not fairly say that those who succumbed to that pressure were not loyal? It would be absurd to blame them: but it is not proved that they deserved praise for forbearance.

And, while General Innes exaggerates the friendliness which the tálukdárs showed before, he also exaggerates the hostility which they showed after the issue of Canning's proclamation. "Lord Canning,"

[1] Unfortunately I have not yet been able to procure "the records of the trials of the State prisoners on the close of the Mutiny."

he says (pp. 307-8), "roused *the whole province* gratuitously and needlessly into desperate hostility"; "the chiefs rose *en masse* in active rebellion" (p. 291); "the *whole country population* was in dogged rebellion" (p. 298). Reference to the *Parliamentary Papers*, to the *Oudh Gazetteer*, and to pp. 523, note 3, and 531 of this volume will show that these statements are misleading.

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# APPENDIX T

## SIR COLIN CAMPBELL AND HIS CRITICS

INDIAN journalists wrote many long and tedious invectives against the slowness of Sir Colin's movements, and often compared him, to his disadvantage, with Sir Hugh Rose. But Sir Colin acted on the principle of thoroughly reconquering, not merely overrunning, every district that he invaded. He had noticed that Greathed and others, though they had won every battle which they had fought, had not been able to lay any permanent hold upon the districts which they traversed. He therefore determined to do his work surely, if slowly. The Indian journalists seemed to forget that, even after Rose's great and uniformly successful campaign, bands of plunderers continued to infest Bundelkhand and the Saugor and Nerbudda Territories.

[Sir Colin's generalship has again been censured of late years,—somewhat vaguely by Sir Owen Burne; temperately by General Innes; and with some virulence by Sir George Campbell. The errors which Sir Colin committed during his final operations against Lucknow are admitted by all competent authorities, including Lord Roberts, who, on all other points, speaks strongly in his favour; and opinion is still divided on the question, to which I have also adverted in this book (p. 415), whether he ought to have abandoned Lucknow in November, 1857. Sir Owen Burne's criticism is directed against Sir Colin's "rigid preference for cumbersome columns and cumbersome movements" (*Clyde and Strathnairn*, p. 52) and "the delays and combinations which too often characterised the movements of the North-Western army" (*Ib.* p. 51). "There was still" (in January, 1858), he says, "a tendency, from causes which no one could fathom . . . to assemble large bodies of troops, and to move about unwieldy brigades, charged with orders to risk nothing and to act 'according to the rules

of war.' The mutineers took advantage of these tactics to spread themselves over the country and defy the 'bull-dogs who were unable to catch jackals' (while all this time the rebels left unmolested in Lucknow had ample leisure to devote their energies to the task of strengthening their position)." General Innes says (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 45) that the forces with which Delhi was captured and those with which Havelock reinforced the Lucknow Residency "were a mere handful compared with the armies with which at length, after fifteen months, Sir Colin managed to crush the enemy; and yet that enemy was never so strong as in the first stage of the war, for they grew weaker and weaker from losses in men and guns, until in the last stage their ranks received the accession of the Oude Talookdars" (see also pp. 251-2); and after describing how Outram with 4400 men defended his position at the Alambagh against 120,000 rebels and mutineers, he says (p. 273), "The thought inevitably arises, that the enemy's conduct in connection with the Alum Bagh, whether before Sir Colin's relief or during the following January and February, cannot be held to have evinced the skill and prowess demanding huge forces and elaborate precautions to deal with them. Battalions were now required by the Chief instead of companies; whereas the enemy themselves seem to have been affected less by numbers than by energy in action, and by boldness and promptitude in attack." Sir George Campbell (*Memoirs of my Indian Career*, vol. i. p. 301) charges Sir Colin with having "frittered away" the whole time between the 1st of November 1857 and the 1st of May 1858: he says (*Ib.* p. 302) that only "under pressure from the Government the Commander-in-Chief at last started for Rohilcund"; and that "we were obliged to do in May and June . . . with much suffering and loss what we might easily have done in November and December," 1857; and he quotes approvingly from a letter written by "a Disabled Officer" (*Ib.* vol. ii. pp. 344-52), who insists that "the Commander-in-Chief and his army spent the cold weather in marching from Cawnpore to Futtehghur and back again"; and that "after the capture of Lucknow occurred another whole month's astonishing delay."

Whether the columns whose movements Sir Colin directed were or were not unduly "cumbersome," I will not presume to decide.[1] But when Sir Owen blames the Commander-in-Chief for having resorted to

[1] "On the whole," writes Sir H. Havelock-Allan, whose attention I invited to Sir Owen Burne's criticism, "I don't think Colin Campbell could have done more. Whenever we acted with too small forces, we ran the risk of disaster. It comes back again to the one great difficulty. Infantry could not *overtake* men who marched so light and so far. Cavalry *could* overtake them, but always got 'clawed.' It wanted the intermediate arm (mounted infantry), which nobody had then thought of."

"combinations," he is letting his pen run away with him. That combinations were essential to success, no one who has any knowledge of the history of the Mutiny will deny. There remains the charge of delay. Delay there undoubtedly was: but it was due, as Lord Roberts testifies (*Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. p. 387), to Sir Colin's correspondence with the Governor-General, whose instructions he did not receive until the 13th of January, 1858 (*Life of Lord Clyde*, vol. ii. pp. 65-94). Sir Owen Burne seems to imply that if Sir Colin had then immediately marched against Lucknow, the mutineers would not have had time to complete their defences. No doubt. But is Sir Owen prepared to argue that Sir Colin ought to have attacked Lucknow without a siege-train? If not, what could Sir Colin do but wait for the siege-train, which did not even leave Agra for Cawnpore until the 22nd of January? (*Ib.* vol. ii. p. 108).

When General Innes compares Sir Colin to his disadvantage with Havelock and Nicholson, he appears to overlook the fact that Sir Colin's task was totally different from theirs. Sir Colin had not to reinforce the Lucknow Residency or to recapture Delhi, but to "crush the enemy" all over Northern and Central India, which was a far more tedious and, in a sense, more difficult task. If the mutineers themselves grew weaker, the other disturbers of the peace grew stronger. Bands of rebels or anarchists swarmed in every part of the North-Western Provinces, in Oudh, in Central India, in Western Behar, and in Chutia Nágpur. Outram alone at the Alambagh was beset by 120,000 mutineers and rebels. It was not Havelock's duty to crush the Mutiny or the disturbances which accompanied it among the civil population: he simply had to make head against the mutineers in one part of India. Sir Colin on the other hand had to subdue all the mutineers and a vast number of armed rebels and disturbers of the peace, who were scattered over an immense tract. Moreover, as I have pointed out in the text (p. 554), Sir Colin's difficulties were enormously increased by the fact that the mutineers became desperate, as no amnesty was offered to them, and, knowing that if they were caught they would be hanged, kept up a harassing guerilla warfare, with which the British military organisation was not fitted to deal. I am not arguing that Sir Colin was Havelock's equal as a general, but only pleading that he should be fairly judged.

When I read General Innes's other remarks, they seemed to me to imply that, in his judgement, Sir Colin was to blame for waiting for reinforcements and for the siege-train before undertaking the siege of Lucknow: but the general himself assures me that he did not mean this. Lord Roberts tells us (vol. i. p. 396) that the troops which Sir Colin assembled for the siege were "not a man too many"; and Sir Henry Havelock-Allan writes, in reply to a question which I put to him,

"I think Sir Colin did well to wait till he had the siege train and Franks's and the Gurkha force."

Sir George Campbell's remarks do not call for lengthened notice. To say that the whole time between the 1st of November 1857 and the 1st of May 1858 was "frittered away" is obviously absurd. There was perhaps unnecessary delay in undertaking the reconquest of Rohilkhand; though any one who attends to dates will see that to speak of the delay as having extended over "a whole month" is a gross exaggeration; and after the recapture of Lucknow, much remained to be done in the way of securing command over the city (Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, pp. 293-4). Nor is it true that "we were obliged to do in May and June, 1858 . . . what we might easily have done in November and December," 1857, for Sir Colin was unavoidably detained, after he had relieved Windham, by want of carriage: he had then to reconquer the Gangetic Doáb; and he was not permitted to undertake the reconquest of Rohilkhand. It is possible that if he had been able to hold Lucknow in November, 1857, as Havelock and Outram urged him to do, the reconquest of Oudh, which occupied the last three months of 1858, might not have been necessary: but so good a judge as Lord Roberts thinks (vol. i. pp. 342-3) that Sir Colin was quite right in abandoning Lucknow.

That Sir Colin was over-cautious, and that he had too great a respect for his enemy, I do not deny. But, setting aside the mistakes which he undoubtedly made during the siege of Lucknow, the disputed question regarding the abandonment of Lucknow in November, 1857, and certain other points to which I have adverted in the text, I would ask his critics to abandon generalities and point out exactly what he did amiss. I have ventured, on pp. 553-4 of this book, to state my own view, which is the result of much thought and study and of conversation and correspondence with able officers who served under Sir Colin. I have no doubt that it is open to correction; but I believe that at least it is clear, and avoids rhetoric and declamation.]

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## APPENDIX U

### Alleged Causes of the Mutiny

Colonel Malleson says that, according to "a perfect linguist, whose opportunities have been unrivalled," and whose statement, so far as it goes, he endorses, educated Hindus attributed the Mutiny to "the

gross wrongs inflicted on Náná Sáhib; the injustice done to Kunwar Singh; the injuries inflicted on the Rání of Jhánsí; the seizure of the Kingdom of Oudh . . . and the scores of lesser wrongs done in reckless insolence to the landowners under the administration of the north-west provinces": he insists that "after the natives of Oudh had had one year's experience of British Government as administered by Mr. Coverley Jackson and Mr. Martin Gubbins, they, one and all, evinced a strong preference for the native government which had been superseded"; and, in brief, he holds that the causes of the Mutiny were bad faith towards the sepoys, Dalhousie's policy of annexation, and his attempt "to govern an Eastern people according to pure Western ideas" (*Hist. of the Indian Mutiny*, vol. iii. pp. 469-91, and cabinet edition, vol. v. p. 282). Sir Alfred Lyall, commenting on these views (*Nation*, vol. 52, 1891, pp. 463-4), observes that "Strict execution of the laws, enforcement of punctual revenue payments and of private liabilities, a good police and a well-disciplined soldiery are all Western ideas which cannot be impressed upon Asiatics without a certain degree of compulsion, and a little haste or overpressure may bring about commotions." "But," Sir Alfred wisely adds, "the risk must be run if civilisation is to advance." What I have to say about the bad faith with which the sepoys were treated and Dalhousie's policy of annexation, I have said in the text. Colonel Malleson's remark about the preference of the natives,—"one and all,"—of Oudh for native government is so rhetorical that I hardly think that it calls for an answer: but those who will take the trouble to read Hutchinson's *Narrative of the Mutinies in Oudh*, Sir J. Strachey's *India*, 1888, pp. 309-14, and the various documents which I have quoted in writing about Oudh, will take it *cum grano*. The treatment which had been meted out to Nana Sahib, Kunwar Singh, and the Ráni of Jhánsi undoubtedly impelled them to take advantage of the Mutiny; but that it caused or helped to cause the Mutiny, there is no evidence worthy of the name. The sepoys were probably tampered with by the agents of discontented princes: but I cannot find that this has been *proved*.

General Innes (*Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny*, p. 13) infers from the fact that the first symptoms of mutiny appeared at Barrackpore, "close to the residence of the King of Oude in Calcutta," Berhampore, "the seat of the representatives of the Moghul Viceroy of Bengal," Umballa, "near Delhi, the Moghul capital," and Lucknow, "the capital of the Moghul viceroy of Oude," that "the leading spirits of the rebellion lay in the Moghul faction, and that the sepoy army was used as a catspaw through the operation of the cartridge incident." John Lawrence, on the other hand, holds (*Parl. Papers*, vol. xxv. Sess. 2, 1859, p. 336, par. 17) that there is no evidence that "there

was any previous conspiracy, Mahomedan or other, extending first through the influential classes . . . and then to the native army." "None of the mutineers and rebels," he says, "who paid . . . the forfeit of their lives ever confessed . . . a knowledge of any such conspiracy, though they knew that any revelations on this subject would have saved them from death. Again, many papers of various kinds have come to hand, revealing important secrets, implicating many persons. . . . Yet in all these there has been no allusion to such a conspiracy." See also *Narrative of Events connected with the Outbreak in 1857, which fell under the observation of Major Williams in the Meerut Division*, pp. 2-3. Lawrence maintains in the paper already quoted (p. 334) that when the Mahomedan sepoys "saw that the mutiny might be expanded into a political movement calculated to subserve Mussulman interests, they sedulously fanned the flame."

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# APPENDIX V

## THE AUTHORITIES ON WHICH THIS BOOK IS BASED

THE authorities for the history of the Indian Mutiny may be grouped as follows: (1) *Parliamentary Papers*; (2) *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India*; (3) Administration Reports for the several Presidencies and Provinces; (4) the *Calcutta Gazette*; (5) the various Gazetteers of India and its Provinces; (6) Narratives written by actors in or witnesses of particular episodes of the struggle, or by enquirers who derived their information from authentic sources; (7) articles in English or Indian magazines; (8) letters in English or Indian newspapers; (9) miscellaneous documents published in India; (10) pamphlets; (11) unpublished letters and journals.

The *Parliamentary Papers* contain telegrams, despatches from civil and military officers, demi-official and private letters, proceedings of courts of inquiry, narratives of survivors, etc. They must not be followed blindly, as statements made in one page are often contradicted in another. The most interesting documents in the collection are the Punjab Mutiny Report and Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi. The references which I have given are, except in the case of the Punjab Mutiny Report, according to the paging of the volumes in the Library of the British Museum.

The *Enclosures to Secret Letters from India* are contained in a series of MS. volumes in the Political Department of the India Office.

Many of them are printed in the *Parliamentary Papers*; but many others are, so far as I know, only to be found in these volumes.

The Administration Reports were published in India, and are to be obtained from the Record Department of the India Office. They contain valuable information and statistics relating to the behaviour of the civil population.

The *Calcutta Gazette*, which, like the Gazetteers, is to be found in the India Office Library, contains a number of military despatches not to be found in the above-mentioned collections.

The books in the sixth class are of very unequal value; but I could not have afforded to neglect any of them absolutely. A book called *Annals of the Indian Rebellion* is rich in narratives written by eye-witnesses.

The articles in the magazines supply a few facts here and there; but the only ones of much historical value are those written by actors in the Mutiny, notably the articles in *Blackwood* on the "Campaign of 1858," and the "Pursuit of Tantia Topee," and that in the *Calcutta Review* on "A District during a Revolt."

The letters in the newspapers contain a great deal of interesting personal detail, but must be read with caution.

Of the miscellaneous documents published in India those which have been most useful to me are the Blue Book on Mr. Tayler's case and the collections of depositions of evidence taken by Colonel Williams at Meerut, Moradabad, and Cawnpore.

The pamphlets, which are very numerous, are, with a few exceptions, utterly worthless, except as evidences of the opinions and passions of those who watched the course of the struggle.

I have sought information, by conversation or correspondence, from actors or relatives of actors in the Mutiny, whenever I have felt it necessary or advisable to do so; and in almost every instance my enquiries have been kindly, fully, and patiently answered. [Since the fourth edition of this book was published, I have obtained a great deal of additional information in this way.]

I have also consulted a few works which could not be included in any of the above classes, but which are referred to in the footnotes.

Anglo-Indian history is simpler than that of Europe. The immense extent of India and the number and diversity of the races who inhabit it make it difficult indeed to give artistic unity to one's history: but the fact that the Government was despotic makes the political and sociological problems far less complex than those which beset the student of European history. The difficulty is not so much to find out the truth as not to lose oneself in the enormous mass of materials. As a rule, the writers of the records which we possess were not under any special temptations to misrepresent facts; many of the records

were written a few hours only after the events which they describe, and by men who had witnessed or taken part in those events. On the whole, then, I believe that the evidence which we possess for the history of the Indian Mutiny is as complete and credible a body of evidence as there is for any history. On the other hand, the difficulty which a European feels in trying to understand natives, the difficulty of getting native witnesses to speak the truth, and the marked divergencies of opinion which prevail among the various schools of Anglo-Indian officials are drawbacks which must not be underrated.

[Since the first edition of this book was published, more than a score of books and articles have appeared, which fall into my sixth and seventh classes: but although some of them are very interesting and contain details which had not before been put on record, hardly one adds anything really important to our knowledge of the *history* of the Mutiny. Even Mr. Forrest's selections consist almost entirely of papers which had already been printed in Blue Books. Colonel Vibart's *Richard Baird Smith*, however, throws fresh light upon the relations which existed between the great Chief Engineer of the Delhi Field Force and his chief; and Lieutenant-General McLeod Innes's *Lucknow and Oude in the Mutiny* (2nd ed., 1897), is one of the most valuable not only of the recent, but of all the narratives written by actors in the Mutiny. For the story of Lucknow it is an original authority of first-rate importance; and the author's critical sketch of the Mutiny, as a whole, if it does not always command assent, may be read with great profit. I have ventured, in Appendices L, R and S, to dissent from some of his conclusions.

*An Unrecorded Chapter of the Indian Mutiny* (3rd ed., 1895), by R. G. Wilberforce, deserves mention for another reason. The numerous and gross misstatements in this undeniably readable book have been ruthlessly exposed in the *United Service Magazine*, vol. x., 1895, pp. 321-8, 521-2. In a footnote to p. 70, Mr. Wilberforce, acquiescing in the demolition of one of these misstatements, airily remarks, "After a lapse of 38 years, such details can hardly be fresh in anyone's memory."]

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## APPENDIX W

### Discussion on certain Statements challenged by Critics of the First Edition and on others which conflict with the Statements of later Writers

Pp. 15-16. "Unhappily, however . . . what it was." Sir W. Hunter indeed says (*The Indian Musalmans*, 3rd ed. p. 138), "had we

hastened by a single decade our formal assumption of the sovereignty, we should have been landed in a Muhammadan rising, infinitely more serious than the mutinies of 1857 . . . The admirable moderation of the East India Company's servants, and their determination to let the Muhammadan power expire by slow natural decay . . . averted this danger." This judgement, however, is opposed to the whole tenor of Syad Ahmad Khan Bahádur's *Review on Dr. Hunter's Indian Musalmans* (see especially p. 44); while on page 7 of *The Causes of the Indian Revolt*, the same learned writer remarks that "The declaration of Lord Amherst in 1827 to the effect that the sovereignty of India . . . no longer existed in the Timour family did not offend any one."

P. 65. "In which . . . plunder." A writer who reviewed this book in *Vanity Fair* denied the truth of this statement. I have left it unaltered for the present, as several well-informed Anglo-Indians, who read the book very carefully and sent me notes, passed it without remark. [The statement rests on the authority of the famous Col. John Jacob. "I have known," he wrote (*Views and Opinions*, p. 108), "the men leave the ranks by hundreds at a time without leave, to cook, to plunder, or what not."]

P. 80. "No cartridges greased with the fat of cows or swine were destined to be issued to the sepoys." Lord Roberts says (*Forty-one Years in India*, vol. i. pp. 431-2) that Mr. Forrest has proved that the new cartridges were greased with cows' fat and lard. "When the sepoys," he adds, "complained that to bite them would destroy their caste, they were solemnly assured by their officers that they had been greased with a perfectly unobjectionable mixture . . . But nothing was easier than for the men belonging to the regiments quartered near Calcutta to ascertain, from the low-caste Native workmen . . . at the Fort William arsenal, that the assurances of their officers were not in accordance with facts." I have carefully and repeatedly searched Mr. Forrest's pages; and I affirm with absolute confidence that he has neither proved nor attempted to prove that "the new cartridges were greased with cows' fat and lard." The most serious admissions that his pages contain are these. Lieutenant Currie, Commissary of Ordnance, states that "No inquiry is made as to the fat of what animal is used" for greasing the cartridges; and Colonel Abbott, Inspector of Ordnance, states that "the tallow might or might not have contained the fat of cows or other animals" (Appendix, pp. lxvi.-lxvii.). Kaye indeed tells us (vol. i. p. 519 and note) that in 1856 and in January 1857 cartridges greased with tallow partly composed of beef-fat (though not of lard) were manufactured at Calcutta and at Meerut: but of this statement he gives no proof. It is true that, according to Captain (afterwards Major-General) Boxer, R.A., the Enfield rifle cartridges that were sent out from

England to India were greased with beef-fat (*Life of Gen. Sir Hope Grant*, ed. Col. H. Knollys, vol. i. pp. 178-80); and it is most probable, though not proved, that the cartridges manufactured in India were greased with the same substance. Most probable, because while the Government never denied the allegation, Lieutenant Currie admitted that it was "not the intention of Government that all grease used in any preparation in the magazine is to be made of goats' and sheep's fat only": not proved, seeing that Kaye, who had all the records of Government at his disposal, and Mr. Forrest, who has searched all the papers in the Military Department, have given no proof. Neither Currie nor Abbott could ascertain, as far as the records of their evidence show, what kind of tallow had been used in greasing the new cartridges.

But,—and this is the important point,—it is not true that any cartridges greased either with beef-fat or with lard were ever *issued* to any sepoys, save only to one Gurkha regiment, *at their own request.* See Kaye, vol. i. pp. 516 and note, 519; Forrest, App. p. lxv.; *The Story of Two Noble Lives*, by A. J. C. Hare, vol. ii. p. 276; and Evidence taken before the Court appointed for the Trial of the King of Delhi, p. 211 (101), from which it appears that Lieutenant Martineau, Musketry Instructor at Umballa, deposed that the sepoys there "were not allowed to touch any (cartridges) that had been greased previous to distribution; they greased their own cartridges with a composition of clarified butter and bees' wax." Nor is it true that any Enfield rifle cartridges, greased or dry, were issued before the Mutiny to any sepoys, except those who belonged to the schools of musketry. Moreover, on the 29th of January, 1857, a circular was issued by the Calcutta Government, directing that "when applying tallow to articles which Native soldiers are required to handle, only the tallow of sheep or goats is to be employed, that of swine or cows being most carefully excluded" (Kaye, vol. i. p. 519, note); while Lieutenant Currie deposed that after January 27, 1857, no greased cartridges whatever were even manufactured at Dum-Dum. See also *Life of Gen. Sir Hope Grant*, ed. Col. H. Knollys, vol. i. pp. 178-80. [The *Saturday Review* of Sept. 4, 1897, contains a letter from Mr. Forrest, which proves no more than what I have stated. An extract which he quotes from a letter written by General Anson on March 23, 1857, proves nothing. Anson wrote from Umballa that the cartridges which he had seen were "smeared with a quantity of grease, which looks exactly like fat." The question is, what fat? Mr. Forrest roundly asserts, of course without quoting any authority, that "it was the fat of all animals"! As I have shown in the text (p. 82), the Military Secretary at Calcutta issued an order, before the end of January, 1857, that greased cartridges might only be issued at Umballa and Siálkot if they were greased with mutton-

fat and wax. The natural conclusion is that the fat which General Anson saw was not, as Mr. Forrest insists, "the fat of all animals," but simply mutton-fat. Mr. Forrest goes on to say that the evidence contained in the *Selections from State Papers* shows "that the native workmen employed in the manufacture of the cartridges declared to the Sepoys that tallow made from all kinds of fat was used." Mr. Forrest gives no references: but I have again searched his pages; and I affirm that, setting aside the well-known story told by the Lascar of Dum-Dum on January 22, the *Selections* only show that the sepoys heard "rumours," *e.g.* that "the cartridges were composed (*sic*) of the fat of bullocks, pigs and jackasses." This all the world knew before.]

Pp. 96-7. "Colonel Smyth . . . unpopular officer." Shortly before the publication of the first edition of this book, I received from Major-General Smyth a pamphlet, in which testimonials were quoted to show that he was a general favourite with natives, a man of fine temper, and a very popular commanding officer. These testimonials were referred to in self-defence, as Kaye (vol. ii. pp. 43-4) had said that Colonel Smyth (as he was in 1857) was unpopular. I had formed the same opinion from reading a letter from Mrs. Craigie to the *Daily News* of July 29, '57, and the statement of an eye-witness as to the way in which the condemned troopers of the 3rd Cavalry showed their feelings towards the colonel on the punishment parade of May 9. Moreover, Dr. O'Callaghan, late surgeon of the 11th Native Infantry, has assured me in very emphatic language, that the colonel was hard and unpopular. I have, for these reasons, left the statement in the text, to which no one but Major-General Smyth himself has taken exception, unaltered. By some of those under him he was evidently disliked, and regarded as hard; others may have been devoted to him. I naturally regret that my statement should have pained him; but, as I believe it to be true, I cannot retract it.

P. 100. "Colonel Smyth indeed . . . . perfect order." In Major-General Smyth's pamphlet it is stated that Lieutenant Melville Clarke had a troop of his own; that, as adjutant, he ought to have been with his commandant, and to have got all orders from him; and that only six or seven men of Captain Craigie's troop remained faithful. Moreover, a correspondent of Major-General Smyth's implies that both Clarke and Craigie ought to have been court-martialled for presuming to go anywhere without orders. What I have written about these officers was based upon statements of Kaye (vol. ii. p. 64) and a letter to the *Times* of July 24, 1857, from Mrs. Craigie, and is confirmed by a pamphlet entitled *The Fatal Falter at Meerut* (published at Calcutta in 1861) by Dr. O'Callaghan, who got his information on the matter in question direct from Craigie himself. I am therefore certain that Craigie *did* bring back his troop in perfect order to the parade-ground,

though he may afterwards have been deserted by all but a few of his men. Considering the circumstances under which he acted, I think that few officers will agree with the opinion expressed by Major-General Smyth's correspondent.

Major-General Smyth says that he did not go to his regiment after it mutinied simply because it was his duty, as field-officer of the week, to go in person to inform Hewitt and Wilson of the outbreak. I cannot but think that he would have shown more judgement if, at such a crisis, he had disregarded routine, and, entrusting the duty of informing his superiors to others, had gone straight to the scene of mutiny. This opinion is shared by officers to whom I have mentioned it.

P. 106. The despatch of the warning telegram from Delhi.—The inaccurate account which I gave of this episode in former editions was based partly upon the narrative of Cave-Browne, a writer who rarely makes a mistake. He implies that the telegraph office was inside the city; and both he and the author of the *History of the Siege of Delhi* state that the signaller was killed at his post. Even in Mr. Forrest's plan of Delhi (*Selections from State Papers*, vol. i.) the office is placed inside the town; and I learn from Capt. R. H. Peal, late of the Telegraph Department, that it was actually there until the end of 1856 or the beginning of 1857.

P. 147. "The Lieutenant-Governor telegraphed . . . break out there." This statement is made upon the authority of Mrs. Coopland (*A Lady's Escape from Gwalior*, p. 107), but it is right to say that Sir Auckland Colvin, in his reply (*Nineteenth Century*, April, 1897, pp. 565-6) to Lord Roberts's strictures upon John Colvin, questions its accuracy. Lady Meade, who was with her husband, then Brigade-Major, at Gwalior at the time, tells me that neither she nor any of her friends who were with her at Gwalior, have ever had any doubt that the telegram was received. I am also informed by an officer who served at Agra that the despatch of the telegram was there a common topic of conversation. "We saved our own women-kind," he writes, "by sending them into Agra at once and without leave, and a few other stations did the same at first. But afterwards his Honour positively forbade such action 'to avoid arousing the suspicions of the troops.'"

# INDEX

THE END

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